305 H88 6

COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

MADISON AVENUE.

NEW YORK.

From the Library of the late

Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.

1891.

HUMAN NATURE:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

Zoistic Science and Intelligence,

EMBODYING

PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, SPIRITUALISM,
PHILOSOPHY, THE LAWS OF HEALTH,
AND SOCIOLOGY.

AN EDUCATIONAL AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Vol. VI.

LONDON:
JAMES BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, HOLBORN, W.C.
1872.

GLASGOW : PRINTED BY HAY NISBET, TRONGATE.

PREFACE.

In presenting the reader with the sixth annual volume of *Human Nature*, we have to observe, with some degree of satisfaction, that this magazine is the oldest devoted to the subject of Man published in this country. It also has the largest circulation, and is read more thoroughly than any of its class, showing that the branch of Anthropology which it represents, is the most active and productive of enthusiasm and enterprise in its adherents. Powerful societies have published Reviews and Journals with but a small circulation, and that for the most part of copies presented as a condition of membership. The friends of *Human Nature* may therefore feel some degree of pride in the noble manner in which they have sustained an enterprise without any subsidy from extraneous sources.

When we come to the contents of this volume, there is as usual something new, more especially in the matter of illustration. The products of mediumship thus presented are rather varied, and, as instances of psychological powers, are of considerable importance. They record the present state of mediumship in some of its highest forms, and introduce considerations, carrying the mind back into the past, with its similar phenomena and psychological teachers.

This volume is even more particularly cosmopolitan than any of its predecessors. The articles of which it is composed have been written in many lands, and embody the passing thoughts and events of a great variety of movements. History may yet

derive from these pages more impartial records of certain events than can be obtained from reports more immediately connected with their sphere of action. The object has been, as heretofore, to preserve such mental products and records of important events as might otherwise be lost; and, further, add to the experience and strength of a party of independent investigators and thinkers, who already occupy a position of growing importance.

The variety which the following pages contain are calculated to recommend the volume to every kind of mind. *Human Nature* has, from the first, been a "Family Magazine," and though it deals in the weightiest of subjects, yet associated with such are themes, the treatment accorded to which appeal to the appreciation of every class of reader.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the increasing degree of patronage which has been accorded to us during the career of this volume, in which recognition we do not forget the eminent services of our contributors—services which have been rendered freely, and have kept the literary resources of the magazine full to overflowing.

Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row,
London, W.C., Dec., 1872.

CONTENTS.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

	PAGE
"Argument á Priori." Correspondence respecting Atoms, Forces, and Spirit. A. Blackwell,	396
Attraction, Gravitation, and Planetary Motion. Illustrated. T. Grant,	305, 348, 399, 456, 509
Buddhism. W. R. S.,	490, 537
Capital Punishment. J. W. Jackson,	454
Creation: The Probable Aspect of Future Organic Life on Earth. By J. W. Jackson. Intellectual Kingdom,	97
Definite and the Indefinite, The. H. G. Atkinson,	44
Divine Revelation, The. Dr. Owgan,	391
East and West. G. E. B.,	145
Innermost of Human Nature. By a Shaker,	395
Knowledge of Nature, Our. H. G. A.,	162
Matter, Spirit, and Force,	49
Mazzini: His Creed,	189
Occult Philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa,	341
Orthodox Theology. Hazard,	185
Reincarnation: Remarks on Miss Blackwell's Papers. J. W. Jackson,	241
——— Letter from Miss Blackwell,	440, 502
——— Spirit Testimony on. Favre,	399
Revelation, Philosophy of. J. W. Farquhar,	118
Spirit and Matter. H. G. A.,	512
Spiritual England. S. E. B.,	1
Spiritual Presences and Prophetic Characters of the Old Testament, By J. W. Jackson—	
Elijah,	385
Elisha,	433, 481
Isaiah,	529
Thou God Seest Me,	192
Voysey Mr.: What he Teaches,	184
Why Pray?	479

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Books, A Rhapsody on. S. E. B.	60
CONTEMPORARIES, OUR—	
Banner of Light,	44, 370
Medium,	44, 379
Freelight,	44, 78
American Spiritualist,	44, 161, 376, 453
Shaker,	96
Western Star,	142, 371, 380
International Herald,	144
Religio-Philosophical Journal,	157, 370
Present Age,	157
Lyceum Banner,	157, 453
Der Tafelrunde,	158, 453
Le Concile de la Libre-Pensée,	178
Index,	186
Phrenological Journal,	281
Die Spiritische - Rationalistiche Zeitschrift,	330
Science of Health,	331
Revue Spirite,	378
Brittan's Journal of Spiritual Science,	451
Spiritual Magazine,	497
Myths of Antiquity, Sacred and Profane. By J. W. Jackson—	
Enoch,	337
Jacob's Ladder,	5
Joseph,	53
Olympia Colonna: A Tale of Mediæval Magic. By Mrs. J. W. Jackson,	403, 461, 511, 556
POETRY—	
Poetry of Progress, The,	261, 295, 346, 503
Gerald Massey's Tale of Eternity,	261, 295
Denton's Radical Rhymes,	346
Song before Sunrise. By S. Fenzi,	501

	PAGE
Bird's Eye View, A,	475
Brooklet, The. S. E. B.,	133
Creed, My,	46
Lines on a Skeleton,	335
Love: What it Depends on,	528
Past and Future. A. T. S.	42
Robin, The,	285
Seaside Thoughts. J. Clift,	322
Spirit Voice, A,	477
Types. W. R. T.,	422
Weeping Willow, The. E. M. G.,	42
Wish, A. M. Arnold,	372
Working Man's Thoughts on War and Those who Make it, A. R. Young,	401
REVIEWS—	
Arabula,	81
Arcana of Spiritualism,	15
Cooper Thomas, Life of, and Bridge of History,	322
Constitution of Human Nature. Hitchman,	326
Concerning Spiritualism,	11, 77
Davis, A. J., Recent Works of,	80
Debateable Land between This World and the Next,	13
Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism,	506
Eight Days with the Spiritualists,	14
Fairy Life and Fairy Land,	283
Fountain with Jets of New Meanings,	82
Hints for the Evidences of Spiritualism,	14
Hymns of Life for Human Encouragement,	12
Hymns of Modern Man,	12
Improvement of Society, Suggestions for the,	550
Lights and Shadows of Canine Life,	15
Phrenology, Annual of,	236
Phrenological Journal,	281
Ruth: A Sacred Oratorio,	73
Seat of the Soul, The,	14
Shaker Communion,	141
Shakespeare's Sonnets, the Secret Drama of. By Gerald Massey,	209
Spiritual Pilgrim, The,	11, 359
Tale of a Physician,	82
——— Temple, The,	82
This Christian Land,	13
Sound, Symbolism of,	72
Tannahill Commemoration,	333
Victoria C. Woodhull, Biographical Sketch of,	22
Zuriel's Voice of the Stars,	43

SPIRITUALISM AND PSYCHOLOGY.

Afternoon with Spirits at Kingston-on-Thames,	444
America, Status of Spiritualism in. H. Tuttle,	151, 449
Animals, Spiritual Powers of,	288
Apparitions, Respecting,	175
Ascension into the Celestial Heavens,	363
Aylesbury Medium Artist, with illustration,	235
Beecher, Rev. T. K., on Spiritual Manifestations,	288
Carpenter, Dr., on Spiritualism,	94
Calcutta, Spiritualism in. Wagstaff,	372
Conferences in London, 169, 214, 271,	328
Creed, Shall Spiritualists have a. Favre,	314
Darlington Jubilee,	328, 380, 429
Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism,	506
Direct Spirit-Drawing — "Jesus Raising the Dead," with illustration,	90
Do Mediums leave their Bodies. Peebles,	376
Egypt, Spiritualism in,	190
Experiences in Spiritualism. Mrs. Berry,	224
Gerald Massey's Lectures,	240
Gœthe, Remarkable Occurrences on the Death of,	158
Holland, Spiritualism in,	178
How I became a Spiritist. Bonnemere,	355
Index, The, on Spiritualism,	186
Italy, Spiritualism in,	220
Liverpool Psychological Society—Annual Report,	166
Lyceum Movements,	380
Mad World, A. S. E. B.,	252
Mazzini a Spiritualist,	221
Miracle, Another Spiritualistic,	84
More Theories,	21
Music from Invisible Musicians,	180
Nerve Aura, on. Dr. Anderson,	289
New Era in Spiritualism,	142
New Zealand, Spiritualism in,	332
Number of Spiritualists in America,	86
——— A. J. Davis on,	161
Painting Medium, Another. Chas. Swan. With illustration,	133
Presentiment, A Strange,	575
Sufferings of a Poisoner in the Spirit World,	543

PAGE

Peebles, Letter from, - - - 84
Physical Mediumship, Some of the Conditions of. J. Burns, - 214
Press *versus* Spiritualism, - - 64
Psychological Mediumship. J. J. Morse, - - - - - 271
Psychological Phenomena, 90, 133, 180, 235
Reincarnation, Spirit Testimony on. Favre, - - - - - 399
Sargent, Epes, on Dr. Carpenter, - 240
Spirit Form, Tangibility of. Loomis, - - - - - 365
Spirit Photography, Emma Hardinge on, - - - - - 89
Spirit Photography, 286, 329, 448, 496
——————— Baron Krikup on, 181
Spiritual Institution, Progress of, 328, 379, 456
Spiritualists in America, Number of, - - - - - 86, 161
Spirit Body, Growth of, - - 95
Stones Thrown by Invisible Agents, 378
Supernatural Visitations. George Harris, F.S.A., - - - 169
Tuttle, Hudson, Letters from, 154, 369, 449
Visions of Dying Persons, - - 460
Voltaire, Death of, - - - 150

MISCELLANEA.

Anthropology, New Era in, - - 144
Canine Sagacity. - - - 478
Davis, A. J., Association of, - 177
Diogenes on Human Folly, - - 356
Education, A Fragmenton. S.E.B., 300
Extinguishing Fire, New Medium of, - - - - - - 48
Ignorance, Evils of, - - - 384
Jackson, J. W., Illness of, - - 190
——————— Memoir of, - 194
Locomotive Engineers, Brotherhood of, - - - - - 432
Magic Staff, The, - - - 528
Marvellous Career, A, - - - 286
Mischief Making, - - - 536
Noble Savage, The, - - - 336
Progress, E. Hardinge on, - - 478
Rain, Artificial Production of, - 95
Religion, Beecher on, - - - 478
Secretiveness, - - - - 191
Slater, Mrs., A Letter from, - 280
Spiritualist Funeral, A, - - 287
Taming a Human Wild Beast, - 182
Tattooed Man, A, - - - 382
Vaccination Parties, - - - 336
Vienna International Exhibition, - 189

PHYSIOLOGY, HYGIENE, AND SOCIOLOGY.

Anti-Vaccination Agitation—Dr. Hitchman's Petition, - - 187
——————— Important Prosecution, - - - - - 188
"Apele for Are," - - - 479
France, National Degeneracy of, - 47
Free Love, - - - - - - 431
Holiday Experiences, My, - - 426
Indian Spirituality and Practicality. P. Mulford, - - 319
Individual Morality and Social Freedom, - - - - - 278
Marriage, Influence of, - - 96
Oldest Man in the World, - - 383
Shakers, The, - 88, 96, 141, 382
Shakers, Sympathy with, - 88, 382
Small-Pox, Curious Effect of, - 48
Social Freedom, Mrs. Woodhull on. By H. Tuttle, - - 109
State of Society, On the Defective, 425
Tuttle, Hudson, Delineation of, - 20
Whence did we Come? - - 421
Woodhull, Mrs., Delineations of, - 330

CONTRIBUTORS AND AUTHORS QUOTED.

Anderson, Dr., - - - - 289
Arnold, M., - - - - 372
Atkinson, H. G. A., 21, 44, 52, 162
A. T. S., - 42, 283, 333, 346, 509
Blackwell, Miss, - - 302, 396, 440
Barrett, J. O., - - - - 363
Berry, Mrs., - - - - 223
Binney, - - - - - 582
Bonnemere, - - - - 355
Burns, J., - - - - - 214
Child, H. T., - - - - 164
Clift, J., - - - - - 322
Damiani, Signor, - - - 220
Davis, A. J., - - - - 161

	PAGE
Deshmukh, K. G.,	10
Dixon, Dr.,	180
Editorial,	11, 20, 43, 44, 49, 90, 94, 133, 141, 150, 194, 261, 278, 281, 295, 330, 359, 496, 501, 506
Edmunds, Judge,	86
Farquhar, J. W.,	118
Favre, Leon,	314
Fryar, R. H.,	528
Giles, Alfred E.,	177
Gillespie, William,	9
Grant, T.,	305, 348, 399
Hardinge, Emma,	89, 478
Harris, George,	169
Hazard Thomas,	185
Hitchman, Dr.,	187
Jackson, J. W.,	5, 8, 53, 97, 241, 337, 385, 433, 453, 481, 529
Jackson, Mrs.,	403, 461, 511, 556
Kirkup, Baron,	181
Laoutze,	149
Loomis, J. B.,	365
Mackie, J. W.,	341
Meers, W. D.,	332
Morse, J. J.,	175, 271
Mulford, P.,	319
Neilson, John,	9
Nisbet, H ,	92
Offord, W.,	395
Owgan, Dr.,	391
Peebles, J. M.,	84, 376
Pine, Clement,	166
R. D.,	425
Russell, H. E.,	444
S. E. B.,	1, 15, 60, 72, 133, 145, 209, 252, 300, 322
Slater, Mrs.,	280
Tien Sien Tie,	175
Tilton, Theodore,	22
Towne, Rev. E. C.,	186
Tuttle, Hudson,	109, 154, 369, 449
Voysey, Charles,	184
Wilson, T.,	133
W. R. S.,	422, 475, 490
Young, R.,	401

PERSONAL NOTES AND ALLUSIONS.

Burns, J.,	45, 327
Carpenter, Dr.,	94, 240
Davis, A. J.,	45, 177, 328
Duguid's Trance Paintings,	45, 144
Fox, Kate,	45
Hardinge, Emma,	45
Herne and Williams,	45
Jackson, J. W.,	190, 194, 328
Lewis, Dr. Dio,	379
Letter Writer,	46, 189
Morse, J. J.,	45, 175, 271
Peebles, J. M.,	45, 327, 359, 453
Swan, Charles,	133, 189, 235, 380
Tuttle, Hudson,	89
Woodhull, Victoria C.,	22, 109, 155, 164, 239, 278, 330, 370, 431
Yachtmann,	480

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"JESUS RAISING THE DEAD." Lithographed Fac-Simile of a Direct Spirit-Drawing. Through the Mediumship of D. Duguid, - - - - - 92

AUTOGRAPHS OF SPIRITS. Through the Mediumship of Charles Swan. Lithographed Fac-Simile, - - - - - - - - - - - 136

"A VOTER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY." Under the influence of William Hogarth; through the Mediumship of Charles Swan. Heliotype Fac-Simile, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 236

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JANUARY, 1872.

SPIRITUAL ENGLAND.

A YEAR!—four seasons—one revolution of the earth around the sun—what an insignificant portion of the history of our planet does such a section of time represent! To the eye of science, whose accurate sense of infinite divisibility is only content with millions as a standard of computation a year—compared with the duration of the globe—may seem to answer to a single second, a solitary heart-beat, in the life of an individual. The moralist might take another view of the same space of time, and rather consider one year in the life of the human race as parallel to a fleeting day in the brief space of three-score years and ten assigned to man. As individuals bent on self-culture, we find that something of daily retrospection is expedient for us, lest our life drift at random; as philosophers, contemplating humanity at large, we were tempted to seize on the expiration of another civil year as a good occasion to moralise a little upon the spiritual condition of our time and country. But the subject is too vast and complex, and we shrink back appalled at our own temerity in essaying the task.

Let those pretend to examine the spiritual sanity, or otherwise, of thirty millions of people, who think that they can judge of it by the state of ecclesiastical institutions, or similar surface indications of merely transient influences. Such theorists may cover their tables with the blue-books of charitable and religious associations, chronicle perversions to Popery or Comtism, chant a jeremiad over the activity of a so-called infidel press, and end by drawing deductions dependent on their peculiar idiosyncrasy, or special taste in Christianity; but what light would be thrown by such a mode of procedure upon the real internal condition of the English nation? On consideration, it would seem as if there

were no available criterion by which to arrive at a practically valuable conclusion as to the spiritual state of England question. With nations, as with individuals, spiritual excellence is entirely relative—relative to physical condition, to moral surroundings, and to intellectual culture. And if it be difficult and presumptuous to try and estimate the exact soul value of our friends and neighbours, it is scarcely less so to sit in judgment on those grand combinations of subtly-connected individualities, commonly called nations. The only reliable test must be one applied upon a very extensive scale, like that ordeal through which unhappy France has lately passed. God forbid that England should ever be called to undergo the like. But such is the kind of touchstone, which shows what a nation is made of more effectually than any amount of blue-books or windy speculation.

Without, however, plunging into the latter, we may, perhaps, venture to assert, that it does seem undesirable and ominous for an active, enterprising people like the English to be wholly without faith in anything beyond the power of steam, chemical analysis, and, if you please, competitive examinations. This absorption of interest in material science must beget, and, as we see, does beget a sensual temper, which is closely allied to, or almost identical with, a cruel and reckless one. Even this devilish disposition is not so hopelessly bad as a thoroughly false, hollow, and hypocritical condition of mind, which seems to threaten England just at present. How can it be otherwise, when everybody is ceasing to believe at heart in the old forms, political or religious, and no spiritual guides can agree in teaching the people what should take their place? What single thinker of the present day in England, or, indeed, in Europe, has any considerable body of disciples worth computing? We have admired physicists, whose word is law in their respective provinces, but what religious teachers or philosophical thinkers of the least authority? Thirty years ago, there was no lack of guidance for the then generation. Whately, J. H. Newman, Carlyle, Maurice, Hamilton, Ruskin, Mill, were a host in themselves; but their day is past, and their words fall flat on ears for which they were not intended. In the meantime, we are witnesses of sundry startling and very grievous spectacles. Such, for example, as clergymen going about trying to galvanise mediæval superstitions into a ghastly semblance of life; and playing at Popery without a Pope, like Dr. Döllinger on the other side of the water. And these, forsooth, are actually the most popular party in the Church. As it has been often said, "What strange things men will worship in their extreme need!" As for the Evangelical or Puritan party in the Church of England, they may, I suppose, be regarded as ecclesiastically defunct. Although outside the

pale, the flowery, flimsy twaddle of Dr. Cumming may yet be heard, and the subdued but still sonorous tones of worthy Mr. Spurgeon continue to stimulate our chandler's sluggish conscience.

On the other hand, freedom of thought is represented by the innumerable progeny, or, at least, successors, of that spirited company of Essayists and Reviewers that kept all England talking fifteen years ago. Now-a-days, dozens of sceptical essays and reviews are published every month, and nobody takes any notice of them. They are quite a matter of course. No unprejudiced mind can have a shadow of doubt that rapidly increasing defection from orthodoxy will wax ever wider, until religious England believes as little as Germany. But in this country, unfortunately, scepticism is sure to be accompanied by hypocrisy and immorality, because it is both lucrative and respectable to be orthodox, and because in England morality is so closely connected with religion, that what destroys the force of the one, weakens also the authority of the other. How shall we oppose or guard against those evils? Temptations to hypocrisy may be removed by abolishing the social stigma which now rests on noncomformity to orthodox ideas, by introducing forms of worship as simple and expansive as possible, and by encouraging the clergy to spiritualise those doctrines of religion which are commonly accepted in a grossly carnal sense.

Again, when a science of ethics, based on political economy, and the physical and moral constitution of man forms, as it ought to do, a regular part of education, there will be no ground for complaint, that the cause of morality suffers with the decadence of popular religious orthodoxy. The loosening and spiritualising of Church formularies, with systematic instruction in the science of Human Nature—these, it appears, to us, are the two most important means whereby something may be done to ameliorate the many unhealthy symptoms visible in the body politic.

Some may imagine that the cure of England's want of faith may lie in Spiritualism. The testimony of history and actual experience will not allow us to think so. Spiritualistic marvels have lent their sanction to every fantastic and degrading delusion which ever acquired authority among mankind, and thus have often led the way to a reaction in sensuality and common sense. Not to dwell on this important fact, witnessed by the constant experience of four thousand years, we have only to look around us to perceive how spiritual communications are nearly always coloured by the mind of the recipient—Catholic, Mormon, Irvingite, Shaker, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Harrisite or Inward Breather! Every earnest sect that is not mummyised

by dogma, has its confirmatory messages from the spirit spheres. How, then, can we hope for steady light or lasting freedom by a breeze from thence ?

We do not wish to depreciate our obligations to Spiritualism, which is doing, and will continue to do, a great work for man, but in a way which is not generally recognised. The mind of England is suffering from the paralysing influence of lifeless religious dogmas and obsolete ecclesiastical institutions, the authority and stability of which rests mainly on two great pillars—miracle and inspiration; destroy the special superhuman character of these—prove them to be only incidental attributes of human nature, and then all that is really valuable in Church and State will remain, while their obstructive, artificial, corrupting elements will at once evaporate.

Germany, with her wonderful erudition, has done much to shake off the nightmare of superstition from man's heart and brain; but Spiritualism has gone deeper, and has revealed to us the region whence this mightmare rose, and shown us how to guard against its recurrence in the future. It must be confessed that for Dantesque visions of an Inferno and Paradiso, it only supplies us with pretty water-colour landscapes of "Summerland;" yet these are serviceable enough for the time being, however inferior as works of art. But Spiritualism has done more than this. By the evidence it affords, that man possesses hitherto unacknowledged powers and capabilities for good and evil, it fills us with awe at the grandeur and mystery of our own nature, and helps to wean us from from frivolity and sensualism to life-objects, worthy of a being only a "little lower than the angels."

Modern Spiritualism is, *in this manner*, as we hope and believe, adapted and destined to prepare the way for another age of faith. But we see no promise that those interesting but abnormal occurrences known as spiritualistic can ever themselves become the objects or basis of an elevated, rational, and effectual religious idealism worthy to command the allegiance of a cultured nature.

Religious faith has ever a twofold object—first, the Divine, the Perfect Being; second, the unseen, ideal world, present and future, embodied or disembodied, whereby that Eternal Love, Wisdom, and Beauty manifests itself. But man's knowledge of the Divine order which, by a necessity of his nature, he personifies as God, cannot be given to him from without. He can only know God in so far as he is himself Godlike—in proportion as his entire nature develops in harmony with itself, and so becomes an organ for the reception of Divine power and graces. Man is equally incapable, as history and experience demonstrates, of learning anything *from without, substantially true and reliable,* of

that invisible, immaterial sphere of existence, to which he belongs by virtue of his spiritual attributes, although a dim shadowy reflex of those unseen realities may cross his path, stimulating to curiosity and fancy, staggering and overwhelming to natural science. We do not scruple to add, that we consider such phenomena have *as yet* proved misty, perplexed, confounding, and untrustworthy as a basis for a deeply-seated faith, however valuable in a psychological point of view.

And may we not assign a reason for this? Are we not each of us, by virtue of the glorious attributes which constitute us men, already, while on earth, and hampered by an envelope of flesh and blood, mysteriously associated with a TRULY SPIRITUAL world? Do we not each of us carry about a suprasensual atmosphere of memories, thoughts, desires, ideas, which are, to the denizens of a higher sphere, substantial realities and means whereby they hold communion with us? Does it not seem on the face of it improbable, that we could ever rise above the range of this encircling atmosphere of thought, which is the very life-sustaining element of our souls? And until we do succeed in this, what chance have we of experimental knowledge of the realms of the next sphere of spiritual existence?

We know, however, enough to feed our hope and faith; and we have reason to believe that, as in succeeding ages conceptions of the Divine Being will be immeasurably higher and truer than any yet entertained, so also men's ideas of the unseen world will become as superior to those rough, contradictory sketches of half-remembered dreams we get from inspired speakers now-a-days, as these latter are more akin to reality than the absurd, incredible, traditional mythical heavens and hells of modern pulpits.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," &c.

JACOB'S LADDER.

DREAMLIFE.—ECSTATIC LUCIDITY.—THE MATERIAL AND THE SPIRITUAL.

HEAVEN and earth, angels and men are probably not separated by quite so wide a gulf as is usually supposed. The prevalent theology treats of the supernal as something afar off, as a place rather than a condition, as without rather than within, as a scene eminently objective, rather than a sphere profoundly subjective. Its radical error is an under-estimate of the worth and capability of a human soul. It does not seem to know that man is an embryo angel, before whom the limitless possibilities

of eternity expand in all their glory or yawn in all their terror. As an accompaniment of this, it very naturally believes in ready-made dwellers in the empyrean, not knowing, apparently, that every being in the universe occupies of necessity the position of which he is deserving, for which he has wrought, and to which he has attained. It is far too limited in its ideas, too material and temporal in its conceptions, not having, indeed, adequately realised the fundamental truth that all veritable causation is spiritual and eternal, and, consequently, that everything we can see and know here is but a fragment of the perishing sphere of effects. Nor is this to be wondered at, for it is the religion of a material age, the faith of an inductive generation, whose creed is based upon the facts of sense rather than derived from the principles of reason, who prefer sight to insight, and esteem perception as superior to intuition. It is, of course, unavoidable that the belief of such a people in seerdom should be purely traditional. They see with the eyes of other generations, not their own. They believe in miracles that are narrated in their sacred records, which they would despise as tricks of legerdemain were they to occur in their own neighbourhood and among their cotemporaries, and they accept as God-sent messengers to other times the very men whom they would now incarcerate as lunatics, or punish as impostors.

It seems to be inevitable that every age should have its own idolatry, and ours is the worship of a Book. We have very properly discarded the profligate, though beautiful deities of Olympus, and relegated even the Catholic "Queen of Heaven" to her simple position as a wife and mother, who was "blessed among women," but we are yet under complete bondage to "the Sacred Volume." A Hebrew record, embodying the traditions, history, poetry, and prophecies of a small tribe of Syrian mountaineers, has become a written basis for the religious faith of Aryan Europe. True, it is a perfectly unique production, far more so, indeed, than mere divines and scholars have yet supposed. We now know that it is the sole remaining literary fragment of a vast cycle of civilisation, so ancient, and the subject of so dire a destiny, that all its other written records have perished, and so we term it, by way of distinction, "monumental." Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, and Phœnicia have come and gone, flourished and decayed, without leaving any other existing bequest to posterity than the ruins of their mighty cities and the echoes of their greatness, treasured in the pages of their enemies and conquerors. These Semitic nations, whose power overawed the ancient world, while their wisdom and knowledge took it willingly captive, have passed away so utterly, that their very books have perished with them; and but for the recent

discoveries of archæologists, we might have remained entirely ignorant of the manner of their life, the style of their architecture, the fashion of their dress, the ceremonies of their worship, or the articles of their belief. But to this the Jews are an exception; they have preserved their records, and with them such specimens of their law, rubric, proverbs, and literature, that without much effort we can restore the tone of thought and feeling, and with them the prevailing forms of speech and the customary modes of action once extant among the peoples constituting this ancient family of men.

Now among other specialities of thought and belief which may be found in the Bible, but which, notwithstanding its sacred character, find but little acceptance among its readers, may be enumerated a religious belief in the guiding power and oracular character of dreams. Of course orthodox people believe in Bible dreams as they do in Bible miracles, that is, they put a Sunday faith in them—they believe in them as narratives of special and exceptional vouchsafement to extraordinary persons in times past—but they laugh at everything of the kind now. Such things were, no doubt, quite true in the case of Jacob and Joseph and Nebuchadnezzar; but to suppose that George and Charles and Henry could be similarly favoured would be simply ridiculous!

The truth is, that the philosophy of dream-life is not understood. It is not in harmony with the spirit of a material age, and the time for its thorough investigation has not yet arrived. Our metaphysics are shallow, and therefore, to appearance, clear. Our plumblines are short, and when they have been run out, we fancy that the ocean of truth has been fathomed. Perhaps the earlier generations were wiser in this matter than ourselves. They believed and wondered, feeling that they stood in the presence of a profound mystery, and awe, soul-absorbing yet exalting, stood to them in the place of knowledge. While we, on the contrary, with our cleverness and superficiality, conduct ourselves like dogs in a cathedral, incapable of either perceiving its grandeur or appreciating its sanctity. It is, of course, impossible that we should retain our present position. Humanity will not consent to for ever ignore so important a province of its consciousness as dream-life, and as we cannot go back to the superstitions of the past, we must advance upon the investigations of the future. We want to know what dreams are, and why we believe in the reality of our somnolent experiences while asleep, and yet disbelieve them the moment we are awake? We want to know why some dreams are obviously the product of ecstatic lucidity, while others are apparently the offspring of irremediable chaos? And what was that "interpretation of

dreams," whereof we read so much in "holy writ," and despise so heartily in practical life? On what law of correspondence was it founded? Was it a baseless superstition or is it a lost art? How did Joseph and Daniel excel in it? Have we not reason to believe that, like many other things once credible, it had a foundation in fact, and will, some day, come up for fresh adjudication at the hands of a generation more profound and more truly enlightened than our own!

CORRESPONDENCE RESPECTING "THE ARGUMENT *A PRIORI*."

THE readers of *Human Nature* will remember that, some time since, I inserted a short review of the famous "Argument *a Priori*" of my friend, William Honeyman Gillespie, Esq., and as many of them may have since read the work, I feel assured that the following correspondence, which speaks for itself, cannot fail to prove interesting to them. No remarks of mine are needed to point out the prospective importance that must attach to a reaction of the philosophy of the West on that of the East; and I can only hope therefore that the anticipations of the learned and accomplished Oriental scholar, expressed in the following letters, will be fully realised, and that we may some day see the "Argument *a Priori*" in a Sanscrit dress, and taking its place beside thoseEastern treatises on theosophy, whose date is reckoned not only by centuries, but millenniums.

J. W. JACKSON.

46, Melville Street, Edinburgh, Dec. 2, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received *Human Nature* for November, addressed in your well-known hand—a welcome sight—and, in fact, only the precursor of a letter in reply to mine.

I have before me an epistle which I have just received from a real member of the Brahminical caste—a fact which at once takes me back in mind to a contact with one of the most ancient systems of philosophy. Knowing your feelings of veneration for that old system of metaphysic, I have thought you would be pleased—indeed, highly gratified, at receiving a copy of my Brahmin's communication, as well as of my reply.

If you choose, you may lay the correspondence before your publishing friend, Mr. James Burns, who may possibly, feel disposed to bring before his *circle*, the contact thus established between the East and the West—between a member of the Oriental brotherhood and the Occidental fraternity of philosophers.

One association gives birth to another. It so happens that, on the top of the Brahminical letter, there lies at this moment a letter from the Far West—from a portion of the Americas, in fact. The letter,

which is uppermost, is from the gentleman referred to in a note of page 17 of the preface to the sixth edition of "The Argument." The letter itself runs as below.

See how the circles widen! Not only is "The Argument," producing conviction of a directly theistical character, but here is plain evidence that it is calculated to produce a revolution in the theological mind itself of the prevailing "views in regard to the duration of future punishment." I say, the views prevailing as yet—and alas! and alas! that it should be so. If Jehovah be opposed to the Moabitish god, the licentious Baal-peor, no less is he opposed in character to the Ammonitish Moloch, the representative of the cruel; and would to God that the set time for the fall of this idol (set up over against the true divine) were come!

In a word, the Brahmin of Ind, and the white man of Newfoundland —antipodes to each other—shake hands by means of the mediumship of "The Argument *a Priori*."—I remain, my dear Sir, ever yours truly, WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

J. W. Jackson, Esq., London.

St, John's, Newfoundland, 29th October, 1871.

HONOURED SIR,—I have to acknowledge the favour of receiving an "advance" copy of the sixth edition of "The Argument *a Priori*."

I have given the work a careful perusal, and I beg to testify my great appreciation of it as a whole.

It has been the means of modifying my views in regard to the duration of future punishments. I am inclined to think that the notions advanced are in accordance with an honest and intelligent interpretation of Scripture. In this respect, as in many others, I consider "The Argument *a Priori*" a book for the times, calculated to check infidelity in the *quasi* philosophical aspects which it assumes at the present day. —I am, honoured sir, yours faithfully,

(Signed) JOHN NEILSON.

W. H. Gillespie, Esq., 46 Melville Street, Edinburgh.

Lincoln's Inn, London, 20th November, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge, with my very best thanks, the present of a copy of your work, entitled "The Argument *a Priori* for the Being and the Attributes of the Lord God."

I have just read only a portion of the philosophical prefatory remarks which are introductory to this, the sixth edition, so aptly termed by you the "Theists' own edition."

If you will not deem it a vain compliment, I will here record *en passant*, that, from a cursory glance at the contents of the book, I have no hesitation in opining that your work will vie, as far as strict logical reasoning applied to "the science of sciences" is concerned, with the celebrated first part of Butler's "Analogy."

After I have carefully read your work, I shall have (as promised to our common friend, Mr. Orr, of Glasgow) great pleasure in submitting

for your private perusal a review (to use the technical term) of it from a Brahminical, *i.e.*, theistical point of view—a point at which I have arrived by the perusal, in a philosophical spirit, of those sterling works of Indian theophilosophy in the Sanskrit language, at the head of all which the unique work of Shri Vyas Swami so meritoriously stands, and the title of which is "Shri Bhagvadgita."—Yours, very faithfully,

K. G. DESHMUKH, B.A , M.R.A.S.

W. H. Gillespie, Esq., of Torbanehill, Edinburgh.

---

46 Melville Street, Edinburgh, 25th Nov., 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your kind and gratifying letter, dated the 20th inst., and I am concerned to let you know that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to receive a review by you of my work from the Brahminical, *i. e.*, theistical point of view. Indeed (to let you into a secret), I have long cherished the ambition to obtain the views of a philosopher, well-versed in that most ancient metaphysical and theological, or theosophical system—the Hindoo ; the views, I say, of a qualified philosopher regarding my demonstration, as receiving or imparting light from, or to, that most ancient method of philosophising.

It will not be uninteresting to you to be told that, in the course of a few weeks, there will be published (D.V.) a quarto impression of this sixth edition, on superior paper ; and it is intended that a portrait of the author shall form a frontispiece. It shall be my care to furnish you, among the first possessors of copies, with one of the volumes in question. You may, perhaps, find that the quarto copy will afford facilities, in its ample margins, for recording observations occurring during perusal. In the meantime, believe me to be, my dear Sir, yours very truly, (Signed) WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

K. G. Deshmukh, Esq., B.A., &c., London.

London, 5th December, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 25th ultimo.

I have learnt, with great interest therefrom, that you intend publishing a quarto impression of the "Theists' Edition" (*i.e.*, the sixth) ; and I will await with pleasure the favour of a copy of this splendid edition, as its ample margins will no doubt facilitate the pleasurable task of recording parallel passages from the "theosophical works" of the ancient Brahmans—the Kirhis, the Munis, the Acharyás, who made it their specialty in life to grapple with the subtle problems of metaphysics, psychology, and "theosophy," and by dint of abstruse analytical, as well as synthetical reasoning, based upon facts and phenomena, gathered more from self-introspection than the observation of the objective world without—succeeded in the correct solution of very many subtle questions, which do not fail to astound even the thinkers of the nineteenth century.

I have *read* some portions, and looked through the contents of your work ; and I have begun to entertain the idea of asking your permission

eventually to have it translated into the Indian languages, especially in the classic tongue of Hindoosthan—the Sanskrit.

The mathematical precision of statement (so to speak), invariably so successfully resorted to by you in the demonstration of truth in the pages of your work, is such as, I believe, should not be lost, at least, to any Aryan nation, simply because of the inseparable accident of its being written first in English—which, it may be added, is almost becoming the modern— classic, or, rather, the political tongue of India.—

Very truly, yours, (Signed) K. G. DESHMUKH.

William Gillespie, Esq., &c., &c.

ABOUT BOOKS.

THE subject of Spiritualism will derive considerable benefit from an unique little work just issued, from the pen of Gerald Massey.* The publisher terms it the commencement of a "Diamond Series," and truly this first volume is well worthy of the title, if we take into account the clearness of its facets and the sharpness of its edges. There are but few opposing surfaces which this piquant implement is not capable of scratching and successfully defacing. It is a *multum in parvo* of Spiritualism, as if the whole of the subject had been boiled down into a convenient globule capable of being taken at a comfortable dose. At the end are a few extracts from the author's spiritual poetry, respecting which we hope to have something at large to say in an early number.

The other day a correspondent, in referring to our article in last number respecting Mr. Peebles and the spirit writing, observed that he always experienced a pleasant thrill whenever he read anything connected with Peebles. Such will be the opinion of many friends of that gentleman who read his biography,† just issued by W. White, of the *Banner of Light* office, Boston. It is one of the most beautiful books in the whole range of spiritual literature, and the gilt symbol on the board represents the life of the man at one view. As a progressive teacher, Mr. Peebles merits the deepest attention, and his vicissitudes and trials indicate a stern love of truth and a genuineness of principle which is but seldom witnessed; and, amidst jealousy, detraction, and the fiendish opposition of bigots, our friend has exhibited the courage and bearing of a true, pure man. In some respects even a more decided interest attaches

* Concerning Spiritualism. By Gerald Massey. One shilling. London: J. Burns, 15, Southampton Row.

† "The Spiritual Pilgrim: A Biography of James M. Peebles." By J. O. Barrett. Boston: W. White & Co. London: Burns.

to Mr. Peebles as a medium. The chapter on his relation to the spirit world, and experiences with mediums in penetrating the higher spheres, wherein exist the highly arisen spirits of the long ago, is extremely interesting, and we cannot remember of its being paralleled in any other work. Mr. Peebles' visit to this country is carefully recorded, and many of our readers will be pleased to find their names and incidents connected with them mentioned in this part of the work. Numerous extracts from correspondence, speeches, and newspaper articles render this work a valuable acquisition to contemporary history; and altogether it is a product which may be perused, not only with great pleasure, but with decided profit. An excellent steel portrait of the "Spiritual Pilgrim," by our friend Mr. Sherratt, prefixes the work.

No greater indication of refinement exists in a community than the love of pure, beautiful music, and a corresponding mark of intelligence is the wedding of such music to rational and soul-elevating sentiments. With a view to promoting such desirable ends, Mr. H. W. Smith, of Edinburgh, assisted in the musical department by Mr W. Hately, has just published a most beautiful volume of 150 pages, containing upwards of 200 beautiful moral songs and hymns,* derived from a number of the best sources. In the preface the editor observes: "My object in compiling this little book has been to provide a collection of hymns suitable for general use in the family and the school-room. I have, therefore, restricted the selection to those hymns which inculcate religion (or the faithful discharge of duty) *for its own sake only.* It was not possible in one small volume to illustrate every phase of a religious life thus interpreted; but, having endeavoured to carry out my plan in a catholic spirit, I cherish the hope that the book will tend to make the happy happier, to give comfort to the afflicted and desponding, to encourage the young and irresolute, and to lead all to ponder and to feel the realities of life, and so become actively and securely virtuous." We recommend the work, in the most cordial manner, to our readers.

No one is so bitter against the injustice of ecclesiastical establishments as those who have lived under their wings, and are therefore acquainted with the workings and objects of such organisations. Mr. Noyes is a university man, and, whether from disappointment in his worldly ambition, or a change of views from higher motives, has thought proper to rail out, in no measured terms, against the cant and superstition taught by our

* "Hymns of Life for Human Encouragement." Edited by H. W. Smith. Music selected and arranged by W. Hately. Edinburgh: T. Laurie, 38, Cockburn Street. Laurie, London.

great men in caps and gowns as religion and theology. The little work before us* is written gracefully and fluently, and though the words may be rather excessive for the ideas they embody, yet, upon the whole, the tendency is good, and indicative of a literary talent which, if fertilised by a more vivid degree of spiritual light, would be capable of producing something higher. Our recommendation to our author and every one else is—live, learn, and try again.

In the whole field of social progress, no name stands more prominent than that of Owen; and the lustre which has been shed upon it by its present possessor, attracts a wider range of admirers than the social tactics adopted by the hero of New Lanark. The son, Robert Dale Owen, as is well known, has for many years devoted himself most assiduously to the task of investigating the nature of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and reporting the results to the world in the form of frequent volumes. The one now issued † is written apparently for a special class, the ministers of the Protestant religion. The first section of the work is taken up by a long and carefully written address to those gentlemen styled reverend, succeeded by a classification of the phenomena viewed from their peculiar standpoint. The work is exceedingly valuable as a record of well authenticated facts, manifested in every department of the inquiry, and, in a great number of cases, establishing not only the fact of the existence of abnormal phenomena, but the identity of spirits and communion therewith. Numerous citations from other works are given, enabling the student to carry his investigations farther, and the judicious arguments everywhere employed, recommend the subject in a very special manner to religious, truth-loving minds, who have not yet thrown off the yoke of sectarian bondage. The work is having a very large sale, which it well deserves.

We have a little work ‡ before us, by a talented and rising literary man, on a subject well worthy of his or any other person's pen, who is an earnest searcher after truth. "This Christian Land" is meant for a satire on our so-called Christianity, and it is one which all should read and digest. The author says:—"We sit with two publications before us, a Greek Testament and an English newspaper; we have theory and practice in our hands. Do they coincide? If they do, this

---

* Hymns of Modern Man. By Thomas Herbert Noyes, Jun., B.A. London: Longman & Co.

† The Debatable Land between this World and the Next. By Robert Dale Owen. London: Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row.

‡ "This Christian Land," a Satire, and Something More. London: John Marven, 1 Bull and Mouth Street.

Christian land may be supposed to be the door of heaven; if they do not, what is there, according to its own showing, to distinguish it from Sodom or Babylon of old?" And he shows most clearly that they do not—that the Christianity of the day is nothing more than one huge patchwork of cant, hypocrisy, and sham. Of course most of the readers of *Human Nature* have come to this conclusion long ago; but works of this kind are necessary to the vast masses of people who are yet in the leading strings of ignorance and superstition, and it is to these we would recommend this little work.

It is a question as to how far the abundance of talk in the shape of books, tends to promote a knowledge of Spiritualism, or any other branch of science. A handsomely printed and neat volume* is before us. The object of which is to discuss the proper method in which a book on the "Evidences of Spiritualism" ought to be written. The author defends the position of the spiritualist, adduces facts and witnesses, and replies to a numerous series of objections. It has occurred to us that the shortest way of settling the question would be to try experiments, and thus test the result—each man on his own account. The work may be of benefit to those who love to derive all their ideas from books, and lean upon authority rather than upon facts independently derived.

There resides in Chard a self-taught man, Mr. James Gillingham, who, from the exercise of his native ingenuity, has acquired great celebrity as a surgical mechanist. His success in providing artificial limbs has been something wonderful; and lately he has invented an "invalid's couch" which, by a few movements, can be changed into about thirty different positions. In the course of his experiments with those who had suffered amputation, Mr. Gillingham discovered that the patient had still a consciousness of the amputated limb. He published his views in a small work,† which soon attracted the attention of the spiritualists, and was very favourably noticed in the *Medium*. The author had his attention called to that circumstance, and he was astonished to find that he had unwittingly been advocating the views entertained by spiritualists as to the "spirit body." He commenced to read on the subject, and a few months ago made a sojourn to London to investigate the matter. The results of which he has published in a tract.‡ It records the author's experience at various seances. It is a crude production both in style and thought. Mr. Gillingham looks on Spiritualism as a

* Hints for the "Evidences of Spiritualism," by M. P. Trübner & Co.

† "The Seat of the Soul." Pitman. 1s.

‡ "Eight Days with the Spiritualists; or, What led me to the Subject: What I Heard, What I Saw, and my Conclusions." Pitman. 8d.

bolster to his views on the Bible, and his personal opinions on religion generally. If this young man would eliminate from his future publications his dogmatic views on theology, and give more attention to an accurate statement of fact, his works would cost less, be much more easily read, and give more instruction.

The question of the ameliorisation of the condition of animals has asserted its importance in many minds, and at no period of human history so strongly as at the present day. This speaks well for the young spirit of philanthropy which everywhere inspires the civilisation of this century. Our view of the subject is simply this:—Enlighten and elevate humanity, and you thereby improve the condition of the animal creation. We consider it to be almost waste of time to look after cats and dogs, and neglect human beings. It is impossible for a developed human mind to be unjust or cruel to an animal, to his own species, or to himself; while all our efforts to improve man's actions will be fruitless, unless we can improve man himself. One of the most readable books in the interest of domestic animals is from the pen of Mrs. James, whose very beautiful tale, "Social Fetters," we noticed some time ago. Her Scotch terrier, "Ugly,"* must have been a very intelligent animal, and her work is a valuable contribution to the facts of animal intelligence. The sketches of travel therein contained render the work exceedingly interesting, and the whole performance is much enhanced by the very marked literary ability of the writer.

"ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM."

Among the many valuable works that have proceeded from directly inspired, or abnormal enlightened authors, during the last twenty years, the writings of Hudson Tuttle occupy a place of honour as high as any, and possess certain merits peculiar to themselves. Mr. Tuttle appears to us to have been selected by his spiritual guides as the fittest channel for communicating those scientific truths that form the proper basis for a science of human nature. This bright scholar of the celestial is emphatically what we heard him called by our friend, Mr. Burns, the other day—who, for aught we know, coined the word for the occasion, though it deserves to pass current—"a factarian." Tuttle is very impatient of theories that will not bear the test of careful analysis and laborious research. It is curious to see this union of Dryasdust's grubbing among the details of material facts, dates, statistics, and the like, with

* "Lights and Shadows in a Canine Life, with Sketches of Travel. By Ugly's Mistress; Life Member of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in London; and of La Société Protectrice des Animaux, in Paris; Author of 'Wanderings of a Beauty,' 'Muriel, or Social Fetters,' &c." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

flashing sunbeams of generalisation, which clearly come from those unclouded regions of abstract thought, to which his angel ministrants delight to raise the mind.

Some of Andrew Jackson Davis's works are wonderful examples of a co-ordinating faculty—a power of arranging ideas in their proper relations—to say nothing of his noble moral tone; Mr. Peebles frequently sheds over a subject a pleasant lunar lustre of lambent enthusiasm, and a mild glow of kindly sentiment; Mrs. Hardinge pours forth the feelings of her large heart in a perfect torrent of fervid language, which can scarcely fail to leave us better for the copious baptism; the philosophic utterances of our own much-esteemed medium, Mr. Morse, professedly from Tien Sien Tie, are worthy of his old compatriot, Lan-tsze, and leave Confucius very far behind. Other well-known "writers and speakers under impression" have their distinctive gifts, which place us ordinary quill-drivers at a great disadvantage; but, for the just union of scientific fact to supra-mundane theory, commend us to Mr. Hudson Tuttle. Take, for instance, his little books, entitled "The God-Idea and Christ-Idea in History." Why, they contain the substance of Baring Gould's weighty, but erudite and scholarly volumes on "The Science of Religion," not to say Alger's invaluable repertory of all theology, "The history of the Doctrine of a Future Life."

And now we have to call attention to another production from the same untiring hand, "The Arcana of Spiritualism: a Manual of Spiritual Science and Philosophy." In fairness, we confess that this last book appears to us to lack a measure of that artistic arrangement and scientific precision which generally characterise the author's handiwork, but it is undoubtedly a valuable addition to our spiritual literature, and, without further preface, we shall proceed to give such a taste of its contents as, we hope, may whet our readers' appetite for more, and lead them to become acquainted with the volume in its entirety.

The work divides naturally into five sections:—Evidences of Spiritualism; the Nature of Matter; Spirit, its Phenomena and Laws; Mediumship; the Religious Aspect of Spiritualism. Under the first heading we have a review of the rise and progress of the Spiritual movement, and a discussion of the worth of testimony, clear, forcibly put, and valuable to those who are entering upon a study of the subject, but by no means novel. But the author breaks up new ground in the chapters on "Matter and Force;" and we advise our readers not to pass it over with the old witicism, "What is matter? never mind. What is mind? no matter"—or they will lose the chance of gaining some scientific ideas. The following sentences, even when taken away from their context, may serve to stimulate thought, or to awaken curiosity.

"The present tendency of thought is material, so far as abolishing miracles, and the determination of phenomena by laws are concerned; but in another direction it has an opposite tendency. The laws themselves assume a spiritual outline. Scientists are throwing aside matter, and applying themselves to the study of force. Here they find the bridge spanning

the chasm between matter and spirit; and each day they approach nearer the latter unseen and mysterious realm. Each day the existence of gross matter becomes more doubtful. It is asked, 'Is an atom more than a centre for the evolution of forces? and what assurance is there that such centres will not instantly dissolve, fading into some other forces?' When a stone is dropped into water, its surface is thrown into waves. Now it is a question of science, one of vast importance, 'Is not an atom like the central portion of those waters—a vortex, from which waves of force are constantly thrown?' Then arises the question, 'Is there any matter—is there anything but *force?*' But we cannot divest ourselves of the idea of substance; the testimony of the senses to the existence of matter, the body of the universe, to which force holds the relation of spirit.

. . . . . .

"Heat, light, magnetism, electricity, treated as subtile, imponderable fluids pervading matter, have been proved to be forces propagated by determinate laws, mutually convertible into each other, and all capable of being produced by motion. From a given amount of electric force, a definite magnetic power, heat, light, or motion, may be obtained, or *vice versa*. When one of these expends itself, and cannot be discovered in its original condition, it can always be found in one of its other forms. This definite quantitative change has received the name of 'correlation and conservation of forces.' The first idea of force is motion. The gross idea of motion is change of matter in space. The more subtile conception fades into vibrations of matter without any relative change. Thus we have a glimpse of an impalpable something transmitted, which operates powerfully, but changes not the something in its path. Motion is resolvable into heat, light, magnetism, electricity, and what may be called, for want of a better name, spiritual power. Force is as indestructible as matter, and the imponderables are only various manifestations of force. This resolution of imponderables into motion resolves some of the greatest cosmical problems. The original heat, which once diffused the planetary bodies as vapour through space, calls for no other explanation than is furnished by conservation of force. When the exact numerical relation of heat and motion is determined, the calculation is very simple to ascertain how much heat the velocity of a planetary body represents. The equivalent of 1 degree Fahrenheit, expressed in motion, has been approximately determined by Mr. Joule as 772 lbs., falling one foot.

"The heat of the sun's surface meeting the surface of the planets, sets at work the processes of life. It is the origin of living beings, who derive from its exhilarating rays all their motion, or living force, which stands directly correlated to sunlight and heat. We are all children of the sun from the humblest worm to the distinct man. All are storehouses of these forces, which can be at any time called forth. When wood is burned, it is not newly created heat we produce, but the light and warmth of the sun exerted in building up the cells of the wood. The heat of the sun builds up a plant. This is a storehouse of these forces to the animal that eats and digests it. The original heat is liberated by the chemical action in its system; and it is warmed thereby, and tremendous muscular power derived. The same chemical processes occur when wood is burned in the furnace of an engine. The treasured *heat* is reconverted to the original *motion* of the chaos of the beginning. Thus the force of the animal frame and of the engine are reproductions of the primal forces of the planetary bodies. Ascending in this generalisation, we inquire if this correlation holds in the realm of life; if the aggregate motions we call 'life' may not be transformations of the terrible forces of nature.

"Wonderful are the motions of living beings; they seem to spring directly

from the will, and at once to be connected with a forbidden domain lying outside of matter. But careful study finds that the circulation of the fluids in the animal frame, and the motions of their organs, differs not from the motions observed in the cascade, the rush of wind, or the orbs of space. In plants, a certain amount of the force derived from their food is employed in resisting the causes of decay; but the balance is entirely used in growth. In animals, the forces of the system are also used in growth, but another direction is given to them. The animal has a nervous system, which the plant has not. By means of the nerves, all the organs of the body are brought into harmony. They are the conducting wires, by which the forces generated in the system are kept in equilibrium. Where they do not exist, there is no motion. They convey the excess of force existing in one organ to another where it is deficient, or to organs which do not generate the force which they need.

"Arising to the lofty regions of the intellect, the circulation of force still holds good. If man puts forth *intellectual effort*, it is so much *force* taken from some other direction, which is demonstrated by organic change in the body. But this by no means fully explains the phenomena of mind as is claimed by the too ardent advocates of pure materialism. Granting the cogency of proofs furnished by Spiritualism of continued existence after the dissolution of the body, then a higher correlated power is introduced. A finite man must rest upon the borders of the infinite. Spiritual beings are composed of higher forms of matter, and hence immortality does not present the impossibility of forces isolated, and the materialist has no room for his objections.

"The study of matter is being resolved with the study of forces. Most objects, as they appear to the eye of sense, are replaced by activities revealed to the eye of intellect. The conceptions of 'gross corrupt brute matter' are passing away with the prejudices of the past, and in place of a dead material world, we have a living organism of spiritual energies. This is the highest ground taken by philosophers at present; and while they congratulate themselves on their Positivism, they really are entering the vestibule of Spiritualism."

A note at the close of this portion of his subject calls attention to the interesting fact, that, when the author was writing his "Arcana of Nature," in 1858, he searched in vain for the least scientific testimony confirming its statement of principles. Then he wrote, as impressed, "Motion is ever the same, directed in different channels, and fulfilling different missions. Life is born of motion; life is the specialisation of the living principles of matter. Now, as I write," he adds, "this very doctrine that matter is nothing but force, being, in its various manifestations but a modification of motion, is everything in scientific orthodoxy." In the "Arcana" it is stated that there is no *inertia*. The statement was ridiculed, but now the idea of "inert brute matter" has passed away. (See compilation, by Youmans, of the essays of Joule, Meyer, Helmholtz, Carpenter, and Faraday.)

Passing over sections 2 and 3, we come to "The Religious Aspect of Spiritualism," which is fresh and interesting throughout. We highly approve of the advice which is tendered below "to good church members":—

"It is an easy thing to become a Christian, as that name is now employed —that is, to become a member of the church, to be regular in attendance

on Sundays, to be regular in paying quarterage, or pew-rent, and to be regular in prayers and confessions of shortcomings. Christianity is a retreat for mental laziness. There the grand problem of salvation is worked out. All that is required of the convert is to *receive the solution*. He must be like an infant or an imbecile, with open mouth ready to swallow the theological pap. The more docile, the more he stultifies his intellect, the better member he becomes.

"From this lethargy it is difficult to awake. I always feel uneasy when church-members declare themselves spiritualists So long have they been led, that, when they find themselves cut loose, they are like children taken into the park, or young colts led out to pasture. The field cannot contain them. They run here, and they run there, and all over the premises in no time; but they weary of this when they find the old landmarks are washed away—that the old compass is useless, the log-book obsolete, and their own powers their only reliance; they soon weary, and oh! how they sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"How many have we seen of such poor souls, floating out on the great sea, weary with effort, and ready to catch a straw for support! How cheering the old day of unquestioning belief appeared to them! How they wished they had *not begun* to think! It is not well to make converts of such, unless they have power sufficient to uphold them. You make a poor spiritualist of a good church-member. You baptise him into a sea of trouble, only to see him in the end grow weary and return to the fold, when the opiate of formulas drowns his tremulous efforts. The Church is necessary for such until it is outgrown. We have often met men who had no business to be outside of its pale. They have not come out by legitimate thought; some friend has broken a paling to let them out. To such we say, Return—the sooner the better. If you cannot walk without using a broken pale for a crutch out here on the breezy coast of philosophy, you had better return; and, for fear you will come out again, replace the paling carefully after you.

"Spiritualism is not a religion descending from a foreign source, to be borne as a cross; it is an outgrowth of human nature, and the complete expression of its highest ideal. You may take the sacred books of all nations —the Shaster of the Hindoo, the Zend-avesta of the fire-worshipping Persian, the Koran of the Mohammedan, the legends of the Talmud, and on them place our own Testaments, the Old and the New—you have brought together in one mass the spiritual history, ideas, emotions, and superstitions of the early ages of man; but you have not Spiritualism—you have only a part of it.

"Spiritualism is the philosopher's highest conception of his relations to the spiritual universe, his fellow-men, and spirits; the living thought of the age, ultimating not in the perfection of religion, but in intellectual superiority, which goes onward and round the character in moral completeness. Man needs not an external revelation, but an internal illumination whereby he can understand the relations he sustains to himself, his brother men, and the physical world. Such an illumination is bestowed on, though not perceived by all. The myriad hosts of the angel-world are around us. They mingle in the affairs of men. Their atmosphere is an exhaustless fount from which we draw our thoughts. Not to the skin-clad prophets and seers of old—fierce wanderers of the desert—are we to look for truth. They may instruct us, but they are not authority. They placed themselves outside of humanity. They were warped and dwarfed by seclusion, and narrow, indeed, were their views of human needs. Not so to-day. A fountain of exhaustless flow is presented to every one, intoxicating as Castalian waters—as life-giving as the fabled springs of perpetual youth; and every one can become inspired

with Divine life, and be a law and prophet to himself. This is the work of Spiritualism; and the world's cherished creeds are rapidly falling from their bases of sand undermined by the resistless force of the tide.

"Spiritualist!—a believer in the Divine, incarnated in the human spirit—in the glorious intercommunion of the spheres, from the most insignificant to the great Father of all! Proud name of honour!—more glorious than King, Emperor, or Czar! Why do we hear it hissed, and employed as a name and reproach by the Churches who profess to believe in spiritual existence? There can be but two parties—the Materialists and the Spiritualists. They must, then, be Materialists. They are welcome to the honourable name, which, from the purely sensuous plane that they occupy, they so well deserve. We receive the name of Spiritualist with joy. We do not wish to tone it down with an adjective. We are not Progressive, nor Liberal, nor Christian SPIRITUALISTS—by that word signifying that we are liberal, progressive, and Christian."

S. E. B.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

In noticing the above remarkable book, we cannot overlook the very striking photographic likeness of the author which faces the title-page. Those who have read the sketch of Hudson Tuttle by Emma Hardinge, in *Human Nature*, Vol. V. p. 97, will naturally feel interested in the man. The student of anthropology will especially desire to note the organic developments of a mind capable of such unusual modes of action as are exhibited in the case of our transatlanic friend. The spectator is attracted by the positive, yet intelligent, far-seeing eye; the strong, yet finely pointed nose; and the massive brain, and slender face. There are more indications of intellectual power than organic harmony in the physical domain. Hence, the subject's sensations will not be at all times so healthy and happy as his mental deductions are clear and logical. The purely spiritual element is scarcely represented. Mr. Tuttle is a spiritual scientist, but not a spiritual man, and his powers direct him to a consideration of the material conditions of spiritual existence, rather than a consciousness of the metaphysical relations to the celestial grades of being which mark the experience of some other ecstatics. His attention is directed more towards the horizon than the zenith. Amongst intellectual dogs Mr. Tuttle is a mastiff of the most powerful build. He is tremendously positive and vigorous, and dares to grapple with the most uncompromising adversaries, and he grapples successfully. With irresistible power be casts about him right and left, and tossing obstacles on either side, he grips right at the real matter-of-fact truth of the subject, and holds it up in triumph to the gaze of all. This remarkable faculty is very evident in the book before us. It is a perfect encyclopœdia, not only of spiritual facts, but of the whole nature of man. By dint of arrangement and subdivision, the author avoids repetition, and states clearly and succinctly every point in his argument. Each section is a work in itself—a powerful bite of the giant jaws, which have disintegrated the whole immense subject into comfortable mouthfuls for those who are only cutting their intellectual teeth.

This brain indicates great capacity for investigating the causes of things. It would be difficult for Mr. Tuttle to give the slightest adhesion to a subject which he did not, from his own individual standpoint, comprehend. He must be able to give a demonstrable reason for the faith within, or he would rather be without such a tenant.

The products of his pen are, therefore, in a remarkable degree reliable and trustworthy. No windy sentiment assails the good sense of the reader. And yet Mr. Tuttle is a poet, and in partnership with his wife Emma (by the way, the better poet of the two,) has issued several volumes. Our author is not deficient in imagination, inspiration, or refined feeling, but his impressions are on the plane of realities as experienced in the objective universe, and hence his aptitude for the position of a scientific writer.

It affords us great pleasure to introduce the works of this writer in the most cordial manner to the readers of *Human Nature;* to them his former volumes are not the products of a strange and distant clime, but the familiar words of a brother, well known and much beloved. The same pen has also repeatedly been seen, with pleasure and profit, in this magazine. Mr. Tuttle is not alone an intellectualist. He is also a philanthropist, a warm-hearted reformer, a kind and generous friend. He desires to be known as such to the readers of this periodical, and hence, through his kindness and with the consent of the publishers, we hope to be enabled to present to our readers, all the valuable works of this author at a very nominal price. As a beginning, we offer this month the "Arcana of Spiritualism," published at 8s. 6d., for 5s., or 5s. 6d. post free. We may not have sufficient in stock at present to meet the demand, but further supplies are being obtained from Boston.

MORE THEORIES.

Mr. Sergeant Cox seems to be making himself rather ridiculous. He first infers a new force to account for the phenomena of Spiritualism, and finding that won't go down—because it has been pointed out that force is an action and not the agent—he is now in a restless spirit to explain, in anticipation of the whole evidence, but, rather unlike the proceeding of a sound lawyer, catches at Dr. Richardson's fanciful ether, and joins this with Dr. Carpenter's compound of unconscious cerebration, which he offers as an explanation of Spiritualism, thus catching at straws—and mere straws they are—to wrest a solution of the most difficult, but most important facts in philosophy; for if the facts are not to be attributed to spirits, depend upon it, the solution must be arrived at inductively—not guessed at hap-hazard, and by ignoring the main features of the case, as Faraday did, and Carpenter is doing. To me the whole proceedings, on all sides, is a new evidence and example of the wrong use of human understanding in regard to novel matters, as we all lament over in regard to questions in science long settled, but the teachings of history seem lost upon us. Socrates.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY THEODORE TILTON.

(Reprinted from No. 3 of the "Golden Age Tracts," of which paper Mr. Tilton is Editor.)

[VERY different accounts are current respecting this extraordinary woman. She is, perhaps, the best abused of her sex in the world. Such infamous conduct has been reported of her that, were it not for the source from whence this testimony comes, it would be impossible to entertain it. The author, Theodore Tilton, is unimpeachable. He is one of the foremost men in America, and no one dares to characterise his report as anything but reliable. It will thus appear that Mrs. Woodhull, like many other reformers and innovators, is cruelly slandered, because misunderstood, and to introduce her to the British public in her true colours, we give publicity to Mr. Tilton's candid and, we may add, unparalleled biography.]

"He that uttereth a slander is a fool."—SOLOMON: Prov. x 18.

I SHALL swiftly sketch the life of Victoria Claflin Woodhull; a young woman whose career has been as singular as any heroine's in a romance; whose ability is of a rare and whose character of the rarest type; whose personal sufferings are of themselves a whole drama of pathos; whose name (through the malice of some and the ignorance of others) has caught a shadow in strange contrast with the whiteness of her life; whose position as a representative of her sex in the greatest reform of modern times renders her an object of peculiar interest to her fellow-citizens; and whose character (inasmuch as I know her well) I can portray without colour or tinge from any other partiality save that I hold her in uncommon respect.

In Homer, Ohio, in a small cottage, white-painted and high-peaked, with a porch running round it and a flower garden in front, this daughter, the seventh of ten children of Roxana and Buckman Claflin, was born September 23rd, 1838. As this was the year when Queen Victoria was crowned, the new-born babe, though clad neither in purple nor fine linen, but comfortably swaddled in respectable poverty, was immediately christened (though without chrism) as the Queen's namesake; her parents little dreaming that their daughter would one day aspire to a higher seat than the English throne. The Queen, with that early matronly predilection which her subsequent life did so much to illustrate, foresaw that many glad mothers, who were to bring babes into the world during that coronation year, would name them after the chief lady of the earth; and accordingly she ordained a gift to all her little namesakes of Anno Domini 1838. As Victoria Claflin was one of these, she has lately been urged to make a trip to Windsor Castle, to see the illustrious giver of these gifts, and to receive the special souvenir which the Queen's bounty is supposed to hold still in store for the Ohio babe that uttered its first cry as if to say "Long live the Queen!" Mrs. Woodhull, who is now a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, should defer this visit till after her election, when she will have a beautiful opportunity to invite her elder sister in sovereignty

—the mother of our mother country—to visit her fairest daughter, the Republic of the West.

It is pitiful to be a child without a childhood. Such was she. Not a sunbeam gilded the morning of her life. Her girlish career was a continuous bitterness—an unbroken heart-break. She was worked like a slave—whipped like a convict. Her father was impartial in his cruelty to all his children; her mother, with a fickleness of spirit that renders her one of the most erratic of mortals, sometimes abetted him in his scourgings, and at other times shielded the little ones from his blows. In a barrel of rain-water he kept a number of braided green withes made of willow or walnut twigs, and with these stinging weapons, never with an ordinary whip, he would cut the quivering flesh of the children till their tears and blood melted him into mercy. Sometimes he took a handsaw or a stick of firewood as the instrument of his savagery. Coming home after the children were in bed, on learning of some offence which they had committed, he has been known to waken them out of sleep, and to whip them till morning. In consequence of these brutalities, one of the sons, in his thirteenth year, burst away from home, went to sea, and still bears in a shattered constitution the damning memorial of a father's wrath. "I have no remembrance of a father's kiss," says Victoria. Her mother has on occasions tormented and harried her children until they would be thrown into spasms, whereat she would hysterically laugh, clap her hands, and look as fiercely delighted as a cat in playing with a mouse. At other times, her tenderness toward her offspring would appear almost angelic. She would fondle them, weep over them, lift her arms and thank God for such children, caress them with ecstatic joy, and then smite them as if seeking to destroy at a blow both body and soul. This eccentric old lady, compounded in equal parts of heaven and hell, will pray till her eyes are full of tears, and in the same hour curse till her lips are white with foam. The father exhibits a more tranquil bitterness, with fewer spasms. These parental peculiarities were lately made witnesses against their possessors in a court of justice.

If I must account for what seems unaccountable, I may say that with these parents, these traits are not only constitutional, but have been further developed by circumstances. The mother, who has never in her life learned to read, was during her maidenhood the petted heiress of one of the richest German families of Pennsylvania, and was brought up not to serve but to be served, until in her ignorance and vanity she fancied all things her own, and all people her ministers. The father, partly bred to the law and partly to real estate speculations, early in life acquired affluence, but during Victoria's third year suddenly lost all that he had gained, and sat down like a beggar in the dust of despair. The mother, from her youth, had been a religious monomaniac—a spiritualist before the name of spiritualism was coined, and before the Rochester knockings had noised themselves into the public ear. She saw visions and dreamed dreams. During the half year preceding Victoria's birth, the mother became powerfully excited by a religious revival, and went through the process known as "sanctification." She

would rise in prayer-meetings and pour forth passionate hallelujahs that sometimes electrified the worshippers. The father, colder in temperament, yet equally inclined to the supernatural, was her partner in these excitements. When the stroke of poverty felled them to the earth, these exultations were quenched in grief. The father, in the opinion of some, became partially crazed; he would take long and rapid walks, sometimes of twenty miles, and come home with bleeding feet and haggard face. The mother, never wholly sane, would huddle her children together, as a hen her chickens, and wringing her hands above them, would pray by the hour that God would protect her little brood. Intense melancholy—a misanthropic gloom thick as a sea fog—seized jointly upon both their minds, and at intervals ever since has blighted them with its mildew. It is said that a fountain cannot send forth at the same time sweet waters and bitter, and yet affection and enmity will proceed from this couple almost at the same moment. At times, they are full of craftiness, low cunning, and malevolence; at other times, they beam with sunshine, sweetness, and sincerity. I have seen many strange people, but the strangest of all are the two parents whose commingled essence constitutes the spiritual principle of the heroine of this tale.

Just here, if any one asks, "How is it that such parents should not have reproduced their eccentricities in their children?" I answer, "This is exactly what they have done." The whole brood are of the same feather—except Victoria and Tennie. What language shall describe them? Such another family circle of cats and kits, with soft fur and sharp claws, purring at one moment and fighting the next, never before filled one house with their clamours since Babel began. They love and hate—they do good and evil—they bless and smite each other. They are a sisterhood of furies, tempered with love's melancholy. Here and there one will drop on her knees and invoke God's vengeance on the rest. But for years there has been one common sentiment sweetly pervading the breasts of a majority towards a minority of the offspring, namely, a determination that Victoria and Tennie should earn all the money for the support of the numerous remainder of the Claflin tribe—wives, husbands, children, servants, and all. Being daughters of the horse-leech, they cry "give." It is the common law of the Claflin clan that the idle many shall eat up the substance of the thrifty few. Victoria is a green leaf, and her legion of relatives are caterpillars who devour her. Their sin is that they return no thanks after meat; they curse the hand that feeds them. They are what my friend Mr. Greeley calls "a bad crowd." I am a little rough in saying this, I admit; but I have a rude prejudice in favour of the plain truth.

Victoria's school days comprised, all told, less than three years—stretching with broken intervals between her eighth and eleventh. The aptest learner of her class, she was the pet alike of scholars and teacher. Called "The Little Queen" (not only from her name but her demeanour), she bore herself with mimic royalty, like one born to command. Fresh and beautiful, her countenance being famed throughout the neighbourhood for its striking spirituality, modest, yet energetic, and restive from

the over-fulness of an inward energy such as quickened the young blood of Joan of Arc, she was a child of genius, toil, and grief. The little old head on the little young shoulders was often bent over her school-book at the midnight hour. Outside of the school room, she was a household drudge, serving others so long as they were awake, and serving herself only when they slept. Had she been born black, or been chained to a cart-wheel in Alabama, she could not have been a more enslaved slave. During these school years, child as she was, she was the many-burdened maid-of-all-work in the large family of a married sister; she made fires, she washed and ironed, she baked bread, she cut wood, she spaded a vegetable garden, she went on errands, she tended infants, she did everything. "Victoria! Victoria!" was the call in the morning before the cock-crowing; when, bouncing out of bed, "little steam engine," as she was styled, began her buzzing activities for the day. Light and fleet of step, she ran like a deer. She was everybody's favourite—loved, petted, and by some marvelled at as a semi-supernatural being. Only in her own home (not a sweet, but a bitter home,) was she treated with the cruelty that still beclouds the memory of her early days.

I must now let out a secret. She acquired her studies, performed her work, and lived her life by the help (as she believes) of heavenly spirits. From her childhood till now (having reached her thirty-third year) her anticipation of the other world has been more vivid than her realisation of this. She has entertained angels, and not unawares. These gracious guests have been her constant companions. They abide with her night and day. They dictate her life with daily revelation; and like St. Paul, she is "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." She goes and comes at their behests. Her enterprises are not the coinage of her own brain, but of their divine invention. Her writings and speeches are the products, not only of their indwelling in her soul, but of their absolute control of her brain and tongue. Like a good Greek of the olden time, she does nothing without consulting her oracles. Never, as she avers, have they deceived her, nor ever will she neglect their decrees. One-third of human life is passed in sleep; and in her case, a goodly fragment of this third is spent in trance. Seldom a day goes by but she enters into this fairy-land, or rather into this spirit-realm. In pleasant weather, she has a habit of sitting on the roof of her stately mansion on Murray Hill, and there communing hour by hour with the spirits. She as a religious devotee—her simple theology being an absorbing faith in God and the angels.

Moreover, I may as well mention here as later, that every characteristic utterance which she gives to the world is dictated while under spirit influence, and most often in a totally unconscious state. The words that fall from her lips are garnered by the swift pen of her husband, and published almost verbatim as she gets and gives them. To take an illustration, after her recent nomination to the Presidency by "The Victoria League," she sent to that committee a letter of superior dignity and moral weight. It was a composition which she had dictated while so outwardly oblivious to the dictation, that when she ended and

awoke, she had no memory at all of what she had just done. The product of that strange and weird mood was a beautiful piece of English, not unworthy of Macaulay; and to prove what I say, I adduce the following eloquent passage, which (I repeat) was published without change as it fell from her unconscious lips:—

"I ought not to pass unnoticed," she says, "your courteous and graceful allusion to what you deem the favouring omen of my name. It is true that a Victoria rules the great rival nation opposite to us on the other shore of the Atlantic, and it might grace the amity just sealed between the two nations, and be a new security of peace, if a twin sisterhood of Victorias were to preside over the two nations. It is true, also, that in its mere etymology the name signifies *Victory!* and the victory for the right is what we are bent on securing. It is again true, also, that to some minds there is a consonant harmony between the idea and the word, so that its euphonious utterance seems to their imaginations to be itself a genius of success. However this may be, I have sometimes imagined that there is perhaps something providential and prophetic in the fact that my parents were prompted to confer on me a name which forbids the very thought of failure; and, as the great Napoleon believed the star of his destiny, you will at least excuse me, and charge it to the credulity of the woman, if I believe also in fatality of triumph as somehow inhering in my name."

In quoting this passage, I wish to add that its author is a person of no special literary training; indeed, so averse to the pen that, of her own will, she rarely dips it into ink, except to sign her business autograph; nor would she ever write at all except for those spirit-promptings which she dare not disobey; and she could not possibly have produced the above peroration except by some strange intellectual quickening—some overbrooding moral help. This (as she says) she derives from the spirit-world. One of her texts is, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help—my help cometh from the Lord who made Heaven and Earth." She reminds me of the old engraving of St. Gregory dictating his homilies under the outspread wing of the Holy Dove.

It has been so from her childhood; so that her school studies were, literally, a daily miracle. She would glance at a page, and know it by heart. The tough little mysteries which bother the bewildered brains of country school dullards were always to her as vivid as the sunshine. And when sent on long and weary errands, she believes that she has been lifted over the ground by her angelic helpers, "lest she should dash her feet against a stone." When she had too heavy a basket to carry, an unseen hand would sometimes carry it for her. Digging in the garden as if her back would break, occasionally a strange restfulness would refresh her, and she knew that the spirits were toiling in her stead. All this may seem an illusion to everybody else, but will never be other than a reality to her.

Let me cite some details of these spiritual phenomena, curious in themselves, and illustrating the forces that impel her career.

"My spiritual vision," she says, "dates back as early as my third

year." In Victoria's birth place, a young woman named Rachel Scribner, about twenty-five years of age, who had been Victoria's nurse, suddenly died. On the day of her death, Victoria was picked up by her departing spirit, and borne off into the spirit-world. To this day Mrs. Woodhull describes vividly her childish sensations as she felt herself gliding through the air—like St. Catharine winged away by the angels. Her mother testifies that while this scene was enacting to the child's inner consciousness, her little body lay as if dead for three hours.

Two of her sisters, who had died in childhood, were constantly present with her. She would talk to them as a girl tattles to her dolls. They were her most fascinating playmates, and she never cared for any others while she had their invisible society.

In her tenth year, one day while sitting by the side of a cradle rocking a sick babe to sleep, she says that two angels came, and gently pushing her away, began to fan the child with their white hands, until its face grew fresh and rosy. Her mother then suddenly entered the chamber, and beheld in amazement the little nurse lying in a trance on the floor, her face turned upward toward the ceiling, and the pining babe apparently in the bloom of health.

The chief among her spiritual visitants, and one who has been a majestic guardian to her from the earliest years of her remembrance, she describes as a matured man of stately figure, clad in a Greek tunic, solemn and graceful in his aspect, strong in his influence, and altogether dominant over her life. For many years, notwithstanding an almost daily visit to her vision, he withheld his name, nor would her most importunate questionings induce him to utter it. But he always promised that in due time he would reveal his identity. Meanwhile he prophesied to her that she would rise to great distinction; that she would emerge from her poverty and live in a stately house; that she would win great wealth in a city which he pictured as crowded with ships; that she would publish and conduct a journal; and that finally, to crown her career, she would become the ruler of her people. At length, after patiently waiting on this spirit-guide for twenty years, one day in 1868, during a temporary sojourn in Pittsburgh, and while she was sitting at a marble table, he suddenly appeared to her, and wrote on the table in English letters the name "Demosthenes." At first the writing was indistinct, but grew to such a lustre that the brightness filled the room. The apparition, familiar as it had been before, now affrighted her to trembling. The stately and commanding spirit told her to journey to New York, where she would find at No. 17 Great Jones Street a house in readiness for her, equipped in all things to her use and taste. She unhesitatingly obeyed, although she never before had heard of Great Jones Street, nor until that revelatory moment had entertained an intention of taking such a residence. On entering the house, it fulfilled in reality the picture which she saw of it in her vision—the self-same hall, stairways, rooms, and furniture. Entering with some bewilderment into the library, she reached out her hand by chance, and without knowing what she did, took up a book which, on idly looking at its title,

she saw (to her blood-chilling astonishment) to be "The Orations of Demosthenes." From that time onward, the Greek statesman has been even more palpably than in her earlier years her prophetic monitor, mapping out the life which she must follow, as a chart for a ship sailing the sea. She believes him to be her familiar spirit—the author of her public policy, and the inspirer of her published words. Without intruding my own opinion as to the authenticity of this inspiration, I have often thought that if Demosthenes could arise and speak English, he could hardly excel the fierce light and heat of some of the sentences which I have heard from this singular woman in her glowing hours.

I now turn back to her first marriage. The bride (pitiful to tell) was in her fourteenth year, the bridegroom in his twenty-eighth. It was a fellowship of misery—and her parents, who abetted it, ought to have prevented it. The Haytians speak of escaping out of the river by leaping into the sea. From the endurable cruelty of her parents, she fled to the unendurable cruelty of her husband. She had been from her twelfth to her fourteenth year a double victim, first to chills and fever, and then to rheumatism, which had jointly played equal havoc with her beauty and health, until she was brought within a step of "the iron door." Dr. Canning Woodhull, a gay rake, but whose habits were kept hid from *her* under the general respectability of his family connections (his father being an eminent judge, and his uncle the mayor of New York), was professionally summoned to visit the child, and being a trained physician arrested her decline. Something about her artless manners and vivacious mind captivated his fancy. Coming as a prince, he found her as Cinderella—a child of the ashes. Before she entirely recovered, and while looking haggard and sad, one day he stopped her in the street, and said, "My little chick, I want you to go with me to the pic-nic"—referring to a projected Fourth of July excursion then at hand. The promise of a little pleasure acted like a charm on the house-worn and sorrow-stricken child. She obtained her mother's assent to her going, but her father coupled it with the condition that she should first earn money enough to buy herself a pair of shoes. So the little fourteen-year-old drudge became for the nonce an apple-merchant, and with characteristic business energy sold her apples and bought her shoes. She went to the pic-nic with Dr. Woodhull, like a ticket-of-leave juvenile delinquent on a furlough. On coming home from the festival, the brilliant fop who, tired of the *demi-monde* ladies whom he could purchase for his pleasure, and inspired with a sudden and romantic interest in this artless maid, said to her, "My little puss, tell your father and mother that I want you for a wife." The startled girl quivered with anger at this announcement, and with timorous speed fled to her mother and repeated the tale, feeling as if some injury was threatened her, and some danger impended. But the parents, as if not unwilling to be rid of a daughter whose sorrow was ripening her into a woman before her time, were delighted at the unexpected offer. They thought it a grand match. They helped the young man's suit, and augmented their persecutions of the child. Ignorant, innocent, and simple, the girl's chief thought of the proffered marriage

was as an escape from the parental yoke. Four months later she accepted the change—flying from the ills she had to others that she knew not of. Her captor, once possessed of his treasure, ceased to value it. On the third night after taking his child-wife to his lodgings, he broke her heart by remaining away all night at a house of ill-repute. Then for the first time she learned, to her dismay, that he was habitually unchaste, and given to long fits of intoxication. She was stung to the quick. The shock awoke all her womanhood. She grew ten years older in a single day. A tumult of thoughts swept like a whirlwind through her mind, ending at last in one predominant purpose, namely, to reclaim her husband. She set herself religiously to this pious task —calling on God and the spirits to help her in it.

Six weeks after her marriage (during which time her husband was mostly with his cups and his mistresses), she discovered a letter addressed to him in a lady's elegant penmanship, saying, "Did you marry that child because she too was *en famille?*" This was an additional thunderbolt. The fact was that her husband, on the day of his marriage, had sent away into the country a mistress who a few months later gave birth to a child.

Squandering his money like a prodigal, he suddenly put his wife into the humblest quarters, where, left mostly to herself, she dwelt in bitterness of spirit, aggravated from time to time by learning of his ordering baskets of champagne and drinking himself drunk in the company of harlots.

Sometimes, with uncommon courage, through rain and sleet, half clad and shivering, she would track him to his dens, and by the energy of her spirit compel him to return. At other times, all night long she would watch at the window, waiting for his footsteps, until she heard them languidly shuffling along the pavement with the staggering reel of a drunken man, in the shameless hours of the morning.

During all this time, she passionately prayed Heaven to give her the heart of her husband, but Heaven, decreeing otherwise, withheld it from her, and for her good.

In fifteen months after her marriage, while living in a little low frame-house in Chicago, in the dead of winter, with icicles clinging to her bed-post, and attended only by her half-drunken husband, she brought forth in almost mortal agony her first-born child. In her ensuing helplessness, she became an object of pity to a next-door neighbour who, with a kindness which the sufferer's unhomelike home did not afford, brought her day by day some nourishing dish. This same ministering hand would then wrap the babe in a blanket, and take it to a happier mother in the near neighbourhood, who was at the same time nursing a new-born son. In this way Victoria and her child—themselves both children—were cared for with mingled gentleness and neglect.

At the end of six days, the little invalid attempted to rise and put her sick-room in order, when she was taken with delirium, during which her mother visited her just in time to save her life.

On her recovery, and after a visit to her father's house, she returned

to her own to be horror-struck at discovering that her bed had been occupied the night before by her husband in company with a wanton of the streets, and that the room was littered with the remains of their drunken feast.

Once, after a month's desertion by him, until she had no money and little to eat, she learned that he was keeping a mistress at a fashionable boarding-house, under the title of wife. The true wife, still wrestling with God for the renegade, sallied forth into the wintry street, clad in a calico dress without under-garments, and shod only with india-rubbers without shoes or stockings, entered the house, confronted the household as they sat at table, told her story to the confusion of the paramour and his mistress, and drew tears from all the company till, by a common movement, the listeners compelled the harlot to pack her trunk and flee the city, and shamed the husband into creeping like a spaniel back into the kennel which his wife still cherished as her home.

To add to her misery, she discovered that her child, begotten in drunkenness, and born in squalor, was a half idiot; predestined to be a hopeless imbecile for life; endowed with just enough intelligence to exhibit the light of reason in dim eclipse,—a sad and pitiful spectacle in his mother's house to-day, where he roams from room to room, muttering noises more sepulchral than human; a daily agony to the woman who bore him, hoping more of her burden; and heightening the pathos of the perpetual scene by the uncommon sweetness of his temper which, by winning every one's love, doubles every one's pity.

Journeying to California as a region where she might inspire her husband to begin a new life freed from old associations, she there found herself and her little family strangers in a strange city—beggars in a land of plenty. Change of sky is not change of mind. Dr. Woodhull took his habits, his wife took her necessities, and both took their misery, from east to west. In San Francisco, the girlish woman, with unrelaxed energy, and as part of that life-long heroism which will one day have its monument, set herself to supporting the man by whom she ought to have been supported. A morning journal had an advertisement—"A cigar girl wanted." The wife, with her face of sweet sixteen, presented herself as the first candidate, and was accepted on the spot. The proprietor was a stalwart Californian—one of those men who catch from the new country something of the liberality which the sailor brings from the sea. She served for one day behind his counter —blushing, modest, and sensitive, her ears tingling at every rude remark by every uncouth customer—and at nightfall her employer, who had noticed the blood coming and going in her cheeks, said to her, "My little lady, you are not the clerk I want; I must have somebody who can rough it; you are too fine." Inquiring into her case, he was surprised to find her married and a mother. At first he discredited this information, but there was no denying the truth of her story. He accompanied her to her husband, and as the two men discovered themselves to each other as brother free-masons, he gave his fair clerk of a day a twenty-dollar gold piece, and dismissed her with his blessing. And I hope this has been revisited on his own head.

Resorting to her needle, she carried from house to house this only weapon which many women possess wherewith to fight the battle of life. She chanced to come upon Anna Cogswell, the actress, who wanted a sempstress to make her a theatrical wardrobe. The winsome dressmaker was engaged at once. But her earnings at this new calling did not keep pace with her expenses. "It is no use," said she to her dramatic friend; "I am running behindhand. I must do something better." "Then," replied the actress, "you too must be an actress." And, nothing loth to undertake anything new and difficult, Victoria, who never before had dreamed of such a possibility, was engaged as a lesser light to the Cogswell star. For a first appearance, she was cast in the part of the "Country Cousin" in "New York by Gaslight." The text was given to her in the morning, she learned and rehearsed it during the day, and made a fair hit in it at night. For six weeks thereafter, she earned fifty-two dollars a week as an actress.

"Never leave the stage," said some of her fellow-performers, all of whom admired her simplicity and spirituality. "But I do not care for the stage," she said, "and I shall leave it at the first opportunity. I am meant for some other fate. But what it is, I know not."

It came—as all things have come to her—through the agency of spirits. One night while on the boards, clad in a pink silk dress and slippers, acting in the ball-room scene in the "Corsican Brothers," suddenly a spirit-voice addressed her, saying, "Victoria, come home!" Thrown instantly into clairvoyant condition, she saw a vision of her young sister Tennie, then a mere child—standing by her mother, and both calling the absent one to return. Her mother and Tennie were then in Columbus, Ohio. She saw Tennie distinctly enough to notice that she wore a striped French calico frock. "Victoria, come home!" said the little messenger, beckoning with her childish forefinger. The apparition would not be denied. Victoria, thrilled and chilled by the vision and voice, burst away at a bound behind the scenes, and without waiting to change her dress, ran, clad with all her dramatic adornments, through a foggy rain to her hotel, and packing up a few things that night, betook herself with her husband and child next morning to the steamer bound for New York. On the voyage she was thrown into such vivid spiritual states, that she produced a profound excitement among the passengers. On reaching her mother's home, she came upon Tennie dressed in the same dress as in the vision; and on inquiring the meaning of the message, "Victoria, come home!" was told that at the time it was uttered, her mother had said to Tennie, "My dear, send the spirits after Victoria to bring her home;" and moreover the French calico dress had appeared to her spirit-sight at the very first moment its wearer had put it on.

This homeward trip, and its consequences, marked a new phase in her career—a turning point in her life.

Hitherto her clairvoyant faculty had been put to no pecuniary use, but she was now directed by the spirits to repair to Indianopolis, there to announce herself as a medium, and to treat patients for the cure of disease. Taking rooms in the Bates House, and publishing a card in

the journals, she found herself able, on saluting her callers, to tell by inspiration their names, their residences, and their maladies. In a few days she became the town's talk. Her marvellous performances in clairvoyance being noised abroad, people flocked to her from a distance. Her rooms were crowded and her purse grew fat. She reaped a golden harvest—including, as its worthiest part, golden opinions from all sorts of people. Her countenance would often glow as with a sacred light, and she became an object of religious awe to many wonder-stricken people whose inward lives she had revealed. Moreover, her unpretentious modesty, and her perpetual disclaimer of any merit or power of her own, and the entire crediting of this to spirit-influence, augmented the interest with which all spectators regarded the amiable prodigy. First at Indianopolis, and afterward at Terre Haute, she wrought some apparently miraculous cures. She straightened the feet of the lame; she opened the ears of the deaf; she detected the robbers of a bank; she brought to light hidden crimes; she solved physiological problems; she unveiled business secrets; she prophesied future events. Knowing the wonders which she wrought, certain citizens disguised themselves and came to her purporting to be strangers from a distant town, but she instantly said, "Oh, no; you all live here." "How can you tell?" they asked. "The spirits say so," she replied.

Benedictions followed her; gifts were lavished upon her; money flowed in a stream toward her. Journeying from city to city in the practice of her spiritual art, she thereby supported all her relatives far and near. Her income in one year reached nearly a hundred thousand dollars. She received in one day, simply as fees for cures which she had wrought, five thousand dollars. The sum total of the receipts of her practice, and of her investments growing out of it, up to the time of its discontinuance by direction of the spirits in 1869, was 700,000 dollars. The age of wonders has not ceased!

During all this period, though outwardly prosperous, she was inwardly wretched. The dismal fact of her son's half-idiocy so preyed upon her mind that, in a heat of morbid feeling, she fell to accusing her innocent self for his misfortunes. The sight of his face rebuked her, until, in brokenness of spirit, she prayed to God for another child —to be born with a fair body and a sound mind. Her prayer was granted, but not without many accompaniments of inhumanity. Once during her carriage of her unborn charge, she was kicked by its father in a fit of drunkenness—inflicting a bruise on her body and a greater bruise to her spirit. Profound as her double suffering was, in its lowest depth there was a deeper still. She was plunged into this at the child's birth. This event occurred at No. 53 Bond Street, New York, April 23rd, 1861. She and her husband were at the time the only occupants of the house—her trial coming upon her while no nurse, or servant, or other human helper was under the roof. The babe entered the world at four o'clock in the morning, handled by the feverish and unsteady hands of its intoxicated father, who, only half in possession of his professional skill, cut the umbilical cord too near the flesh and tied it so loose that the string came off—laid the babe in its

mother's arms—in an hour afterward left them asleep and alone—and then staggered out of the house. Nor did he remember to return. Meanwhile, the mother, on waking, was startled to find that her head on the side next to her babe's body was in a pool of blood—that her hair was soaked and clotted in a little red stream oozing drop by drop from the bowels of the child. In her motherly agony, reaching a broken chair-rung which happened to be lying near, she pounded against the wall to summon help from the next house. At intervals for several hours she continued this pounding, no one answering—until at length one of the neighbours, a resolute woman, who was attracted toward the noise, but unable to get in at the front-door, removed the grating of the basement, and made her way up stairs to the rescue of the mother and her babe. On the third day after, the mother, on sitting propped in her bed and looking out of the window, caught sight of her husband staggering up the steps of a house across the way, mistaking it for his own!

It was this horrible experience that first awoke her mind to the question,—"Why should I any longer live with this man?" Hitherto she had entertained an almost superstitious idea of the devotion with which a wife should cling to her husband. She had always been so faithful to him that, in his cups, he would mock and jeer at her fidelity, and call her a fool for maintaining it. At length the fool grew wiser, and after eleven years of what, with conventional mockery, was called a marriage—during which time her husband had never spent an evening with her at home, had seldom drawn a sober breath, and had spent on other women, not herself, all the money he had ever earned—she applied in Chicago for a divorce, and obtained it.

Previous to this crisis, there had occurred a remarkable incident which had more than ever confirmed her faith in the guardianship of spirits. One day, during a severe illness of her son, she left him to visit her patients, and on her return was startled with the news that the boy had died two hours before. "No," she exclaimed, "I will not permit his death." And with frantic energy she stripped her bosom naked, caught up his lifeless form, pressed it to her own, and sitting thus, flesh to flesh, glided insensibly into a trance in which she remained seven hours, at the end of which time she awoke, a perspiration started from his clammy skin, and the child that had been thought dead was brought back again to life—and lives to this day in sad half-death. It is her belief that the spirit of Jesus Christ brooded over the lifeless form, and re-wrought the miracle of Lazarus for a sorrowing woman's sake.

Victoria's father and mother, growing still more fanatical with their advancing years, had all along subjected her to a series of singular vexations. And the elder sisters had joined in the mischief-making, out-doing the parents. Sometimes they would burst in upon Mrs Woodhull's house and attempt to govern its internal economy; sometimes they would carry off the furniture, or garments, or pictures; sometimes they would crown her with eulogies as the greatest of human beings, and in the same breath defame her as an agent of the devil.

But their great cause of persecution grew out of her young sister Tennie's career. This young woman developed, while a child in her father's house, a similar power to Victoria's. It was a penetrating spiritual insight applied to the cure of disease. But her father and mother, who regarded their daughter in the light of the damsel mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, who "brought her masters much gain by soothsaying," put her before the public as a fortune-teller. By adding to much that was genuine in her mediumship more that was charlatanry, they aroused against this fraudulent business the indignation of the sincere soul of Victoria, who, more than most human beings, scorns a lie, and would burn at the stake rather than practise a deceit. She clutched Tennie as by main force, and flung her out of this semi-humbug, to the mingled astonishment of her money-greedy family, one and all. At this time Tennie was supporting a dozen or twenty relatives by her ill-gotten gains. Victoria's rescue of her excited the wrath of all these parasites—which has continued hot and undying against both to this day. The fond and fierce mother alternately loves and hates the two united defiers of her morbid will; and the father, at times a Mephistopheles, waits till the inspiration of cunning overmasters his parental instinct, and watching for the moment when his ill word to a stranger will blight their business schemes, drops in upon some capitalist whose money is in their hands, lodges an indictment against his own flesh and blood, takes out his handkerchief to hide a few well-feigned tears, clasps his hand with an unfelt agony, hobbles off smiling sardonically at the mischief which he has done, and the next day repents his wickedness with genuine contrition and manlier woe. These parents would cheerfully give their lives as a sacrifice to atone for the many mischiefs which they have cast like burrs at their children; but if all the scars which they and their progeny have inflicted on one another could be magically healed to-day, they would be scratched open by the same hands, and set stinging and tingling anew to-morrow.

There is a maxim that marriages are made in heaven, albeit contradicted by the Scripture, which declares that in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. But, even against the Scripture, it is safe to say that Victoria's second marriage was made in heaven; that is, it was decreed by the self-same spirits whom she is ever ready to follow, whether they lead her for discipline into the valley of the shadow of death, or for comfort in those ways of pleasantness which are paths of peace. Col. James H. Blood, commander of the 6th Missouri Regiment, who at the close of the war was elected City Auditor of St Louis, who became president of the Society of Spiritualists in that place, and who had himself been, like Victoria, the legal partner of a morally sundered marriage, called one day on Mrs Woodhull, to consult her as a spiritualistic physician (having never met her before), and was startled to see her pass into a trance, during which she announced, unconsciously to herself, that his future destiny was to be linked with hers in marriage. Thus, to their mutual amazement, but to their subsquent happiness, they were betrothed on the spot by the "powers of the air." The legal tie by which at first they boun l

themselves to each other was afterward, by mutual consent, annulled—the necessary form of Illinois law being complied with to this effect. But the marriage stands on its merits, and is to all who witness its harmony known to be a sweet and accordant union of congenial souls.

Col. Blood is a man of a philosophic and reflective cast of mind, an enthusiastic student of the higher lore of Spiritualism, a recluse from society, and an expectant believer in a stupendous destiny for Victoria. A modesty not uncommon to men of intellect prompts him to sequester his name in the shade, rather than to set it glittering in the sun. But he is an indefatigable worker, driving his pen through all hours of the day and half of the night. He is an active editor of *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, and one of the busy partners in the firm of Woodhull, Claflin & Co., Brokers, at 44 Broad Street, New York. His civic views are (to use his favourite designation of them) cosmopolitical; in other words, he is a radical of extreme radicalism—an internationalist of the most uncompromising type—a communist who would rather have died in Paris than be the president of a pretended republic whose first official act has been the judicial murder of the only republicans in France. His spiritualistic habits he describes in a letter to his friend, the writer of this memorial, as follows:—"At about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, two or three times a week, and sometimes without nightly interval, Victoria and I hold parliament with the spirits. It is by this kind of study that we both have learned nearly all the valuable knowledge that we possess. Victoria goes into a trance, during which her guardian spirit takes control of her mind, speaking audibly through her lips, propounding various matters for our subsequent investigation and verification, and announcing principles, detached thoughts, hints of systems, and suggestions for affairs. In this way, and in this spiritual night-school, began that process of instruction by which Victoria has risen to her present position as a political economist and politician. During her entranced state, which generally lasts about an hour, but sometimes twice as long, I make copious notes of all she says, and when her speech is unbroken, I write down every word, and publish it without correction or amendment. She and I regard all the other portion of our lives as almost valueless compared with these midnight hours." The preceding extract shows that this fine-grained transcendentalist is a reverent husband to his spiritual wife, the sympathetic companion of her entranced moods, and their faithful historian to the world.

After her union with Col. Blood, instead of changing her name to his, she followed the example of many actresses, singers, and other professional women whose names have become a business property to their owners, and she still continues to be known as Mrs. Woodhull.

One night, about half a year after their marriage, she and her husband were wakened at midnight in Cincinnati by the announcement that a man by the name of Dr. Woodhull had been attacked with delirium tremens at the Burnet House, and in a lucid moment had spoken of the woman from whom he had been divorced, and begged to see her. Col. Blood immediately took a carriage, drove to the hotel, brought the

wretched victim home, and jointly with Victoria took care of him with life-saving kindness for six weeks. On his going away they gave him a few hundred dollars of their joint property to make him comfortable in another city. He departed full of gratitude, bearing with him the assurance that he would always be welcome to come and go as a friend of the family. And from that day to this, the poor man, dilapidated in body and emasculated in spirit, has sometimes sojourned under Victoria's roof and sometimes elsewhere, according to his whim or will. In the present ruins of the young gallant of twenty years ago, there is more manhood (albeit an expiring spark like a candle at its socket) than during any of the former years: and to be now turned out of doors by the woman whom he wronged, but who would not wrong him in return, would be an act of inhumanity which it would be impossible for Mrs. Woodhull and Col. Blood either jointly or separately to commit. For this piece of noble conduct—what is commonly called her living with two husbands under one roof—she has received not so much censure on earth as I think she will receive reward in heaven. No other passage of her life more signally illustrates the nobility of her moral judgments, or the supernal courage with which she stands by her convictions. Not all the clamorous tongues in Christendom, though they should simultaneously cry out against her "Fie, for shame!" could persuade her to turn this wretched wreck from her home. And I say she is right: and I will maintain this opinion against the combined Pecksniffs of the whole world.

This act, and the malice of enemies, together with her bold opinions on social questions, have combined to give her reputation a stain. But no slander ever fell on any human soul with greater injustice. A more unsullied woman does not walk the earth. She carries in her very face the fair legend of a character kept pure by a sacred fire within. She is one of those aspiring devotees who tread the earth merely as a stepping-stone to Heaven, and whose chief ambition is finally to present herself at the supreme tribunal "spotless, and without wrinkle, or blemish, or any such thing." Knowing her as well as I do, I cannot hear an accusation against her without recalling Tennyson's line of King Arthur,

"Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame?"

Fulfilling a previous prophecy, and following a celestial mandate, in 1869 she founded a bank and published a journal. These two events took the town by storm. When the doors of her office in Broad Street were first thrown open to the public, several thousand visitors came in a flock on the first day. The "lady brokers," as they were called (a strange confession that brokers are not always gentlemen) were besieged like lionesses in a cage. The daily press interviewed them; the weekly wits satirised them; the comic sheets caricatured them; but like a couple of fresh young dolphins, breasting the sea, side by side, they showed themselves native to the element, and cleft gracefully every threatening wave that broke over their heads. The breakers could not dash the brokers. Indomitable in their energy, the sisters won the good graces of Commodore Vanderbilt—a fine old gentleman of comfortable means, who of all the lower animals prefers the horse, and of

all the higher virtues admires pluck. Both with and without Commodore Vanderbilt's help, Mrs. Woodhull has more than once shown the pluck that has held the rein of the stock market as the Commodore holds his horse. Her journal, as one sees it week by week, is generally a willow-basket full of audacious manuscripts, apparently picked up at random and thrown together pell-mell, stunning the reader with a medley of politics, finance, free-love, and the pantarchy. This sheet, when the divinity that shapes its ends shall begin to add to the rough-hewing a little smooth-shaping; in other words, when its unedited chaos shall come to be moulded by the spirits to that order which is Heaven's first law: this not ordinary but "cardinary" journal, which is edited in one world, and published in another, will become less a confusion to either, and more a power for both.

In 1870, following the English plan of self-nomination, Mrs. Woodhull announced herself as a candidate for the Presidency—mainly for the purpose of drawing public attention to the claims of woman to political equality with man. She accompanied this announcement with a series of papers in the *Herald* on politics and finance, which have since been collected into a volume entitled "The Principles of Government." She has lately received a more formal nomination to that high office by "The Victoria League," an organization which, being somewhat Jacobinical in its secrecy, is popularly supposed, though not definitely known, to be presided over by Commodore Vanderbilt, who is also similarly imagined to be the golden corner-stone of the business house of Woodhull, Claflin & Co. Should she be elected to the high seat to which she aspires (an event concerning which I make no prophecy), I am at least sure that she would excel any Queen now on any throne in her native faculty to govern others.

One night in December, 1869, while she lay in deep sleep, her Greek guardian came to her, and sitting transfigured by her couch, wrote on a scroll (so that she could not only see the words, but immediately dictated them to her watchful amanuensis) the memorable document now known in history as "The Memorial of Victoria C. Woodhull"—a petition addressed to Congress, claiming under the Fourteenth Amendment the right of women as of other "citizens of the United States" to vote in "the States wherein they reside"—asking, moreover, that the State of New York, of which she was a citizen, should be restrained by Federal authority from preventing her exercise of this constitutional right. As up to this time neither she nor her husband had been greatly interested in woman suffrage, he had no sooner written this manifesto from her lips, than he awoke her from the trance, and protested against the communication as nonsense, believing it to be a trick of some evil-disposed spirits. In the morning the document was shown to a number of friends, including one eminent judge, who ridiculed its logic and conclusions. But the lady herself, from whose sleeping, and yet unsleeping brain the strange document had sprung, like Minerva from the head of Jove, simply answered that her antique instructor, having never misled her before, was guiding her aright then. Nothing doubting, but much wondering, she took the novel demand to Washington, where,

after a few days of laughter from the shallow-minded, and of neglect from the indifferent, it suddenly burst upon the Federal Capitol like a storm, and then spanned it like a rainbow. She went before the Judiciary Committee, and delivered an argument in support of her claim to the franchise under the new Amendments, which some who heard it pronounced one of the ablest efforts which they had ever heard on any subject. She caught the listening ears of Senator Carpenter, General Butler, Judge Woodward, George W. Julian, General Ashley, Judge Loughridge, and other able statesmen in Congress, and harnessed these gentlemen as steeds to her chariot. Such was the force of her appeal, that the whole city rushed together to hear it, like the Athenians to the market-place, when Demosthenes stood in his own and not a borrowed clay. A great audience, one of the finest ever gathered in the Capitol, assembled to hear her defend her thesis in the first public speech of her life. At the moment of rising, her face was observed to be very pale, and she appeared about to faint. On being afterward questioned as to the cause of her emotion, she replied that, during the first prolonged moment, she remembered an early prediction of her guardian spirit, until then forgotten, that she would one day speak in public, and that her first discourse would be pronounced in the capital of her country. The sudden fulfilment of this prophecy smote her so violently that for a moment she was stunned into apparent unconsciousness. But she recovered herself, and passed through the ordeal with great success—which is better luck than happened to the real Demosthenes; for Plutarch mentions that his maiden speech was a failure, and that he was laughed at by the people.

Assisted by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Paulina Wright Davis, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Susan B. Anthony, and other staunch and able women, whom she swiftly persuaded into accepting this construction of the Constitution, she succeeded, after her petition was denied by a majority of the Judiciary Committee, in obtaining a minority report in its favour, signed jointly by General F. Butler of Massachusetts, and Judge Loughridge of Iowa. To have clutched this report from General Butler—as it were a scalp from the ablest head in the House of Representatives—was a sufficient trophy to entitle the brave lady to an enrolment in the political history of her country. She means to go to Washington again next winter to knock at the half-opened doors of the Capitol until they shall swing wide enough asunder to admit her enfranchised sex.

I must say something of her personal appearance although it defies pourtrayal, whether by photograph or pen. Neither tall nor short, stout nor slim, she is of medium stature, lithe and elastic, free and graceful. Her side face, looked at over her left shoulder, is of perfect aquiline outline, as classic as ever went into a Roman marble, and resembles the masque of Shakespeare taken after death; the same view, looking from the right, is a little broken and irregular; and the front face is broad, with prominent cheek bones, and with some unshapely nasal lines. Her countenauce is never twice alike, so variable is its expression and so dependent on her moods. Her soul comes into it and goes out of it, giving her at one time the look of a superior and almost saintly intelli-

gence, and at another leaving her dull, commonplace, and unprepossessing. When under a strong spiritual influence, a strange and mystical light irradiates from her face, reminding the beholder of the Hebrew Lawgiver who gave to men what he received from God, and whose face during the transfer shone. Tennyson, as with the hand of a gold-beater, has beautifully gilded the same expression in his stanza of St. Stephen, the Martyr, in the article of death:

"And looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place,
God's glory smote him on the face."

In conversation, until she is somewhat warmed with earnestness, she halts, as if her mind were elsewhere, but the moment she brings all her faculties to her lips for the full utterance of her message, whether it be of persuasion or indignation, and particularly when under spiritual control, she is a very orator for eloquence—pouring forth her sentences like a mountain stream, sweeping away everything that frets its flood.

Her hair which, when left to itself is as long as those tresses of Hortense in which her son Louis Napoleon used to play hide-and-seek, she now mercilessly cuts close like a boy's, from impatience at the daily waste of time in suitably taking care of this prodigal gift of nature.

She can ride a horse like an Indian, and climb a tree like an athlete; she can swim, row a boat, play billiards, and dance; moreover, as the crown of her physical virtues, she can walk all day like an Englishwoman.

"Difficulties," says Emerson, "exist to be surmounted." This might be the motto of her life. In her lexicon (which is still of youth) there is no such word as fail. Her ambition is stupendous—nothing is too great for her grasp. Prescient of the grandeur of her destiny, she goes forward with a resistless fanaticism to accomplish it. Believing thoroughly in herself (or rather not in herself but in her spirit-aids) she allows no one else to doubt either her or them. In her case the old miracle is enacted anew—the faith which removes mountains. A soul set on edge is a conquering weapon in the battle of life. Such, and of Damascus temper, is hers.

In making an epitome of her views, I may say that in politics she is a downright democrat, scorning to divide her fellow-citizens into upper and lower classes, but ranking them all in one comprehensive equality of right, privilege, and opportunity; concerning finance, which is a favourite topic with her, she holds that gold is not the true standard of money-value, but that the government should abolish the gold-standard, and issue its notes instead, giving to these a fixed and permanent value, and circulating them as the only money; on social questions, her theories are similar to those which have long been taught by John Stuart Mill and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and which are styled by some as free-love doctrines, while others reject this appellation on account of its popular association with the idea of a promiscuous intimacy between the sexes—the essence of her system being that marriage is of the heart and not of the law, that when love ends marriage should end with it, being dissolved by nature, and that no civil statute should out-

wardly bind two hearts which have been inwardly sundered; and finally, in religion, she is a spiritualist of the most mystical and ethereal type.

In thus speaking of her views, I will add to them another fundamental article of her creed, which an incident will best illustrate. Once a sick woman who had been given up by the physicians, and who had received from a Catholic priest extreme unction in expectation of death, was put into the care of Mrs. Woodhull, who attempted to lure her back to life. This zealous physician, unwilling to be baffled, stood over her patient day and night, neither sleeping nor eating for ten days and nights, at the end of which time she was gladdened not only at witnessing the sick woman's recovery, but at finding that her own body, instead of weariness or exhaustion from the double lack of sleep and food, was more fresh and bright than at the beginning. Her face, during this discipline, grew uncommonly fair and ethereal; her flesh wore a look of transparency; and the ordinary earthiness of mortal nature began to disappear from her physical frame and its place to be supplied with what she fancied were the foretokens of a spiritual body. These phenomena were so vivid to her own consciousness and to the observation of her friends, that she was led to speculate profoundly on the transformation from our mortal to our immortal state, deducing the idea that the time will come when the living human body, instead of ending in death by disease, and dissolution in the grave, will be gradually refined away until it is entirely sloughed off, and the soul only, and not the flesh, remains. It is in this way that she fulfils to her daring hope the prophecy that "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

Engrossed in business affairs, nevertheless at any moment she would rather die than live—such is her infinite estimate of the other world over this. But she disdains all commonplace parleying with the spirit-realm such as are had in ordinary spirit-manifestations. On the other hand, she is passionately eager to see the spirits face to face—to summon them at her will and commune with them at her pleasure. Twice (as she unshakenly believes) she has seen a vision of Jesus Christ—honoured thus doubly over St. Paul, who saw his Master but once, and then was overcome by the sight. She never goes to any church—save to the solemn temple whose starry arch spans her housetop at night, where she sits like Simeon Stylites on his pillar, a worshipper in the sky. Against the inculcations of her childish education, the spirits have taught her that he whom the Church calls the Saviour of the world is not God but man. But her reverence for him is supreme and ecstatic. The Sermon on the Mount fills her eyes with tears. The exulting exclamations of the Psalmist are her familiar outbursts of devotion. For two years, as a talisman against any temptation toward untruthfulness (which, with her, is the unpardonable sin) she wore, stitched into the sleeve of every one of her dresses, the 2nd verse of the 120th Psalm, namely, "Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue." Speaking the truth punctiliously, whether in great things or small, she so rigorously exacts the same of others, that a deceit practised upon her enkindles her soul to a flame of fire;

and she has acquired a clairvoyant or intuitive power to detect a lie in the moment of its utterance, and to smite the liar in his act of guilt. She believes that intellectual power has its fountains in spiritual inspiration. And once when I put to her the searching question, "What is the greatest truth that has ever been expressed in words?" she thrilled me with the sudden answer, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

As showing that her early clairvoyant power still abides, I will mention a fresh instance. An eminent judge in Pennsylvania, in whose court-house I had once lectured, called lately to see me at the office of THE GOLDEN AGE. On my inquiring after his family, he told me that a strange event had just happened in it. "Three months ago," said he, "while I was in New York, Mrs. Woodhull said to me, with a rush of feeling, 'Judge, I foresee that you will lose two of your children within six weeks.'" This announcement, he said, wounded him as a tragic sort of trifling with life and death. "But," I asked, "did anything follow the prophecy?" "Yes," he replied, "fulfilment; I lost two children within six weeks." The Judge, who is a Methodist, thinks that Victoria the clairvoyant is like "Anna the prophetess."

Let me say that I know of no person against whom there are more prejudices, nor any one who more quickly disarms them. This strange faculty is the most powerful of her powers. She shoots a word like a sudden sunbeam through the thickest mist of people's doubts and accusations, and clears the sky in a moment. Questioned by some committee or delegation who have come to her with idle tales against her busy life, I have seen her swiftly gather together all the stones which they have cast, put them like the miner's quartz into the furnace, melt them with fierce and fervent heat, bring out of them the purest gold, stamp thereon her image and superscription as if she were sovereign of the realm, and then (as the marvel of it all) receive the sworn allegiance of the whole company on the spot. At one of her public meetings when the chair (as she hoped) would be occupied by Lucretia Mott, this venerable woman had been persuaded to decline this responsibility, but afterwards stepped forward on the platform and lovingly kissed the young speaker in presence of the multitude. Her enemies (save those of her own household) are strangers. To see her is to respect her—to know her is to vindicate her. She has some impetuous and headlong faults, but were she without the same traits which produce these she would not possess the mad and magnificent energies which (if she lives) will make her a heroine of history.

In conclusion, amid all the rush of her active life, she believes with Wordsworth that

> "The gods approve the depth and not
> The tumult of the soul."

So, whether buffetted by criticism or defamed by slander, she carries herself in that religious peace which, through all turbulence, is a "measureless content." When apparently about to be struck down, she gathers unseen strength and goes forward conquering and to conquer. Known only as a rash iconoclast, and ranked even with the

most uncouth of those noise-makers who are waking a sleepy world before its time, she beats her daily gong of business and reform with notes not musical but strong, yet mellows the outward rudeness of the rhythm by the inward and devout song of one of the sincerest, most reverent, and divinely-gifted of human souls.

POETRY.

PAST AND FUTURE.

The old year hath gone; let it go
With its joy and its woe!
It hath done all it can
For woman and man.
'Tis bootless to grieve;
Let us try to believe
It is better to hope and resolve.

The old year hath gone, with its aims,
Its errors, and shames.
They can't be condoned,
But must be atoned
To the uttermost tithe,
Though the spirit should writhe
In the conflict for ages untold.

The new year hath come, with its hours
For the awakening of powers,
That have paltered or slept,
When they should have been kept,
Like a huntsman in chase,
Solely bent on the race
Toward the perfectly good—humanity's goal,
Whose seeds the Omniscient hath planted in all.

A. T. S.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

I LOVE it much, and ever shall, that weeping willow tree;
How many dreams of bygone hours it bringeth back to me—
How oft I watch its branches droop, and touch the water's brim—
And then I conjure up the past, and think I talk with him!

I think of that sweet summer's eve, the pleasant moon did shine,
We stood beneath the willow tree—he said, "Wilt thou be mine?"
I answered not; he read my thought—I was too glad to speak,
But I felt the pressure of his hand, and his warm breath on my cheek.

Forget-me-nots grew thick around, and skirted all the shore,
He gather'd one, and smiling said—"Keep this for evermore."
I took it, and I homewards walk'd, no shade was on my brow;
And I placed it in my bosom then—but oh! 'tis wither'd now!

The flower faded very soon—but, ere then, faded he;
We laid him down to rest, beneath the weeping willow tree,
Whose drooping branches shade him from the heat of high noon-day,
And at night the moon sheds o'er his grave, her soft and mellow ray.

Now very oft I sit alone, with my casement open wide,
And I hear the branches waving, and the rushing of the tide;
And I watch until the rosy clouds tell of approaching day;
Then I rise, and to the willow tree I slowly wend my way.

Now when I take my work, and sit beneath the garden trees,
Full oft I seem to hear his voice come floating on the breeze,
And while I listen with delight—"Come, come!" I hear it say,
"Come, come!" it echoes 'mid the hills, then softly dies away.

Thus, when I hear this murmur borne, like music on the wind,
No wonder that I long to leave this world of care behind,
And join him in that fairer land, where death may never be—
That land of lasting happiness and Immortality!

E. M. G.

ASTROLOGY.*

This so-called science is a topic which has long formed the battle-ground for numerous hot disputes. That it numbers amongst its votaries men of probity and high attainments, is the rule rather than the exception. Its most worthless adherents may perhaps be found amongst those professors of the art of casting nativities, who, pandering to a vulgar taste, degrade the science by applying it to unworthy purposes. It affords us pleasure to know that the gentleman who personates "Zuriel" is actuated by loftier principles, and evinces a desire to give real information on the subject of his annual. This year's, the second of the series, is a manifest improvement upon its predecessor. The amount of original matter is much increased. Two articles, "Reminiscences of Urania; or, A Brief Account of the History of Astrology," and "Astrology and the Scriptures," give some highly interesting and curious information on the origin and nature of ancient faiths and their bearings upon the present intellectual phenomena of the world. We observe in these researches curious connections between the various obsolete systems; stone worship, with its phallic associations; and astral worship, merging into the earlier magnetic philosophies, with their practical accessories of trance and prophecy. That these are rich fields of investigation every well-informed man need not be told, and also that much contained in the Bible is incomprehensible without considerable acquaintance with these past forms of thought, of which so little is known at the present day.

* Zuriel's Voice of the Stars; or, Scottish Prophetic Messenger, for 1872, comprising—Predictions of Events, Probable Weather, &c., that will occur during the Year 1872, the Year of Strife; along with numerous useful Tables, and a variety of Interesting Matter. London: Burns.

. Zuriel prepares his readers for calamities in the coming year. War threatens England, and pestilence and other woes scourge the people, in London more especially. The author points with triumph to his successful predictions in the past, for details respecting which we must refer the reader to his little publication.

THE DEFINITE AND THE INFINITE.

As MY views of science have been connected with certain remarks in the Melbourne *Leader*, perhaps I may be allowed to state my entire dissent from the idea of an infinite, or all but infinite progression. The infinite refers to quantity but not to qualities, although it is an almost universal misconception to suppose otherwise. Forms and qualities have definite limit, or what we term perfection—as the perfect cube, or square, or circle; or the perfection of any particular colour, or form of being, or quality of substance—and the abstract notion of an indefinite perfection is simple nonsense. Perfection must be limited; and definite and indefinite perfection is a contradiction in terms. Nay, in nature generally there are, and must be, certain cardinal principles on which the whole depends, just as the whole is based on certain mathematical truths, so that if you were to go into any other star you must certainly find the very same mathematical table as taught in our schools. Again, infinite power and goodness is simply nonsense, as quality—the infinite applying only to quantity, as when we speak of infinite space, or of infinite worlds in space. HENRY G. ATKINSON.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Now is the time to subscribe for the *Banner of Light*. By remitting 15s. to the Progressive Library it will be sent to your address weekly for 1872.

OUR sprightly little contemporary, the *Medium*, comes out this week on fine paper, with a new artistic heading by Mr. Bielfeld, and enlarged in size. We are glad to observe that our little sister merits the warm sympathies and kind attentions of the great family of Spiritualists.

Freelight rather belies its name. It does not do justice to Spiritualism. Articles on the subject have been suppressed, while conceited diatribes in opposition have been therein published. We are glad to know that our contemporary has a fine circulation, upon which generous diet we hope she may assume a position of independence and fearless love of truth. *Freelight* must not obscure her bright eyes with foggy sentimentalisms.

The *American Spiritualist*, edited by Hudson Tuttle and J. M. Peebles, is to be published weekly from this date. With it for 1872 will be given gratis Mrs. Woodhull's paper; subscriptions received at the Progressive Library, which, including postage on both, will amount to about 17s. 6d. for the whole year. A copy coming into each district would prove interesting.

EDITORIAL NOTES, &c.

J. M. PEEBLES is lecturing at New Orleans.

A. J. DAVIS has left his residence at Orange, and appears to be on travel.

J. J. MORSE, trance medium, has recently paid a visit to Birmingham with most satisfactory results.

J. BURNS, of the Progressive Library, has been lecturing on the Dialectical Society's Report with good effect.

EMMA HARDINGE writes frequently in the *Medium*. Her last letter was on her experiences with Mumler, the medium for spirit photographs. Accompanying her letter was a packet of specimens of photographs of spirits, which may be seen at our office.

SUNDAY evening services for spiritualists are being carried on vigorously at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, London, where they were first instituted by J. M. Peebles. Mr. Morse generally speaks in the trance, under the control of his spirit guides.

IT is gratifying to learn that the subscription sale of Trance Paintings, by D. Duguid, of Glasgow, is progressing favourably. Some of our friends take as many as ten or a dozen tickets to encourage the project. Mr. Duguid is worthy of it all, and the unqualified esteem of every spiritualist to boot. The drawing takes place in February, so our readers must do what they can for the sale of tickets this month.

WE ARE pleased to observe that our friend Mr. T. P. Barkas, F.G.S. of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has a work in preparation on "Coal Measure Palæontology," giving an account of organic remains in the carboniferous strata in Northumberland. The work will contain 233 illustrations, and refer to similar objects in other parts of the world. Some months ago Mr. Barkas showed us a specimen of glass found embedded in coal, which, if artificial glass, must throw a new light upon the agency of human beings during the carboniferous era.

AMONGST public mediums none occupy a more prominent position than Messrs. Herne and Williams, who have so long held seances at the Spiritual Institution. Recently they have had some very striking experiments at the house of Mrs. Berry. This lady, who is a great patron of mediumship, and of those young men in particular, has constructed a cabinet, in which there is an iron gate. The mediums are shut in behind this gate, and yet hands and faces are seen at the opening in the outer door. We learn that these young men intend taking a tour into the provinces, and we can recommend our readers to get them up nice harmonious seances wherever it may be possible to do so.

MISS KATE FOX has recently arrived in this country from New York, and is at present residing in London. It will be remembered that it was in her father's house, and through her mediumship, that the first spiritual manifestations were obtained. Her sisters and herself had to suffer much persecution in the establishment of the phenomena at

Rochester, as may be learned from a perusal of Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism. Since that time Miss Fox has been almost uninterruptedly a medium, and, through her presence, Mr. Livermore, of New York, has, from time to time, enjoyed such veritable intercourse with his deceased wife, that he has munificently afforded Miss Fox the means of visiting this country. She does not come amongst us in the capacity of a medium, but as a lady, and manifestations through her mediumship are only to be obtained in those families who may be favoured by a visit from her. The *Medium* has recently contained accounts of sittings with Miss Fox, at the house of Mrs. Macdougal Gregory. These reports have been furnished by our friend Mr. J. W. Jackson, which is ample guarantee for the intelligent and pleasant manner in which they are written.

Recently there has arrived from America a clairvoyant and test medium, whose powers are exciting considerable interest in London. We refer to Miss Lottie Fowler, who acquired considerable notoriety in America by foretelling the explosion of a cartridge factory at Bridgeport, Conn. Her private seances with one individual are very remarkable experiences. She describes not only the deceased but the living relatives of the sitter; gives a retrospect of his career, and often of that of his parents; then goes into family connections, and ends by prognosticating for the future. Quite a number of her foretellings have been verified. On the 9th of December she wrote to Sandringham, stating that the Prince of Wales would be on the way to recovery on the 16th of the month. At the time we write, this prediction has been fulfilled to the letter, and we hope that, before this meets the reader's eye, His Royal Highness will have reached a point entirely beyond the chance of a recurrence of the dangerous symptoms. She also asserted that Blegg, the groom, would die. Miss Fowler is in the habit of giving public seances, where she gives tests to those whose spirit friends influence her. The conditions attending her mediumship are rather delicate, hence she is not equally successful on all occasions. Her address in London is 24 Keppel Street, Russell Square.

MISCELLANEA.

"MY CREED."

I hold that Christian grace abounds,
When Charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the round
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety
A selfish schemer's vain pretence;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold and dare
Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nestling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin-door a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

NATIONAL DEGENERACY OF FRANCE.

The collapse of France in the late war has led one of her savants to investigate the proximate causes of the fatal degeneracy she then exhibited. M. Jolly, a distinguished member of the Academy of Medicine, has recently read a paper before that learned society, in which, with considerable show of reason, he attributes the powerlessness then evinced to the combined effect of Alcohol and Nicotine upon the national character. Tobacco, says Dr. Jolly, although of only recent introduction, has gained upon its older rival. Imitativeness and "moral contagion" have done their work, until the use of this poison has penetrated everywhere—has enslaved the nation, caused personal and racial degeneracy, enervated the entire army, and made it slow to fight, and powerless in action. The use both of spirits and tobacco has frightfully increased, and human depravity could scarcely devise a worse compound than the mixture of brandy and tobacco, which is the latest liquid novelty patronised by Parisian sensualists. We are accustomed to think of the Germans as great drinkers and smokers. In warfare, however, they are pitilessly severe against the crime of intoxication. The French consume more tobacco than any other nation. The cigar has become almost inseparable from almost every function of civil and military life. In this matter the proverbial French politeness is far behind that of England. On this side the channel there are still certain places and seasons at which the most devoted slave of the pipe would not dream of smoking; but France has cast off all restraint. M. Jolly says, "She has found it simpler and easier to poison herself freely."

Tobacco costs Paris 500,000 francs a day. Enough to find bread for two million people. The wild saturnalia of blood and destruction

which has been held in Paris is, M. Jolly continues, only the natural result of the double intoxication of alcohol and nicotine. These two plagues have been more disastrous to fair France than war itself, and have contributed largely to the defeats of her armies. French soldiers, muddled and blinded by drink and tobacco, have fallen easy victims to the hardy Teutons. Wounded drunkards cannot be cured; all, or nearly all die, whilst sober individuals with graver injuries readily recover.

Nervous diseases have multiplied. The increase in the number of lunatics Dr. Jolly finds to be in definite proportion to the amount expended upon strong drink and tobacco. They are chiefly *of the male sex, and especially of the military profession, i.e.*, that portion of the population most given to the use of stimulants and narcotics. Such are some of the striking facts contained in M. Jolly's paper. They are certainly worthy of careful attention. It is wisdom to profit from the misfortunes of others, by avoiding the errors which have caused them. Let the wreck piled on the French shore be a beacon to the English mariner. Let England to-day look to her own enormous and yearly increasing consumption of alcoholic liquors and tobacco, or, when too late, like France, with her dissipation and degeneracy, she may find that she has sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

A New Method of Extinguishing Fire.—The London papers have of late been busy recording the success attending the trial of Mr. Atkins' wonderful inventions for extinguishing flames. By the use of a pump attached to a peculiar little furnace, certain proportions of animal, vegetable, and mineral charcoal are burned, and the carbonic acid thus generated is incorporated with water through a peculiarly-constructed nozzle, and sprinkled on the flames in the form of a heavy spray. Immense piles of burning faggots saturated with tar and mixed with asphalte were subdued almost instantaneously. The quantity of water used is quite small. By altering the proportions of fuel, the gases assume a variety of useful powers in preserving and clarifying food, &c. Further striking results may be expected when improvements now in hand have been effected.

A Curious Effect of Small-pox.—A lady correspondent thus writes:—Permit me to ask you to consider if I am justified in publishing my personal experience of the beneficial effects of small-pox. I was married at eighteen, and ten years afterwards I took infection, from serving little mendicants with bread, who had left a home where a child was just dead, to carry infection from house to house (as no cleansing process had been used in their case). I recovered, and to that time had been childless. I became so restored to good health that the organism being strengthened and cleansed, it was fitted to reproduce. I had my first child the same year, and nine others came in after years—a sufficient proof that my sickness had been beneficial.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

MATTER, SPIRIT, AND FORCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOSE subjects most difficult of comprehension, and least understood, are generally decided upon with the greatest precipitation, and the positions thus assumed are held with a pertinacity scarcely possible in matters capable of demonstration. The realms of theology and philosophy furnish numerous examples of deathless controversies which have been maintained, from age to age, upon points entirely beyond the range of the personal experience of the disputants. All are agreed upon matters of fact, and a uniformity of conviction obtains where exact knowledge, or an approximation thereto, exists. But when the subject under discussion assumes the form of mere speculation, and becomes supersensuous, far beyond the reach of actual experiment, then knowledge is out of the question; and yet, how absurd! men become exceedingly positive and dogmatic notwithstanding.

This age is pre-eminently that of inductive investigation, and though no new questions have come up for discussion, yet the method of treatment now adopted is in many respects an improvement upon former systems. The question of causation, of the eternity of matter, and of the nature of spirit, has, in the present day, resolved itself into the term "force," and amidst definitions and contra-definitions, positive existence is overwhelmed by the surging billows of fleeting phenomena.

Our respected correspondent, Mr. Atkinson, invites us to express ourselves respecting the question brought forward in his communication below, and really we are at loss to know how to proceed in the matter. If we say, Yes; spirit and matter are identical, then we assume that that which we know by the term matter is the only substantial entity in the universe, and tha

spirit being identical therewith, consequently spirit, properly so termed, does not exist. Again, if we proceed to make a distinction between matter and spirit, we lay ourselves open to the task of defining their relations, as to which is the primary of the two, and by what process the derived substance was eliminated. These are questions we gladly evade, but, for the sake of keeping them open, we readily advance an illustration drawn from a well known mechanical phenomenon.

We would here observe that it is quite probable that each distinct principle perceived in nature is a product of nature in its entirety; and, in its action, reveals, on a finite scale, the operations of the universe, or perhaps there is only one principle capable of many modifications; for is not every letter in the alphabet of existence really the product of the universal power; and if we could read any one of these letters aright, and understand its significance fully, would we not thereby straightway introduce ourselves to the mysteries of existence?

The illustration we think of introducing is the well known principle of the lever, of which all mechanical "powers" are, perhaps, a mere adaptation. It consists of various parts. What are they? Firstly, There is the power which operates upon it, and thereby makes its existence a utility; secondly, There is the shaft of the lever; thirdly, There is the fulcrum; and fourthly, The object to be moved. Let us endeavour to apply this illustration as a means of unriddling the vexed problem of spirit, force, matter, and phenomena. We shall try to do so in the following tabulated diagram:—

Composition of the Lever.	Composition of the Universe.	Composition of Man.
1. The power which operates.	Spirit the intelligent cause.	Spirit.
2. Shaft.	Forces.	Psychical forces.
3. Fulcrum.	Matter.	Physical organism.
4. Object moved.	Phenomena.	Conscious actions.

To establish our factors, allow us to explain. In all mechanical operations a fulcrum or basis is necessary, as no applied force would be available without it. If a stone is to be lifted, we must have a fulcrum of a like consistency. If a ship is to be sustained, water will suffice as a fulcrum. If a balloon is to be levitated, then atmospheric air is all that is necessary. But if the soul of man is the object to be elevated towards a higher plane of consciousness, then a substratum of enlightenment and moral consistency constitute the fulcrum available. What, then, is matter? A point, or combination of points, at which force is

resisted. Until force meets with this necessary resistance or fulcrum, action is impracticable, and therefore no phenomena or manifestations of force are possible without the agency of matter.

We now come to the consideration of the lever, force, soul-power. These are as various as the objects to be removed. In the case of the stone, it would be a bar of iron; that of a ship, the wind; that of a balloon, the levitating gas; and in that of the human soul, thought emanations form a superior plane of development.

We have yet to account for the causative or primary factor in this series, but its existence now becomes a logical necessity, as a lever would be useless without an operating power; and indeed without such an agent, it could not shape itself, nor adapt itself to the work, in fact, could have no existence. Every where in nature around us we see indications of the operation of a similar power. Mind, system, intelligence, are visibly manifested in every object with which man is familiar. It is true that our degree of consciousness may be so embedded within the physical structure or body of creation, that we cannot realise anything but the automatic inter-action of the atoms around us, as an Entozoon would in the human muscle. But that does not argue away the existence of a sensorium somewhere, or central brain—a superintending intelligence—the positive influence of which, radiating to all parts, really sustains those actions which appear to us self-existent.

The analogy is also sustained in the nature of man; but before tracing out the connecting links further, we may briefly refer to the consideration of matter and its origin. The walls around the room, the trees, the winds out of doors, are indisputably real and tangible to man in his normal state. They constitute the fulcrum through which the powers of the universe are capable of impressing his physical consciousness. But where the organism will admit of such a change as that called clairvoyance, the solid walls suddenly vanish away, the tempestuous atmosphere is indiscernible, and a new objective creation starts up around the quickened senses. The old fulcrum is gone; it is of no use, and another one operates in its stead, to which a more suitable lever is adapted, through which the realities of existence impress themselves upon the human mind thus conditioned.

But this process of mental elevation called clairvoyance, or the psychical state, may be repeated infinitely from plane to plane, still advancing spirit-wards, each time reducing to nothingness the old conditions, and creating a material universe anew. What then, we ask, becomes of matter, so much lauded as the only reality? Behold, it has vanished in each case like the baseless

fabric of a vision, leaving not a wrack behind, and out of apparent nothingness has immediately sprung a grander and yet more substantial creation. We say, then, that matter is a mere phantom, a sham, a utilitarian conventionality, so to speak, a mere billet of wood or block of stone to put under the heel of the lever, in order to make the powers of the universe manifest to man in his peculiar plane of being.

What, then, is the eternal reality—the one thing which the universe contains? We unhesitatingly reply—Spirit; that intelligent principle which creates for itself all those phenomenal conditions necessary for its exercise—the power which operates through, and fashions the lever. It is invisible and immaterial as men reason, and, therefore, it is real. It is the active principle (positive), not the inert rest or fulcrum (negative) which that principle, ever operating against, thereby brings into phenomenal form; hence no man ever saw spirit, ever witnessed force, *per se*. The white vapour arising from the poles of the magnet, the odic lights around the human organism, are not force, but manifestations of force, the lever, the higher degree of matter through which these powers operate. Such is our say on the subject, and we now retire and allow Mr. Atkinson to have his.

I AM extremely interested in this month's number of *Human Nature*, on account of its clear recognition of the idea I have been trying to instil into the minds of Spiritualists and others, in regard to matter and spirit not being essentially and fundamentally different, or at least that we have no sufficient reason for thinking so.

In an extract from the *Arcana of Spiritualism*, p. 18, I find this:—"Spiritual beings are composed of higher forms of matter, and hence immortality does not present the impossibility of forces isolated, and the Materialist has no room for his objections"—which is quite true, and what I have affirmed.

Again, the author says,—"The study of matter is being resolved with the study of forces. Most objects, as they appear to the eye of sense, are replaced by activities revealed to the eye of intellect. The conceptions of 'gross, corrupt, brute matter' are passing away with the prejudices of the past, and in place of a dead material world, we have a living organism of spiritual energies. This is the highest ground taken by philosophers at present; and while they congratulate themselves on their Positivism, they really are entering the vestibule of Spiritualism." "Now, the idea of 'inert brute matter' has passed away," &c., all which is perfectly true, and a great fundamental question in philosophy appears to be settled—and settled in accordance with the views of Bacon, and, as so finely exemplified by Milton. But then, as the poet Wordsworth says—and again after Bacon—"To every form of being is

assigned an active principle, however removed from sense and observation," &c. Then what is this power or force? I am happy to see that the Editor of *Human Nature* seems to have very definite and clear ideas on this question, for he says in his number for November, p. 536,—"The true Spiritualist, like Mr. Atkinson, perceives that force is a means, not a cause—an agency, not an agent," &c. Now force must be considered as the property, ability, or principle of action in matter, or in matter as spirit, or as the action itself, according as it is regarded potentially or dynamically; it is not the thing but the action, or active principle, or quality, and, just as motion, an effect and not a primary cause. A piece of coal, therefore, is not a storehouse of the sun's rays, but simply a material altered by the action of the sun's rays—the ray being merely a motion cast into an elastic ether as a medium. But what says the author of the *Arcana of Spiritualism*?—"This very doctrine that matter is nothing but force, being, in its various manifestations, but a modification of motion, is everywhere in scientific orthodoxy"—so that we have force set down as the substance, and the term for the power of a thing misapplied to designate the thing of which it is the power; and I hope that Mr. Burns, who discerns so clearly the simple truth of the matter as it is, will help me to clear the minds of his readers on so important and fundamental a question. The fact seems so clear that the confusion of ideas on the subject that now prevails is quite unintelligible—that is, in respect to the agent, the ability, and the action; and, in regard to the idea of the sun's rays, or any other action, being stored up as a something in a material which it merely changes or conditions; it is nonsense, and the correlation of forces simply means changed conditions in spirit or in matter with the ability towards another form of action; and as the material substance endures it, force must do so also in one form or another, the ability or action simply indicating the material or spiritual condition. Force "in itself," as exhibited in motion, is nothing, but must be the action or motion of a something. H. G. A.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian," &c.

JOSEPH.

SEERDOM IN THE FAMILY—THE PROPHET AND HIS KINSMEN.

"FAMILIARITY breedeth contempt." It is only gifted eyes that prevail to see the spiritual behind the material, and the eternal beneath the temporal. Hence the recurrent fact, that prophets seldom find believers in their own household, or honour in their own country. Those who know them as men can scarcely accept them as seers; the terrestrial veiling the celestial from all who have only sight and not insight. This, of course,

does not apply to the prophet after his acceptance. It is said that "the brethren of our Lord"—that is, the kinsmen of Christ—who held aloof from him during his ministry, nevertheless, constituted a powerful party in the Church after his death, thus trading on the celebrity and sanctity of him whom they had rejected during his life. And it was the same with the brethren of Joseph. They first sold the hapless youth into slavery, and then bowed in awed submission before the grand vizier of the mighty Pharoah. They could not see the hidden greatness of innate endowment, nor the vast possibilities of undeveloped genius. They were simply practical men, with a keen appreciation of realised fact, and a fully proportionate contempt for all aspirations extending beyond the limited range of the actual into the untried realm of the ideal. It is ever thus, the men of reality rejecting the prophet of possibility till his achievements have compelled assent to his propositions and his successes have vindicated his claims to supremacy. Perhaps it is better thus, for victories too easily won are often the ruin of the conqueror, whose innate abilities are most powerfully evoked by difficulty, and whose energies are most effectually strung by disaster, so that his final triumph is often due to incipient and apparently fatal defeat, which, however, only suffices to call forth those latent resources of thought and action, that, under an apparently more favourable destiny, would have slumbered on in hopeless inactivity through the natural lifetime of their unconscious possessor.

It is here that we obtain the key-note of the prophet's destiny, the determining element of his sad and sombre fortunes, which are made stern for his benefit and severe to his advantage, the incidents of his life thus providing the terrible discipline requisite for the final effectuation of his mission. This recurrent martyrdom of great souls is a sad subject contemplated only from the time-plane; but it shows, among other things, at how vast a cost of sorrow and suffering, as well as toil and effort, collective advancement has been effected. These crucified redeemers are the God-appointed victims laid on the blood-stained altar of humanity's ever progressive salvation. Without their groans and tears, the tyrannies of the past would have been immortal. Neither are these glorious master-spirits crucified only by the world without. Alas! no, this public bearing of the Cross up the street of sighs, and this exaltation unto a death of shame and torture, in view of the cruel and unsympathising multitude, are but the external and superficial form of that fearful Calvary, which ever awaits the earth's great saviours on their deadly, yet triumphant march to the destruction of antiquated error and time-honoured injustice. Calamities from without have only a

certain range, and seldom reach the inner citadel of the soul, where the holier affections are garnered, and the sanctities of the inner life are transacted beyond the profaning gaze of the rude and brutal world without. All strong minds feel there are some daggers that can never be driven home, save by the hands of those they love. Cæsarian spirits, born to rule as well as to suffer, seem to more especially need this severer form of moral discipline. No fond mother, with her undying affection, and no believing Mary with her trusting love, stronger than death, wait and weep with devoted disciples around the foot of their cross. This would not provide the searching heart-pangs, the piercing agonies, the full and overflowing measure of unmitigated affliction, requisite for the effective discipline of such armour-clad souls, whose terrible necessity it is that mother and sister, wife and child, should either be absent or alienated, while crowned with care and pierced with woe, they cry in the midnight darkness of unrelieved despair, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But there is something worse than absence or alienation on the part of relatives and friends, there is positive hostility, culminating in all the bitterness of personal hatred and the petty perversities of private malice. This was the case with Joseph. His brethren were his enemies. His father's sons were his direst foes. Those who had broken bread with him from infancy were the most meanly jealous of his gifts, the most determinately opposed to his chances of distinction. They could not believe in their brother, or deem it possible that the angel of genius could have so veiled his glory as to cross their humble threshold in the guise of a kinsman. So they sold him to the Ishmaelites, that is, cast him forth a friendless wanderer, accounting the glory-crowned as of less significance than the meanest slave of all their father's many bondsmen.

And was there anything exceptional in all this? Does Joseph's biography stand alone in the history of specially favoured households? We fear not. Genius—and what is seerdom but genius in culmination—is ever an alien in the time-sphere. It must be so; for it is rooted in the eternity, from whose celestial realms it comes crowned with those chaplets of fragrant and many coloured beauty; whose dim reflection on this sombre earthplane constitutes our masterpieces of poetry and art. Now, how should the average and ungifted multitude understand and sympathise with a being thus endowed? What have they in common with him? Do their ideas coincide with his? How can their feeble fancies co-ordinate with his sublime conceptions, or their weak desires keep pace with his exalted aspirations? Does the mole, burrowing earthwards, want either the piercing eye or the soaring pinion of the bird of Jove? Neither their

endowments nor their tendencies then enable the many to understand the few. Now, what are the ordinary members of a gifted man's household, but a section of the many, whose earthlife relation to their distinguished kinsman can neither exalt them to his level nor expand them to his vastitude. They are dwarfs living with a giant, and who, despite the discrepancy in their stature, nevertheless expect that he should submit to be clothed in their vestments and limited to their duties. Above all, they ask for the direct, immediate, and material profit to be derived from his endowments. If he has angels' wings, say they, let us bring their glory-woven splendour into the world's market place, and the prices at which they are quoted, shall determine our estimate of their intrinsic value. And sometimes they are taken at their word—as in the case of Joseph. The radiant jewels of the archangel's crown are placed in royal coffers, at the disposal of a monarch's pleasure, and the prophet's sacred mantle is exchanged for the statesman's official robe. Where the genius is absolutely imperial, you may thus obtain a Cæsar or a Napoleon, a Rhameses or an Alexander, and the world bows down in abject submission to a resistless conqueror at the head of a hundred legions, feeling, doubtless, that Jove, clothed in the thundercloud and armed with the lightning, is necessarily to be respected. At other times, where the genius is still gubernatorial, but rather pontifical than political, you may find a Moses or a Mohammed, to whose commanding powers not only his own generation, but the succeeding centuries do loyal homage and proffer voluntary obedience. Such men are a success even in their own lifetime. They grasp the forces of the present, and render them pliant to their will. They are sufficiently at home in the timesphere to mould its usually hard and intractable resources to their pleasure. Under the fervent heat of their consuming zeal, the traditional ideas and venerable institutions derived from past ages become as molten wax, on which these mighty master-minds then impress the seal of their supremacy—which the succeeding millenniums can neither remove nor efface. They are kings both now and hereafter, never being superseded or rather succeeded, save by another member of the same exalted confraternity of faith. You cannot displace them, save by a force equal to their own; and this, too, exerted at an epochal period, when the world-phoenix is in the fire, and Chaos demands a Demiurgus for its recreation.

But lastly, there is another order of these saviour seermen, to whom immediate and present success is seldom or never vouchsafed, whose sun goes down in rayless gloom, and for whom no crown, but one of thorns, and no throne, save an altar for their willing self-sacrifice, is ever provided. Such, in part, was Gautama, the mendicant founder of modern Buddhism, the

preacher of mercy and the sanctifier of poverty, who lived on alms and died by the wayside, and yet whose name is the war-cry of five hundred millions of devoted believers, and whose standard gathers the farther East, over mighty empires and many kingdoms, to its rescue. And such in whole was Christ, the descendant of David, yet a son of the carpenter, born in poverty and reared in obscurity, who lived as an apostle and died as a martyr to the truth, and on whose sombre path no ray of earthly sunshine ever fell to lighten those lengthening shadows, that finally closed in an early death. And yet whose system of faith has proved the redemption of Western Europe from the weltering chaos of barbarism and confusion into which it fell on the decline of the Roman empire, and out of which it emerged in very truth, as a Phœnix from her ashes, the process of regeneration by which an old heathen *imperium* was converted into a modern Christendom, being one not of destruction but renewal, not of death but resurrection.

And are we to conclude that such phenomena as those to which we have been alluding will not prove recurrent—that the world has seen the last of its Josephs and the end of its Christs? This were to fall into the grave error of supposing that the facts of nature and the events of history are not cyclical and repeating, but isolated and exceptional. As well might we suppose that this morning's sunrise will have no successor; and that, although it is now obviously hastening towards eventide, the shadows of night will never again veil the splendours of day, nor the stars be once more revealed on that cerulean dome over which Hyperion so lately careered in his chariot of light and glory. Alas! say we, for the mind that believes in a finality, implying the senility of God and the effeteness of Nature. Shall the natural world revel afresh in its vernal bloom and springtide beauty, and yet the spiritual sphere lack the power of renovation and the susceptibility to renascence? Shall the rose of to-day bloom as beautifully as its remotest predecessor of ten thousand yesterdays, and yet the prophet of the past for ever overshadow, and in effect exclude, the Messiah of the future? Is it possible that God should everywhere speak of renewal and restoration in His works, and yet deny it in His Word? Do the bosky woods and verdant meads say one thing, and the pages of the Bible another? Do the former at every returning springtime, tell us that no winter is endless and no death is for ever, while the latter speaks of torture that never terminates, and of souls for ever lost in the fathomless abysses of irremediable sin and suffering? We trust not, and are indeed quite willing to believe that these darker representations are due, not to the revelation of God, but the misconceptions of men.

Let us in this matter clearly understand that the lips of Nature never lie. Once distinctly catch the divine accents there, and all need for further dubiety is at an end. Compared with her oracular utterances, fresh from the shrine of the Infinite, every tradition is but a faint reverberation, and all Scripture but the expiring echo of a revelation that was never more than partial, and is now, from lapse of time and change of circumstances, necessarily more or less unreliable. The written Word is in the language of men that was and is not, while the unwritten is an everlasting gospel, enshrined for the uses of all generations in the divine symbolism of creation. Nature then tells us that the God-sent prophets of the past must eventually yield place and power to the divinely appointed messengers of the future. They must do so in obedience to that law which necessitates youth and age—birth and death, as phenomenal attributes attaching to all existence circumscribed by the timesphere. They and their systems, though vast, are mortal, so that however celestial in character, they are terrestrial in duration. As epochal manifestations, they are limited to an era; as local developments, they are confined to an area. The world-faith is yet to come. Perhaps it will always be rather an expectation than a realisation—a thing to be anticipated rather than enjoyed.

Now the faiths of the future, whatever their area or duration, must have their Messianic master-spirits, their divinely appointed founders, those sublimely self-centred, yet profoundly reverential and devotional spirits, who, at some mundane crisis, will dare to stand in the minority of one, and relying on the support of their Father in heaven, will be able to say in the face of a faithless and unbelieving generation, "Thus saith the Lord." And these mighty master-spirits—so profound in thought, so sublime in conception, and so exalted in aspiration—will each need a discipline appropriate to the requirements of his especial mental constitution—whether for the correction of its faults, or the more effective development of its powers. For let us clearly understand, these chosen vessels of the sanctuary require much careful training ere they can be elaborated into the form and chased with the designs suitable to their uses at the altar. God's messengers, however richly endowed by nature, demand prolonged and painful preparation for their work, which, of necessity, varies in its character from age to age. That which more immediately impends, is obviously the sanctification of intellect. The lowly and pure—the loving and beautiful Nazarene carried us to the culminating point of our moral nature: "As I have loved you, so love ye one another." This was the new commandment which he added to the Mosaic Decalogue, and which, in its deeper significance, implies the fulfilment of all our other duties towards

men. But however excellent as a moral code, the Christianity of the first advent wants the stamp of intellect. Its higher appeals are all addressed solely to the moral and emotional elements of our compound being. And as an inevitable result of this, and of the dominant spirit which it has induced in the church, there is a very perceptible gulf between the clergy on the one hand, and the master-minds of literature and science on the other. The clerisy of Christendom do not harmonise. They are not a united brotherhood, and consequently lack many of the appropriate attributes, and much of the legitimate influence, of a true spiritual priesthood. They are a broken body, and thus represent their Master as the crucified, rather than the glorified. Now the church of the future must be the ecclesiastical emblem, the symbolic fulfilment of his resurrection. It must be holy—not simply in the sense of being pure, but also in the yet profounder sense of being whole, as to its spiritual integrity, whose oneness should reflect the unity of God and the relative perfection of creation.

This is the lifework of the Master who is yet to come. The first brought not peace, but a sword—the symbol of division. He was the scatterer, whose church has ever been a batch of confusion and sectarian conflict both in doctrine and practice. The second is the gatherer, who being exalted, will draw all men unto him; not only those of the household of faith, that is, the dwellers within the area of Christendom; but also the Egyptians, that is the outstanding and comparatively heathen nations of the world. In this he is the successor of his antitype Joseph, the ruler of the land of Misraim, whose bow abode in strength, though the archers have so sorely grieved him, from whom is the Shepherd, the stone of Israel,—that is the Messiah of the Second Advent, and on whom the blessings of his progenitors, that is, the labours of his predecessors, shall rest unto the uttermost boundaries of the everlasting hills; that is the end of the dispensation which, beginning with faithful Abraham and coming down through Moses and Christ, will terminate with the revelation of that Pontiff Prince, whose sun is to arise in the West, and who will ultimately be accepted as their expected Shiloh by the Jews, as their Prince of Peace by the Christians, as Mohammed on his promised return, by the Moslemin; as the tenth or great Avahtar of Vishnu, by the Hindoos; and as the long expected incarnation of Buddha—greater than Heri and superior to Gautama—through whom the golden age of primæval innocence is to be restored to men. He is the true Joshua to lead us out of this wilderness of conflict into the promised land of the future, overflowing with the milk of human kindness and the honey of stored knowledge; where primitive simplicity will

be united with latter age wisdom, and the lion of strength, that is, gubernatorial power, will lie down with the lamb of loyalty and meek submission; where law will harmonise with liberty, and order be found compatible with freedom; and lastly, where faith and reason will have attained to their long expected marriage, implying that the intuitions of the moral sentiments will have been co-ordinated with the conclusions of the intellect, and thus the interior nature of man have attained to something like the completeness and perfection demanded by the Orphic harmonies of the universe.

A RHAPSODY ON BOOKS.

It has been well said that there is nothing so wonderful as a book, except a man. Think for a moment of all that is expressed by that word *man*, and you will be better prepared to contemplate the infinite varieties which must be classed under the common head of *books*.

The mere outward diversities of the human race are curious enough. Fancy collected in one room the flat-faced Chinaman and hook-nosed Jew, the stunted Greenlander and the swart stalwart son of the Arabian desert, the classic-featured Greek and the low-browed, thick-lipped African, the olive-complexioned Italian and the fair-haired Frank, the copper-coloured denizen of the North American forest and the delicate-tinted beauty of a Belgravian drawing-room. Let imagination fill up the picture with countless other shades of variety. No exertion of fancy can possibly equal that infinite diversity of the human form and face divine which may be found in nature. When we compare the mental characters and capacities of individual members of the human race, contrasts are far more enormous. By the side of an Australian bushman place a Sir Isaac Newton or a Shakspeare. The faculties of the one are bounded by the ability to provide for the meagre wants of his mere animal existence. Some faith is requisite to believe him much superior to a well-trained dog. The faculties of the other, the Shakspeare or Newton, are simply without limit known to us. Think of the million memories that may lie concealed within one single head. All the minute events of life, and all the scenes which have passed before the eyes—not only these, but all the past events of history learned by study. The very transactions and life of extinct empires may, as it were, be re-transacted within the mind of a man. Nay, more, imagination may create fresh worlds there for the soul to revel in, not content that the whole visible creation

is mirrored there already. In fact we can think of nothing greater, short of Him in whose image humanity was created, than a highly developed man—a Bacon or a Shakspeare. And yet we may hold in our hands a neat and portable volume, the very cream and flower (so to speak) of a Bacon's or Shakspeare's mind. For we may so hold a multitude of his chief and best of thoughts. What, indeed, are books but *thoughts*, assuming, by means of written words, a portable, permanent shape. This is their inward essence, though their outward forms are as grotesquely various as the dress and shapes of men. In old time, they were often made of plates of metal and skins of beasts, and of the leaves of trees. We, wiser, make them now of linen rags mashed up to pulp, and then spread out to dry.

Time was when a monk would willingly spend a life in copying out and furnishing a score of pages. And such a book was decked with costly gems and kept for centuries. Far otherwise we treat our railway library. The mosaic-covered Missal, resplendent with gold and crimson, has given place to our neat Christian Knowledge Prayer-book; and the stately folios that tired the arms to lift, much more to carry, are now replaced by pocket-classics and pleasant *vade-mecums*. But still there is variety in the exteriors of our books enough to be characteristic and grateful to the eye. A man of taste does not like to have his favourite poet dressed in drab like a Quaker, or covered with motley like a clown, but favours rather morocco, or the like; while calf or sheepskin may suffice the lawyer for his repulsive tomes. The outsides of our books have every shade of colour, and all sorts of shape like human bodies. Thus far the analogy between men and books is purely fanciful we grant. But when we look within, the analogy is no longer fanciful, but most deeply true. There is the nearest possible relation between a human being and the thought or words he utters. Nay, they are almost identical the man utters himself, and there is a relation very nearly as close and vital between a sincere genuine book and the man who writes it. The consequence is, that books are found to have infinite gradations of value from the most worthless of printed matter (say, some controversial tract written to maintain a mischievous error, or the report of a prize fight in a sporting newspaper) to the Principia of Sir I. Newton or Bacon's "Novum Organum." They also exhibit the most curious moral characteristics. We have affected and true writings, brave and cowardly, bold and mean; books which it defiles one to open; books which clear our eyes to visions of truth and beauty. There are some, the reading of which is like walking through celestial scenery to the sound of angelic music; the perusal of others is like tramping knee-deep in sand to the croaking of frogs and in

mortal fear of serpents. Some books make us brave and faithful; others dwarf the mind with groundless fears, and hamper it with the fetters of superstition. With a true instinct did our ancestors feign that the power of the magician depended mainly on his book of wonders. *We* may have given up the notion that cabalistic mutterings will call up spirits of the dead. But in our days the written symbols of thought, whether good, plain, printed letters, dotted Arabic, or queer Chinese, work upon the spirits of the living in the most magical, miraculous manner. We are lost in amazement when we consider the power which some books have exercised, not to speak of the Book of Books—the Bible (*The Book*, as the word means), and which has gone far to make the civilised world what it is. Think of the works of Plato, which can easily be compressed in one small volume! What have THEY done? In the language of Emerson, "These sentences contain the culture of nations—these are the corner-stone of schools—these are the fountain-head of literature. Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato. No wife, no children had he—the thinkers of all civilised nations are his posterity, and are tinged with his mind." Look at the Koran of Mohammed! How many millions have built up their lives upon that single book. Whole nations for more than a thousand years have drawn their life from its pages. Bacon's "Novum Organum" seems to have given an impulse in a new direction to the human mind. What a different aspect the Great French Revolution of 1789 would have borne had not Rousseau written his "Contrat Social" and other books.

When we enter some vast judgment hall or legislative assembly, hung round, suppose, with portraits of the great and good, or some old Hotel de Ville or House of Parliament, a place wherein laws weighty with life and death, joy and sorrow, the welfare or misery of millions, may have been discussed or born, does not a subduing reverence fall upon us as we cross the threshold? Our tread grows softer, and our voice is hushed. The benches may be empty, the speaker's chair be vacant. Associations alone are sufficient to affect us; the bare memory of power will quell the mind. How much more real cause for reverence have we in entering some large library! To a meditative man such a place might appear a palace of enchantment more wonderful than the strangest ever pictured in the wildest of romances. Nay, we dishonour a library by comparing it to anything so fantastic, its powers and wonders are so real and true. We approach, say, a section of books entitled History, and taking down some volume, in a moment's time the present is forgotten; space is annihilated. We are lost among events which happened (say some 1000 years ago) in another quarter of the world. What magician's cap of

enchantment could do more than that? Replacing the volume, we approach another section of the shelves labelled Philosophy, and take down a Plato, Kant, or Bacon; and, if we are fortunate, a number of ideas that lay jumbled together in our mind in hopeless confusion are reduced to lucid order, or, still better, perhaps some wrapping of self deceit is torn from off our soul, and we are brought face to face with truth. What homage of the mind do powers like these deserve? To appreciate them, however, a certain amount of exertion is necessary on our part—at least the act of reading. But a library may have an awe-inspiring power apart from even this. Suppose, for example, we enter the Bodleian at Oxford or the library of the British Museum. What do we see before us? The soul of the whole past time lies there enshrined! The chief of all that men have thought and done and suffered. The ashes of Alexander the Great are scattered to the four winds, and cities that he built are now in ruins; but the thought of Aristotle, Alexander's master, lies here still alive, and acting at this day upon the minds of tens of thousands. The Agamemnons and Pericleses of Greece are now no more, but the kingly voice of Agamemnon is still heard in the "Iliad" of Homer, the spirit-stirring orations of Pericles may be read to-day in the pages of "Thucydides." The most vulgar soul must feel a degree of restraint and awe among the tombs of the kings in the pyramids of Egypt or the chapels of our own Westminster Abbey. But here is a sepulchre of the kings of *mind*, not containing their ashes, indeed, but their yet living thoughts. This is a reflection worth dwelling upon for a moment. It is well expressed in an old sonnet on the library at Cambridge. The sonnet bears date 1627, and is signed J. M., possibly the initials of John Milton, as it is taken from a "Collection of Recente and Witty Pieces by several Eminent Heads," published in London, 1628:—

In that great maze of books I sighed, and said,
It is a graveyard, and each tome a tomb
Shrouded in hempen rags; behold the dead,
Coffined and ranged in crypts of dismal gloom,
Food for the worm, and redolent of mould,
Traced with brief epitaph in tarnished gold.
Oh, golden-lettered hope! ah, dolorous doom!
Yet with the common DEATH, where all is cold
And mildewed, pride and desolation dwells:
A few great immortalities of old
Stand brightly forth—not tombs but living shrines,
Where from high saint or martyr virtue wells,
Which in the living yet works miracles,
Spreading a relic wealth richer than golden mines.

S. S. B.

THE PRESS *VERSUS* SPIRITUALISM.

THE report of the London Dialectical Society's Committee on the "Phenomena alleged to be Spiritual Manifestations," has met with a reception remarkable as showing the variety and changes of attitude assumed by the press in relation to subjects of proscribed or unpopular character. On the one hand, straitened by mercenary considerations and actuated by motives of superficial expediency, the press, in some of its phases, is too venal for the duties devolving upon it. To be on the popular, or rather, the paying side is the main consideration, hence upon tabooed subjects are brought into play all the artifices of obscuration, ridicule, inuendo, suppression, and mis-statement, but so cleverly woven into a general appearance of candour, that the community is misled rather than informed; or that large portion of the public mind, at any rate, sufficiently gullible to believe in immaculate editors and reviewers, or sufficiently enervated to substitute for its own thought-effort, mere passing commentaries, indifferent as to their trustworthiness or origin.

Spiritualism, so called, is a case in point. It is a subject in bad odour—a subject to be avoided—a subject on which feeling, especially religious feeling, runs high—a subject "uncanny"—a subject held meet for derision, but never deemed worthy of painstaking investigation. No surprise need, therefore, be occasioned by the fact, that the late report has met with the usual treatment of the unpopular, and that conscientious reviewing has given place to misquotation and garbling, and the endeavour to misrepresent its character and incidence.

But, on the other hand, a more worthy section of the press has at heart the interests of truth; and, regardless of merely popular impulses, seeks to present controverted subjects in a tentative, if not a judicial spirit. In this direction the criticism on the enquiry in question has been tempered, and seems to invite a rejoinder in like courteous manner. Having regard to the amount of attention now bestowed upon Spiritualism, such rejoinder cannot be out of place, and may help to modify the disappointment arising in many cases from well-intentioned strictures, which, through their irrelevance to the actual issues raised, and through their oversight of the moral conveyed by the investigation reported, are inconclusive.

First, then, it may be urged that although the report incidentally covers the whole question of Spiritualism yet that, practically, it is concerned with the phenomenal aspect of the subject only; for the Dialectical Society appointed its committee to report specifically on the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations, and not upon Spiritualism as a creed or a philosophy. Thus it will be found that, to whatever extent the investigators may have testified to the occurrence of certain phenomena, they have not ventured to determine their source. Fairly, however, to review the investigation a comparison must be made. First should be noted the

general and public condition of the subject, immediately prior to the enquiry; and next, to what extent that condition has been affected by the results attained.

At the outset were the spiritualists, considerable in numbers and pretensions, avowing the frequent occurrence of certain phenomena, asserting for them a highly beneficial character, and attributing such occurrences to the agency of departed human beings.

On the other hand was a vast public and the press, for the most part wholly indifferent to the subject; but where concerned, entertaining towards it opinions of marked scepticism and hostility. These opinions may be thus briefly enumerated:—

1.—That no such phenomena as alleged occurred at all.

2.—That the alleged phenomena were the result of imposture or delusion, or of both, in varying degrees.

3.—That the alleged phenomena had a basis of reality, but were intensified in effect by delusion or imposture.

4.—That such phenomena occurred, but were explainable by known natural causes.

5.—That such phenomena occurred, and were attributable to natural causes not yet ascertained.

6.—That in any case the phenomena were utterly frivolous, and unworthy of investigation.

7.—That the manifestations only occurred in the presence of believers in the same.

8.—That mediumship, so called, was, in all cases, professed and practised for the mere sake of money getting.

9.—That the partisans of Spiritualism were, for the most part, uncultured, illiterate, and credulous.

10.—That spiritualists, as a body, shrank from any examination of their claims, and placed every obstacle in the way of fair investigation.

This, roughly, was the popular view of the subject at the commencement of the enquiry; and the first fact to be noticed at its close is, that whatever may be the *rationale* of the report, it satisfies neither of the opposing parties. To the sceptic it goes too far; to the spiritualist it is much too tentative; thus do both sides indirectly bear testimony to a faithful discharge of the investigator's office.

The committee, immediately upon its appointment, urgently invited oral and written evidence from every quarter. The spiritualists alone responded, being represented by witnesses of well-ascertained respectability from every grade of society; while the upholders of the imposture and delusion theories were conspicuous only by their absence, at any rate from the ordeal of the witness-box and of cross-examination.

Had the enquiry gone no further, the evidence thus collected would have been answer sufficient to much of hostile criticism. To characterise such evidence as "hearsay" is to misrepresent it, for it is as direct as that received in our law courts, each and

every witness having been requested to speak only to facts within his or her personal knowledge, a restriction with which most complied. The value of this evidence is enhanced by the declaration from many of the witnesses, that their original attitude towards Spiritualism was one of scepticism; while some again had made acquaintance with the manifestations years ago, and had not ceased to continue observers, or ever wavered in their belief as to the existence and origin of the phenomena.

That the "greater marvels" belong to the oral evidence and to the correspondence is probably true; but is this the precise question to raise? To what extent is there agreement or disagreement amongst the witnesses themselves? Has the committee been enabled practically to prove or disprove any of the facts alleged in the evidence? These are questions, perhaps, more pertinent; and is it of no significance that men and women of acknowledged trustworthiness, professional status, culture, and refinement should be found willing to give their personal testimony upon matters exposing themselves to almost certain contempt and ridicule; the while not a single champion volunteered to testify to the more popular beliefs in trick and hallucination.

But the investigators (thirty-six in number) determined to experimentalise, and for this purpose divided themselves into six sub-committees. In this circumstance may the true value of the report be found, or rather in the corroboration thus obtained of much in the oral and written evidence. This corroboration, so far as it took place, may indeed be considered by the spiritualistic party as but "ordinary" or elemental, and as "outdone" at many a private seance. But by the public or by sceptics no such considerations can be advanced. For them the enquiry must be, Has there been corroboration at all? and, next, What is the nature, extent, and authority of such corroboration? For were not the spiritualists challenged on the very grounds that the phenomena alleged never occurred, or were but the produce of fraud or imposture? And did not the spiritualists, taking up the gauntlet, reply that whatever might be made of the origin of the phenomena, their occurrence could be established by experiment without aid from them or from any of their mediums (so called)?

Proceeding then to private experiment "without the aid or presence of any professional medium," the more diligent and persevering of the sub-committees were enabled to report the occurrence of certain of the disputed phenomena, which need not here be explained, but which are popularly known as "table moving" and "rappings," the said manifestations being commonly accompanied in greater or less degree by marked indications of intelligence. A large majority of the investigators thus became actual witnesses to the phenomena under conditions far removed from the possibility of fraud or delusion, and their testimony is the more valuable, seeing that the report records that "the greater part of them commenced their investigation in an avowedly sceptical spirit." Such

evidence, indeed, can hardly be over-rated, especially in view of the status and trustworthiness of the investigators and of their carefulness not to over-state their conclusions, but rather to leave moot points for further research.

We have presented the case as it stood at the commencement of the enquiry, let us now state how it stands at the close :—

1st. That some of the phenomena in dispute are proved to occur, and that upon independent, it might almost be said hostile, testimony.

2nd. That the charges of imposture and delusion are negatived to the extent of the ground traversed by the experimental committees.

3rd. That the phenomena proven are of a character so curious and so opposed to the usual developments of force, that they cannot primarily be regarded as unimportant, pending a fuller knowledge in regard to their nature and origin.

4th. That although no explanation of the phenomena sufficient to cover the case has been arrived at through the experiments instituted, so, on the other hand, there has been no sufficient negation of spiritualistic theories.

5th. That the occurrence of the phenomena does not depend upon any belief or disbelief concerning them.

6th. That there are but very few *professional* mediums, and that mediumship, so called, appears to be a somewhat widespread gift or condition claimed and practised, quite irrespective of pecuniary considerations, by numbers of persons in every rank of life.

7th. That no backwardness has been found upon the part of the spiritualists in submitting their claims to investigation.

8th. That although urgently invited, none of the supporters of the imposture and delusion theories submitted themselves as witnesses.

9th. That, as a party, the ranks of spiritualists are found to be by no means wanting in education, talent, accomplishments, and general credibility.

If these propositions but approximately reflect the truth, it is clear that the public now stands in an entirely new relation to the subject. It may be urged that in the matters of causation, philosophy, theory, &c., but little ground has been gained, and that many of the phenomena have yet to be endorsed. But, on the other hand, it must be conceded that these latter have not been negatived; and that, as a necessary sequence, the theoretic department naturally falls into a subsequent stage of investigation.

The way, however, is paved by the great fact ascertained that phenomena really exist for elucidation, and a more respectful attention is fairly earned for whatever may yet require examination.

For the sceptic, then, this subject has taken an enormous stride. Phenomenally, it is now removed from a condition of suspicious partisanship, and is elevated by an unsectarian inquiry into a region of fact meet for the further research of the scientist, psychologist, religionist, or philosopher. Indeed, the worth of this famous

investigation can hardly be over-estimated as a starting point for renewed inquiry, and its moral can scarcely be better conveyed than in the concluding words of the report itself:—"Your com- "mittee, taking into consideration the high character and great "intelligence of many of the witnesses to the more extraordinary "facts, the extent to which their testimony is supported by the "reports of the sub-committees, and the absence of any proof of "imposture or delusion as regards a large portion of the pheno- "mena; and, further, having regard to the exceptional character "of the phenomena, the large number of persons in every grade of "society and over the whole civilised world who are more or less "influenced by a belief in their supernatural origin, and to the fact "that no philosophical explanation of them has yet been arrived "at, deem it incumbent upon them to state their conviction that "the subject is worthy of more serious attention and careful inves- "tigation than it had hitherto received."

Turn we, again, to those other reviewers who have failed to note, or endeavoured to hide, the enormous ground gained in this subject, that we may ascertain their treatment of the report and their claim for the position of censorship they have assumed. With but very few exceptions, the investigation has been treated with a dishonesty, a flippancy, and an inconsequence well nigh beneath contempt. One fact, however, is prominent, viz., that the subject for the moment so thoroughly interests the public that it has been impossible to pursue towards it the ordinary tactics of total suppression. Failing this, derisive, unphilosophic, and garbled reviews have served to obscure the questions raised, to ignore the facts revealed, and to misdirect the public mind, so to prevent that further investigation which, if pursued, will unfailingly expose the small qualification possessed by their authors for the affected leadership of thought and opinion on this debateable subject. Unable to cope with the circumstance that some of the phenomena persistently denied have been actually endorsed by unpledged, indeed, by sceptical investigators, after painstaking and repeated experiment; the reviewers have fallen back upon the old assertions of "fraud," "hallucination," "worthlessness of the manifestations," &c., &c.

With an assumption almost astounding, they have not scrupled to call in question the intelligence and observant powers of a number of gentlemen to whom they, for the most part, must have been utter strangers, but whose high character and social standing is better ascertained than their own, and whose status as clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and scientists would imply more than average qualifications. Has it never struck these leaders of opinion (!) that such investigators must necessarily have been forewarned and forearmed in regard to the possibilities of fraud and delusion, and that the very labour upon which they entered was, in effect, the detection of imposture. So marked, indeed, is the hostility to the results recorded (elemental though they be), and to the recorders thereof, that one

is driven to the conclusion that no compliment could have been too high—no pæan of praise too intense for the self-same investigators, had they but have been careful to have taken the side of unexamining incredulity rather than that of truth and conscientiousness.

Occasionally changing ground, the inquiry has been voted worthless, because experimental seances of but twelve months' standing have not testified to the greater marvels which years of record have accumulated for the spiritualist. Thus there is an admission of the very phenomena primarily denied and urged impossible of demonstration, an admission, however, only made for the purpose of asserting their inherent triviality.

Putting aside the inconsequence of this position, what possible warrant can there be for thus anticipating an answer to one of the questions propounded for solution? The actual investigators, with all the collected data before them, have not thus prejudged the case, for they, at any rate, felt that, apart from a full knowledge of the source, nature, and incidence of the manifestations, to have asserted their unimportance would have been absurd and a begging of the whole question. It would, however, be very easy to show the hollowness of this assumed appraisement. The very phenomena now decried, some twenty years ago, were the wonderment of the world, when, as the "Rochester rappings," they appeared among a small and obscure community. Notwithstanding that the said manifestations have since become of almost universal occurrence, they now, as then, defy any elucidation of general acceptability. Meanwhile, however, a numerous party has grown up who assert for them a relationship to a large family of phenomena of the most varied pretensions, and who claim for them a source of unparalleled significance. Curiously enough, this party has no special bond of union, but has been gathered from every section of the civilised world, irrespective of kindred impulses or beliefs; while in this country it exists as units scattered broadcast rather than as focussed into a society or organisation; and numbers many secret sympathisers. Surely, then, does an immeasurable importance attach to phenomena so potent in effect, and surely this is hardly the time to dismiss them from consideration as mere trivialities.

In recognising the proven existence of phenomena a step is gained towards any estimate of their value, and if such commonplace incidents as the fall of an apple or the vapourising of boiling water have led to whole revolutions in science, who can say that the automatic movement of a table may not imply a mode of force capable and worthy of utilisation?

Much has been made of alleged errors of theory, philosophy, and belief said to accrete around an acceptance of the phenomena. But again, it must be urged that such considerations should be postponed, and can really exist as assumption only until more is known of the phenomena under investigation. And if surrounding error is to be pleaded as a bar to investigation, then it may be asserted that none of the phenomena known to science could ever have been

accepted at all. Chemistry is a case in point, a department of science daily reaching to a higher phase of precision, but none the less the result of centuries of error. If we ofttimes arrive at good through our experiences of evil, so no less to reach truth do we wade through and clear away the encumbering error. The existence of error, whatever its nature, is an argument for, and not against, inquiry, imposing upon the investigator an additional responsibility, and its subsidence becomes but a matter of time and experience when once a point of contact is established between the mind and truth.

The animus of the reviewers is further manifested in the prominence they have given to the adverse reports which, by the suppression of all the explanatory notes, they have endeavoured to nurse into an importance by no means their due. But what of them, and what of the failures of the least persevering of the sub-committees? Their undeterminate character is sufficiently exposed by their mere juxtaposition to the other reports, while the impartiality of the inquiry is placed beyond all dispute by their inclusion in the volume. The very failure of some of the sub-committees to obtain manifestations has a corroborative value, for no facts have been better ascertained than that the phenomena cannot be commanded at pleasure, and appear to depend upon most subtle conditions. Each of the successful committees had occasional seances without result, but total failure was the lot only of the unpersevering. Of the two individual reports denying the phenomena, it is notorious that the authors had or took but few opportunities for the experimental investigation accomplished by others, as the book itself discloses. The attempt, therefore, to make the tale of inadequate investigation do duty for the story of hard work and perseverance by the more diligent members is, after all, but a sorry expedient, which only need be noticed as a means of estimating the general worthlessness of the critiques—a worthlessness the more apparent now that day by day the facts ascertained by the successful sub-committees are being verified by totally independent investigators.

Were this an article on the nature of evidence and the credibility to be attached to phenomena of unusual character, it would be easy to show upon the trumpery arguments and premises set forth to discredit so-called spiritual manifestations, that not a murderer could ever be convicted upon such testimony as over and over again has consigned the criminal to the gallows. Millions of the community have never seen a murder committed, nor do they know any one who has. May not, therefore, the excitement, the flight, and the blood-stained appearance alleged of the prisoner by an eye-witness be but an imagination, a case of unconscious cerebration, a something wholly subjective. A shot, perhaps, was fired—but what of that? This but makes the evidence still more unreliable. The nerves would be shocked, and the mind would become excited to an abnormal expectancy, and would be the more ready to conjure

up images of blood and horror. Gentlemen of the jury, while we admit the high character, honour, and trustworthiness of the witness, we are sure you will not, upon such evidence, consign the prisoner at the bar to a felon's doom, but will send him out of the dock without a stain upon his character.

This is a specimen of the reasoning too frequently applied to the phenomena of Spiritualism; and, amongst other theories, we are gravely asked to accept "expectant attention" or "unconscious cerebration" as solutions sufficient for the multifarious manifestations occurring not only to spiritualists, but also to investigators after investigators who have approached the inquiry, anxious to expose the alleged wonders, and determined to apply with rigour every such theory. Boldness is not only excusable, it is even desirable in the formation of theoretic solutions; but progress towards proof cannot be expected while the fashion is maintained of speculating upon the explanation before the thing to be explained is sufficiently examined. There is a distinct difference between the fitting of theories to phenomena and phenomena to theories, and this has yet to be recognised both by the public and spiritualists. The subject, however, will not yield to reviewing or to newspaper theorising. Eminently, it is one for the investigator, and no better plea for investigation exists than the lamentable ignorance so lately displayed by the press.

In conclusion, it is hardly probable that any one solution will meet the case of phenomena alleged to be so varied. Should even the spiritualist be right, his triumph will be one only of degree; for, should an agency of disembodied spirits be ever proven, it seems difficult to escape from the conclusion that there may be also latent possibilities of the embodied mind, only now in process of development. Nor should the investigator by any means put fraud and delusion out of the account. Their occasional admixture is not only possible, but likely, whilst quacks remain amongst doctors, hypocrites amongst religionists, adulterators amongst tradesmen, and whilst society teems in every department with parvenus and pretenders. Spiritualists, however, need no apology at the hand of a mere investigator, for they are better able to answer for themselves. Their issue with the sceptic is a simple one, notwithstanding its importance. They but argue that, as in the material universe an all-permeating union is found; so, in the world of mind, from its lowest to its highest developments, is there a like universal connection of which physical death is no real severance. To them spiritual communion thus presents no inherent improbability, and proofs of its existence they affect to find running through all history, as well as in the every-day manifestations now so controverted. They further argue that this communion is so influential for good or for evil, its action and re-action so determinate and so governed by the progress of humanity or of the individual on either side of the grave, that it is a factor too important to overlook in the problem of human existence. In any case, they feel that they dare not

withhold facts, and while they are willing to submit them to the most searching examination, they neither fear nor expect to escape criticism.

INVESTIGATOR.

[This article will shortly be issued in a separate form, and at a nominal price, for general circulation.—ED. *H. N.*]

SYMBOLISM OF SOUND.

PHILOLOGISTS have strangely neglected to notice the power which certain letters and combinations of letters in the English language have to suggest certain ideas. The following sonnets are intended to illustrate the force of the two letters, d and t. But they would not claim a place in the pages of *Human Nature* unless they gave expression to a great spiritual truth, as well as illustrated a curious philological law. A reference to the dictionary will be sufficient to convince any reader that at least three-fourths of the words beginning with d signify something evil or negative; a fact which (as far as we know) is now recorded in print for the first time.

The fourteen lines on Death contain as many ominous words: dire, dread, death, destroyer, doubt, decay, dark, dismay, dust, dumb, deaf, despair, dull, doom. Curiously enough, the letter i is found in most of the words associated with light; and the short sound of i (as heard in flit) will be seen to be suggestive of life and motion. Fourteen examples are given in the sonnet on Life: viz., spirit, life, light, sight, thrilled, white, silver, glisten, diamond, sign, dight, dye, living, fire.

DEATH.

DIRE child of Time, miscalled the fruit of sin,
  Gaunt Death, associate of decay and pain,
  Destroyer of all ties, and all our gain
Save what is treasured deep our hearts within
Beyond the reach of doubt, oh! who can win,
  Thou dark dismay, a refuge from the dread,
  Thine awful shadow casts? Where'er we tread
The dead has lived in forms to ours akin,
Dumb witnesses on every side arise,
  Summoned by thee, to point us to the tomb.
No soul so deaf as to shut out the cries
  Of warning Nature. Though, oppressed with gloom,
The thoughtless fool, despairing, vainly tries
  To dull with opiates sense of threatening doom.

LIFE.

The Spirit of Life o'erheard the accusing voice,
  Indignant heard, and in a flash of light
  Stood manifest before my astonished sight,
And thrilled my soul with mandate to rejoice.
Like youthful bride arrayed in vestments white,
  With silver sheen and glistening diamonds, she

Seemed peerless queen of grace and purity,
With every sign of inward virtue dight.
Then, fixing on me her entrancing eye,
In which persuasion glowed with living fire
And raised the listening soul to ecstasy,
"Cease," said she, "from reproach and causeless ire,
To death I owe my birth and liberty,
And if the child be fair, blame not the sire."

S. E. B.

REVIEWS.

RUTH: A SACRED ORATORIO.*

By George Tolhurst.

Music has been so much associated with the spiritualistic movement that no apology is necessary for alluding, in a more special manner than has hitherto been done in these pages, to its influence on the individual mind and on society generally. Music is eminently a social art; it cannot be practised to very great advantage in solitude. Harmony needs a plurality of instruments or voices. There can be no harmony in what is known as *unisonal* music. Even the keyed instruments remedy, to a certain extent, this defect of individual performance; the piano, organ, concertina, harmonium, and instruments of the like class render a plurality of sounds in concord with each other. But the very tuning of all the keyed instruments at the outset pitiably confirms the fact we have so broadly stated. Tuned by whatsoever "temperament," the keyboard is an admitted *compromise*.—"Between truth and error" shall we say? Nay, such were impossible, either in theory or in practice. "Between the *perfect* and the *imperfect?*" Such is, indeed, the language of the schools concerning this much-canvassed question of organ-tuning. And to all diminutives of the same class does the same condition ensue. The difficulty is now universally met by the adoption of the "equal" (more properly "equitable") temperament—the acknowledged relative scale imperfections being carefully and evenly distributed throughout the octave of thirteen semi-tones, every one being slightly imperfect or a little out of tune. This amounts to a very strong corroboration of our position. The ground we take is, music is necessarily and pre-eminently a social art.

Religious meetings in all ages, in all known countries, and among all sects (with but few exceptions of some small denominations, such, for instance, as the Quakers) have largely impressed the services of the "heavenly maid," as it has pleased our best-loved poet to designate music. Where there is to be desired a community of thought there is at once the place and office of music. Sailors

* "Ruth," a Sacred Oratorio; the words selected chiefly from the Holy Scriptures; the music composed by George Tolhurst. London: Duncan Davison & Co., Regent Street.

in gangs will haul ropes to music; soldiers will march to war to the strains of music; the great political movements have always given birth to their popular songs; the theologies that have alternately comforted and distracted all Christendom may be as clearly traced in the various hymn-writers as in the written creeds of polemical disputants. Wherever oneness of thought is to be deduced from a multiplicity of varied conditions there comes Music—more or less sweet, more or less beautiful, more or less harmonious. But she does her work right thoroughly. As an evidence, it is not impossible to find the same tune, aye, and even the same line of a hymn, doing duty on the same identical Sunday in every branch of sacred or secular meeting for prayer, preaching, or discussion. So that, try as we may, we cannot get away from the humanising influence of music. Enough has been said to show how eminently blissful so social an exercise may become. How small we look when we are told that our music is but the semblance of music; the "name" without the "nature," unless we can join with others to make harmony. One other thought, and we pass on to our more immediate subject:—The perfect chord is a triad; therefore, we need three persons, who shall be agreed—at all events, on producing tunable sounds—before we can have a perfect common chord produced. More persons would, of course, suit as well, but with less there can be no perfect harmony. The spasmodic efforts of some instrumentalists to supply this obvious and irremediable defect but serve to prove the dependence of link upon link in the concord of sweet sounds more irrefragably.

We were led to the utterance of this line of thought by the appearance of the second edition of a new oratorio, by a comparatively unknown composer, a copy of which lies before us for review. It is the work of an Englishman, and of one whose leanings, if, indeed, his whole being may not be said to be thus controlled, are decidedly progressive and spiritualistic. "Ruth," a subject that has already engrossed the attention of several aspirants for musical honours, has been set by Mr. George Tolhurst, almost strictly from the Biblical text of that well-known and fascinating Scripture narrative. From what has been said it will readily be inferred that the composer for a *number* of voices meets with difficulties in construction entirely unknown to him who writes for *one* voice only. The kind of music involving the greatest number of parts is precisely that which calls forth the highest faculties of the writer, and gives the utmost satisfaction to the listener. His toil is more onerous; his triumph more splendid. The more danger the more honour. Apart from being technically correct, grammatical, and melodious, a piece of music in many parts must be pleasing to those who execute it or its existence will be proportionately ephemeral. To give delight to each individual who takes part in rendering a great work, as well as to him who listens, is no mean branch of the art of musical composition. But beyond this, in our view, to achieve success in such an undertaking as the production of an oratorio it is more than else

essential that there should be a tender, constant sympathetic agreement betwixt all the parts. This element alone can make them one. "Unity in diversity" is required artistically, and is still further demanded in an æsthetic sense. Without this latent property the music cannot hold together. A comparison between those oratorios that have endured the "lapse of time" and those of which it may be, not untruthfully, said they are "but for a moment," may be easily made by each one for himself. It is not, therefore, without some misgiving that we hear of a new oratorio being published or performed. Various vital questions rise unbidden to the light, and too often, it must be confessed, cannot be satisfactorily solved. Well-remembered aphorisms present themselves, which it will require no small amount of evidence to show are ill-timed. Indeed, as has been aptly said, to write an oratorio worthy of the name imperatively demands a union of qualities possessed by a small minority, and in the highest degree by scarcely one musician out of a thousand. It exacts not merely genius, but the ripest scholarship. It requires a mastery of form and a mastery of detail; a rich fund of melody, a sustained elevation of style, and an almost unlimited command of technical resources. How rarely we find these endowments and acquirements combined in one musician need not be urged.

We opened "Ruth" with a depressed feeling, but not altogether one of despair. For to encourage us, had we not been informed at the outset that it had braved existence through a *first* and an honourable way into a *second* edition: and likewise that it had been performed as good as *ten* times? Then, although it had come in for no small share of abuse from certain quarters—habitually abusive, be it remembered, to everybody and everything—"Ruth" had received commendation unmeasured from certain other quarters; these latter to the full as reliable, and infinitely more numerous, than the former. In undertaking the critic's art, we are not unconscious of the responsibilities of faithfully threshing out—separating the wheat from the chaff—whatever may be the subject matter in hand. It has its influence with us when we are told that "Ruth" is "ill-considered," and likewise that it is "equal to the early works of Handel, Haydn, or Mozart;" but nothing more. We are inspired to give a little more attention to the inspection of a work that, to say the least of it, must have been the production of an original mind to have evoked such diametrically opposite opinions respecting its merits.

The work before us is a folio of a hundred and ninety pages, containing in all fifty-three numbers, solos, concerted pieces, and choruses. Its place in the art, we may at once say, is inferior in scholarship to any of the first rank of writers. There is scarcely an attempt at vocal fugæ, the touchstone of musical learning. Its choruses are, for the most part, in the *bravura* style of writing. Its harmonies generally have a thin appearance to the eye. This, though brief, is a tolerably correct summary of its defects as they

appear at first sight. It is a work of but little pretension in the sense usually attached to the word.

On the other hand, "Ruth" is the expression of a mind as original as it is bold. Every page, each bar, is fresh and new, unlike everything else that has preceded it. Through the thinness of the harmony an outline of melodial thought penetrates with a force as irresistible as it is beautiful, and compels attention. "Ever changing, ever young," is, in one word, our impression of this latest musical utterance we have met with. A scientific analysis would scarcely be practicable or appropriate in these pages; but, for the information of such as take an interest in musical studies, and do not possess the work, we may indicate the branches of the science the composer has affected and those he has avoided. At once, it may be stated that, revelling in the conscious gift of the most profuse and elaborate melody, he appears to disdain to linger long on one idea. He presents it, holds it up for a brief moment, and then substitutes another idea in its place. The oratorio in this respect resembles more a series of dissolving views than a collected gallery of paintings. The melodies, as they proceed, are interwoven with a warmth and life more of genius than of scholarship; and of this vigour and heat there is scarcely any perceptible abatement to the close. The work never flags. This dazzling, restless, onward rush is precisely the feature that has astounded the critics and disgusted the scholars. The rapidity of the man causes us to stand aghast at his creations. "What will be the result?" we are disposed to ask. "Where is this fluency to stop?" No time has been given to the development of the ideas; not a moment is lost in episodical devices. "Onward, ever onward," has been his motto, and here we have an oratorio, as an emanation from his mind, written with as much ease as an ordinary ballad tune. Music like this cannot be guaged and measured by any old-fashioned process. So long as the accepted rules of art are exemplified, and its inexorable provisions religiously regarded; so long, to sum up, as our new composer comes "not to destroy, but to fulfil the law," it is not our province to carp at the mere originality until that originality has been proved repugnant to either gifted or cultivated taste. Those who look for new melodies in "Ruth" will not be disappointed; those who look for fugal intricacies will not find them: thick and heavy harmonies are sparse; melodial beauty everywhere. It can be gathered from indications frequently occurring that the composer of "Ruth" could have piled up chord upon chord, and discord upon discord at will or at pleasure; but he never seems to have had either the will or the pleasure to do so. If he had desired to enter a decided protest against the style and "school" of Spohr and of Mendelssohn; of Wagner and of Schumann, it would have been impossible to have done so more emphatically than has been done by the composer of "Ruth,"—not by discussion; not by talking about it; but by simply displaying a work of the opposite character to their mode of composing. The darkness is not expelled; the light is erected, and the natural consequences ensue.

Without disparaging Mr. Tolhurst's scholarship, we cannot help thinking that were he to undergo a complete course of instruction at one of our acknowledged musical academies, he would emerge with considerable advantage to his powers, and, we venture to think, to the advantage of the musical world generally. Such potent gifts demand the best culture. Could not one of our associations take him in hand; train his unquestionable originality; guide his, even now, irresistible force? He is an Englishman. Were he a foreigner his country would not so pass him by. What are our National Academies in Art for? To cultivate those who can pay for the cultivation with *money*, or to cultivate those who can pay, with the first fruits of their heaven-born originality, in *kind?* There can be but one answer to this question, and we should think that it were only necessary to present at the doors one such instance as is exemplified in the unknown self-taught composer of this most original work to secure his instant admission and warm welcome to our Royal Academy of Music (which is always clamouring for a State subsidy), had not experience so often proved the contrary. It is the union of *genius* with *scholarship* that alone can produce the great artist, but too often the scholarship is wasted on those who have no genius, and the gifted ones have to educate themselves. If they be men of indomitable perseverance, and blessed with a healthy physical constitution, they survive, and bless the world with their contributions to its literature and art; but if they are weakly they succumb, and, ceasing to be the envy of their contemporaries, are known henceforth only as men of the past, who were not recognised in their own day and generation. Such, without any exaggeration, appears to be the position of the composer of this highly-imaginative work. We will, however, hope that the oratorio will yet be heard; and, if heard, we dare predict such an acceptance as will at least lift its author so far from penury and the daily drudgery of the life of a teacher of music as to free his hands, that he may commit to paper more, and we could believe, improved and riper musical compositions for the delectation of the music-loving public.

CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM.*

The spiritualists may well be proud of this work. The name of Gerald Massey is a tower of strength to their cause. Not that Spiritualism rests on authority, although like other struggling truths it is advantaged by the accession of illustrious men to the ranks of its advocacy. As a mere literary production, "Concerning Spiritualism" is in every way worthy of Mr. Massey's well-won reputation. The "Prefatory Note" is one of the finest pieces of pure Saxon writing in the language. It is, indeed, so good, that we could have wished its notes of sweetness had been more pro-

* By Gerald Massey. London: James Burns.

longed, although it says whatever the author needed to utter under this heading. With Mr. Massey's conclusion, that the products of normal will ever transcend those of abnormal mediumship, we entirely agree. The true master-spirits of humanity, in so far as we can judge by their works or their biography, were inspired by the universal or divine intelligence, rather than the individualised mind of another creature. There is nothing to warrant the conclusion that Shakespeare was directed by the spirit of Æschylus, or that Lord Bacon was aided by Aristotle, each man doing his own work in his own way; while even the Jewish prophets could say, "Thus saith the Lord," not, Thus saith Adam or Enoch, Noah or Moses. Now it is to this height we must rise if we would equal them in power and sublimity, and, consequently, in the enduring influence which they exercised on humanity. Modern spiritualists have yet much to learn in this direction. Their dispensation thus far is, as the late J. E. Smith used to declare, eminently Gentile and so Polytheistic. We would say, speaking in Anthropological language, it is eminently Aryan and not sufficiently Semitic. But, as yet, doubtless, we see only its earlier phase. As the grand awakening of civilised man, in these latter and grossly materialistic ages, to the vivid consciousness of his immortality, it must have a great mission, and whether by the raising up of yet unknown champions and exponents, or the open and fearless adhesion of otherwise gifted and distinguished men, like Mr. Massey, it will, doubtless, make this mission good, not only in the estimation of its followers, but also of the world.

We cannot conclude this short notice without expressing our warm admiration of the poetry with which this beautiful little work so appropriately concludes. There is much even in its prose that only a poet could have written. But the extracts from Mr. Massey's other works, and we presume also from his unpublished MSS., fully confirm us in an idea we have long entertained, that the facts of Spiritualism will hereafter afford most appropriate subject-matter for literary composition, and that a vast and yet almost untried field lies here before any genius adequately familiar with the phenomena, and sufficiently daring to make full use of the admirable materials thus provided to his hand. J. W. J.

FREELIGHT,*

For November, December, and January.

We have been favoured with three numbers of our contemporary "Freelight," and have derived much pleasure from the generally suggestive character of their articles. The principal contributors are obviously thoughtful men, earnestly devoted to the enlightenment of their fellows. Holding broader views, that is, having larger ideas than their neighbours, they are laudably desirous of diffusing

* London: James Burns.

these, and accomplish this, perhaps, not the less effectively for slight divergencies of opinion among themselves. Whatever its other merits or defects, "Freelight" has at least one element of supreme excellence—it is a channel for the expression of strong conviction. Its contributors believe what they say, and are therefore pardonably desirous of converting the reader to their views. Like most men of decided opinions, they are endowed with a certain measure of that zeal which leads to propagandism. Now, it is precisely such writing as this which is wanted at present. There is a bracing air of sincerity about these short articles which makes one feel the better for their perusal. Like all honest writing, it is invigorating, whether we agree with or differ from the conclusions which it enforces.

The Editor and presiding genius is a disciple of the late James Elishama Smith, the first Editor of the "Family Herald." We are rather pleased at this, our only wonder being that Mr. Smith has not had more disciples. We owe him infinite obligations in our own person, having been a devout reader of his strange yet wondrously original and profound prelections from the days of the "Shepherd" up to the publication of the "Divine Drama." The greatest master of analogy that ever lived, and one of the most nearly universal minds of the first half of the present century, Mr. Smith, nevertheless, died virtually unknown and unrecognised in the higher walks of literature. It was his sad destiny to make the pilgrimage of life through the valley of the shadow, even to the end. Where is now the bread which he so freely cast upon the waters? Where is the harvest which should long ere this have been garnered from the young and thoughtful minds who were the recipients of his influence, for fully a quarter of a century? Alas! is all this wondrous tuition, represented now only by a few exceptional men, already in the sere and yellow leaf, and themselves, like their master, of no great account in the busy world's literary market place? We once thought it would have been otherwise. Not that we ever regarded Mr. Smith as more than the baptist and precursor of another; but where is that OTHER?—who, coming after him, should be preferred before him—the man of action, equipped with the thinker's principles as his life compass across the troubled waters of society, heaving under the many storms that prelude and accompany the birth of a new era? Can nothing be done to rescue the name of Mr. Smith from the undeserved oblivion into which it is rapidly sinking? A judicious selection from his leading articles in the "Family Herald" would alone constitute a volume that for suggestiveness need fear no rivalry. Perhaps, however, the day for this has not yet quite come, for, if ever there was a man born before his time, it was Mr. Smith, and, to come back to our former idea, we fear he will never be fully known or deservedly recognised till seen in the light of his successor, whoever that may be.

But to return to "Freelight," whereto, however, our *excursus* on J. E. Smith cannot be regarded as wholly foreign, seeing that his deeper spirit underlies so much of its tuitions. The articles by

John C. Heraud are alone worth the price of the numbers in which they appear. That in the second, on "Oken's Philosophy of Nature," ought to "create whole volumes" in the mind of young and duly susceptible readers, while it cannot fail to prove profoundly suggestive, even to the most advanced. Moncure D. Conway's "This, Our Day," is in every way worthy of the author of "Our Earthly Pilgrimage." William Maccall writes with his accustomed vigour whether, on "Varieties of Pantheism" or "The Middle Ages." Perhaps in "The Mad Son of a Bad King" this proceeds to the verge of prejudice against monarchy. Our friend Dr. Sexton almost surpasses himself in "The Co-relation of Forces," while his "Swedenborg" and "Progress in the Church" are fully equal to anything we have seen from his fertile pen. As Anthropologists, we might, perhaps, object to some of Miss Eyton's convenient assumptions and ready-made conclusions, taken, however, from excellent authorities, as, for example, to the Eastern origin of the Aryans, which, although here so confidently asserted, is in reality still a moot point within the inner circles of Anthropological investigation, being a deduction from philological rather than ethnic data. These, however, are spots on the sun, visible only to telescopic eyes, that will in no perceptible degree dim his light to ordinary observers. The writers in "Freelight" do not regard it as a waste-paper basket. It is the organ of a body of earnest and independent thinkers, who are endeavouring to aid in the upward and onward march of humanity, and we trust they will succeed.

J. W. J.

THE RECENT WORKS OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Our sweetest reminiscences connected with human character, ancient or modern, taken in all its phases—intellectual, moral, social and spiritual—are centred around him whose name is written above. We shrink from attempting to give expression to what we consider would do justice to the topic, as the performance might possibly savour to some of eulogistic adulation, unmerited by the individual to whom it is addressed, and, at the same time, an act of injustice to his contemporaries. We do not claim the power of controlling the thoughts of others in respect to such matters, but we certainly may be permitted to say that Andrew Jackson Davis presents characteristics unmatched by any other personage, whose existence we have become acquainted with. This may, after all, be no disparagement to his brothers and sisters who aspire to various planes of distinction. He may easily be surpassed in poetry, music, in vocal eloquence, muscular strength, or business tact, yet in his peculiar sphere he claims a recognition, in being accorded which, few can complain of partiality or favouritism. We think it is high time that the excellences and value of living men and women should be appreciated. Barbarous peoples always persecute the prophets;

and it is only in the more enlightened future that the royal benefactors of mankind are thoroughly appreciated. This lionising of dead men is rather a reprehensible act after all. What do we know about them to begin with! Their portraits have been drawn for us by individuals, under the sway of dominant ideas, and fanatics or scoundrels so represented form the materials, out of which, thousands of years afterwards, saints and heroes are created. The blind and fulsome adulation which is lavished upon men of the past, however much they may be entitled to our respect, is a flagrant injustice to the sons of God of the present age, and an impious reflection on the Almighty power, which is thereby supposed to be shortened, so as not to be able to reproduce sons and saviours equal to those of the past. In this spirit, then, we turn most heartily to the man of the time already alluded to, not that we wish to add to the calendar of saints and immaculate persons, but that we may insist upon the intrinsic good and wisdom which exists in humanity, by being able to point to a recognisable illustration.

Viewed intellectually, Davis is a prodigy unsurpassed in the world's history. Entirely uneducated, he, at an early age, gave utterance to a volume, which took the world by surprise, being delivered while he was in a physically unconscious state. Since then he has lived nearly twenty-five years of an active literary life, during which time his external and spiritual states have been so blended, that he enjoys from memory all that he ever learned or experienced in the superior or physically unconscious condition. Notwithstanding these very marked peculiarities of origin, the writings of Davis are of a most uniform and consistent character, presenting few, if any, contradictions, though manifesting a gradual and symmetrical unfoldment of the subjects treated. His earliest effort was the root and trunk of all that could in future be taught. It was the richest and ripest product of his wisdom—the crystallisation of principles which might, by after-treatment, radiate out into multifarious details. This at once indicates the peculiarity of his genius, or, rather, the super-physical source of his matter. Where is the writer who exhibits a similar career?—who has given his grandest thoughts to the world while yet in boyhood?—his whole after-life being simply the work of elaborating and applying his pristine effort. Short-sighted critics, unable to grasp the scope of such Herculean labours, have taunted Davis with recantations in his later volumes. He commenced with impersonal and universal principles, and in applying these to human needs, he only came into sympathy with the individual thoughts and feelings of humanity, and thus within gunshot, so to speak, of popular religious feeling. Yet there is nowhere any contradiction, absence, or excess of religious sentiment.

His "Divine Guest"* is the most spiritual and religious work of the age. Pious, devout, and reverential in feeling, it is, nevertheless, in perfect sympathy with those declamatory passages in which the possession of true religious principles urge the mind to thunder

* Arabula; or the Divine Guest. White and Co., Boston.

forth, in its loudest tones, against the falsities and idols which usurp the place of genuine piety. This writer's religion, however, does not by any means terminate in sentiment; nor, indeed, are his purely spiritual efforts in any respect affected. They are, on the other hand, demonstrable as science, and an effort, and that a successful one, to bring the metaphysical speculations respecting man's spiritual relations within the grasp of scientific certainty.

After his spirituality, reverence, and general elevation of feeling, may be noticed the goodness of the man, as exhibited in his desire to serve humanity at every turn in their lives. For this purpose he has made tremendous sacrifices by making himself odious to every power and principality in the world around him. He appeals alone to the human soul—that interior world, with its sacred aspirations and divine relationship; hence he has taken the courage to write a tale,* embodying a full exhibition of the most odious vices that afflict individuals, and entail their damnable results upon society. But it is not done with the view of producing a vulgar sensational story, to excite the prurient and gratify the depraved. The object is grander and worthier far. His motive is not only to delineate those crying evils, but to discover their sources, and thus to determine the best means of destroying the "seeds of crime," and of relieving the world of its horrible results. To still further adapt the priceless gems of wisdom in his keeping to the capacity of all, a beautifully illustrated volume† recently appeared from his pen. The two hundred or more illustrations which embellish its smiling pages, at once magnetise the attention. We well remember the first fifteen minutes which we spent with that book in our hands. Without reading a sentence of the work, we eagerly turned page after page, gazing at the suggestive vignettes which met our eye. We experienced a peculiar fund of inspiration in the graphic pictures and quaint sentences under them; and, without knowing anything of the text they were intended to embellish, a highly instructive and appropriate work sprang up in our brain, as collateral to the illustrations before us. At more leisure the letter-press was carefully read, and we were impressed more than ever with the beautiful, childlike simplicity which always characterises the truly wise man.

Mr. Davis's last work‡ occupies one of the largest fields of contemporary philanthropy. It is devoted to the diseases of the brain and nervous system, and the results called insanities and crimes, which by him are placed under the same head. The genius of the man is aptly pourtrayed in a picture facing the title-page, in which Mother Nature, in the person of a stately and charming woman, gracefully waves her hand, and dispossesses her children (human

* A Tale of a Physician. White and Co., Boston.

† The Fountain, with Jets of New Meanings. White and Co., Boston.

‡ Mental Disorders; on Diseases of the Brain and Nerves. White and Co., Boston.

beings) of the devils (evils) with which they are possessed. Misers, worldlings, libertines, gluttons, smokers, drinkers, medicine-swallowers, religious fanatics, and other victims of modern professions, advance before her, and are dispossessed of their maladies in the shape of devils, which, with tails erect, scamper from the presence of Mother Nature, with a label inscribed, "alcohol," "passion," "tobacco," or "church theology," stuck on the tips of their horns. The whole matter, so obscure and mystifying to the theological and medical world, is thus reduced to a simple pleasantry—a proverbial joke, the moral of which is: "Live natural, true lives, and you will be blessed with health and happiness of body and mind." We have marked numerous passages in this work for quotation, but it will be impossible to find space for them this month. It is one of the most practical and instructive works which the author has yet produced. It has also the rare merit of directing the reader's attention to illustrative passages in his other works, where topics referred to are discussed at greater length, and their connections traced to first principles. To the spiritual anthropologist and the student, it is therefore invaluable, but much more so to every man and woman who, in the daily walks of life, on all hands, expose themselves to numberless insanities and failings, which this work teaches them to guard against.

Beginning with simple hallucinations, Mr. Davis reviews every phrenological and ganglionic phase of mind and nervous action, and shows in what respect it may be diseased, what causes the disease, and how it may be remedied. Crimes, vanities, vices, passions, aches, pains, levities, and sullen griefs, are all insanities of certain nerve centres and their contingent organs. He shows that animal health is not human health, but that the latter term includes a much higher condition of blessedness than the physiologist has any conception of.

He considers, at great length, the conditions of mediumship, and the relations of abnormal action to spirit control. In some respects he differs widely from the most advanced spiritualists of this country, with reference to the withdrawal of man's soul from his body during sleep, or in the trance, and the passage of spirits or objects through solid matter. On this point we should gladly hear Mr. Davis at greater length. In the meantime his statements are more oracular than illustrative, and though they may influence the reader to think as he thinks, yet they scarcely combat successfully with the convictions derived from experiences which apparently teach to the contrary.

We conclude this hurried review by intimating that Mr. Davis's new work, "The Temple," is offered to the reader of *Human Nature* this month at two-thirds of the publishing price. The demand for the book has been large already, and it may happen that a sufficient supply will not be in readiness to satisfy immediately all who desire to possess it, but further consignments are on the way.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM J. M. PEEBLES.

FRIEND BURNS,—This December morning, nearing Christmas, is warm and sunny as the Junes in our northern latitudes. The Gulf States are places of winter refuge, you know, for birds and consumptives. Pearly snow-flakes seldom, if ever, whiten the streets. The city gardens are to-day fragrant with flowers, the orange groves burdened and golden with ripened fruitage. Mr. Spencer Field, connected with the Unitarian Church of New Orleans, yet an avowed Spiritualist, supporting Spiritualism liberally with brain and purse, brought me the other evening a basket of most delicious oranges just gathered from his own grove.

ORANGE ORCHARDS.

Conversing with a southern fruitman last evening, we learned that chemical analysis had shown that the orange tree required a large amount of potash and lime. The inference was, that the orange should be planted only upon such lands as produced trees whose ashes are rich in potash. Observing this, accounts in part for Mrs. Stowe's admirable success in this line of Floridan fruit-raising. In planting orange groves there is a great diversity of opinion, as to what is the best distance between the trees. They stand, however, about six feet apart. Into the stumps of the sour trees they bud in May or June from sweet-bearing trees. By budding, fruit is obtained much sooner than by waiting for the growths of seedlings. The best bearing orchards are well mulched with grass, weeds, compost and decomposed muck. It is exceedingly pleasant to ride among these cotton-fields, ribbon-cane plantations, and orange groves of the South.

SPIRITUALISM ON SUNDAYS.

Our New Orleans Spiritualists have secured a beautiful and magnificent hall—Minerva Hall—for their winter series of lectures. These have commenced with great promise. Last Sunday evening required the addition of another hundred chairs to seat the audience. The music is excellent. The good work is going on bravely. Those sympathising with the right education of children have just organised a Progressive Lyceum.

A MARVELLOUS CURE.

During several monthly engagements in Portland, Maine, we were hospitably entertained by one of the Woodmans, whose name appears in the following article clipped from the *Boston Journal*. The matter interested me deeply because literally true—because of its bearing upon Spiritualism, and because Jabez C. Woodman's family, and some of the other family, are intimate friends of mine. Here is the account:—

"ANOTHER SPIRITUALISTIC 'MIRACLE.'

"A Portland correspondent of the *Boston Journal* sends the following:—

"Mr. N. M. Woodman of this city, who fell through the scuttles of his store

on Commercial Street, on the 24th of March last, twenty-three feet, and has recovered after a long illness, claims to have been restored by wonderful spiritual means. Hon. G. W. Woodman, last evening, at Army and Navy Hall, gave an account of the case, which is quite interesting.

"Mr. N. M. Woodman when in falling wrenched his ribs from their place, twisted without separating his spine, displaced one of his intestines so as to obstruct the passage from the stomach. In this condition he could only have lived fourteen hours. He remained until the 27th in bed, unable to move, and some of the time partially unconscious. That evening, at 7 o'clock, in the presence of Dr. Hopkins, a healing medium, Mr. Woodman raised himself upright in bed and spoke through the spirit, which they claim had been in control. 'I am terribly injured, and something must be done. It must be done within forty-eight hours, or you will see the necessity for it.' On Wednesday following this was repeated and the injuries described. The spirits, speaking through the controlling influence, said: 'Now, friends, let the powers of earth handle him.' He was raised up and poulticed according to spirit direction. The spirit said the poultice must not remain on over one hour and ten minutes. The patient fell asleep. In two hours his wife came into the room, found the bed undisturbed, the patient sleeping, and the poultice ten feet distant, nicely pinned up.

"The patient was examined through the medium by Drs. Wilbur, a Prussian, and Lerow, a Frenchman. The power in charge, it is also claimed, was a female relative named Amanda. All of these persons died long ago. On the 3rd April, the spirits said the patient must be got up and dressed. He was raised from the bed, twirled in the air, and stood upon his feet. He was dressed in an incredibly short space of time by the spirits, and walked about the room. Two days later, after an examination and exercise like that named, the patient was left standing at the foot of the bed with his back to the footboard, when he was seized by invisible hands, lifted horizontally over it and laid upon the bed. At another time the persons present were placed in communication with the patient and medium, and there was heard angelic music. Mrs. Woodman hastened down stairs, threw open the piano and played and sang Italian music, joining with the mysterious voices above. She then returned to the room and recovered all at once her natural state, and had no knowledge of what she had done. The spirits said to the attendants that they gave him medicine every night and applied shower and steam baths, and turned him in bed. Mr. Woodman, in his normal state, could not move. On Sunday, April 16, at midday, a goblet was seen let down from the ceiling as if suspended by a thread in answer to the patient's request for water. The goblet stopped at the sick man's mouth, and its contents were administered by unseen hands. He complained that it was bitter like tansy, and water was given him several times to remove the bad taste.

"Dr. Hopkins, the medium, was taken up on one occasion and carried three times around the room, and on another occasion coloured lights were seen. The speaker himself (Hon. George Woodman) was once taken up and thrown several feet across the room. On May 7th, after the customary exercise by the spirits, the sick man was requested to cross the room and take his wife's hand. She held it about two minutes, when she saw a form in full costume, with well-defined features, proving to be Mr. B.'s mother. There was another form seen, but not distinctly enough for recognition. That evening a manifestation of spirits took place. The curtain fell down as they were about to close out the strong light, but it was replaced by an unseen power before it could be picked up by any one. The next day the patient was taken out into the hall by the spirits, some sixteen in number. One of them was Jabez C. Woodman, a lawyer of marked ability and prominent spiritualist, who died last year. He appeared with great distinctness, and wrote at a table. He sat by the side of the speaker, and talked to him about matters known only to them when Mr. J. C. W. was alive.

"The sick man was again exercised by the spirits on May 13. Suddenly he was lifted into the air in an horizontal position and laid across the footboard and balanced there several minutes; then he was turned over and the operation repeated. On May 16, the speaker, while rubbing the patient's back, by direction of the spirits, was seized and thrown some distance. The speaker related with much exactness the gradual recovery and restoration of the injured man, and the

gradual cessation of the spirits' assistance. In conclusion, he advocated the mission of Spiritualism in an earnest manner.

"Truly the case is one which is causing considerable sensation. The views of his recovery above given by Hon. G. W. Woodman are somewhat startling, and will occasion considerable discussion."

JUDGE EDMONDS'S ELEVEN MILLIONS.

Your excellent monthly—*Human Nature* of November—has a paper, I see, of some thirteen pages, under the heading of "Spiritualism in America," by William Tebb of London. Deeply interested, I read and greedily digested the article. And though Mr. Tebb is an excellent man and personal friend, and though he writes in a careful candid spirit, we nevertheless feel that the paper is open to criticism. This work, however, legitimately belongs to Judge Edmonds, Luther Colby, or Hudson Tuttle. We venture a few suggestions.

1. Owing to the vast extent of territory from New York to San Francisco, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, it must be far more difficult for a resident of London to form a just estimate of the number of spiritualists in America while on a running railway trip through the country, than for an American, stopping some eight or nine months in London, yet making frequent visits to the provinces, to pronounce upon the number of spiritualist believers in England. This latter we should not presume to do. Our earnest effort at getting statistics in "her Majesty's kingdom," seconded so nobly by yourself, Mr. Burns, would dampen all courage in any such direction.

2. What meaning does Mr. Tebb attach to the word "spiritualists?" Would he not make a distinction between spiritualists and spiritists? Philologically considered, the words are not interchangeable. The Metaphysician Cousin, in his "Good, Beautiful, and True"—writing of religious matters—uses the term Spiritualism as the opposite of *Materialism*. With an eye to the force of affixes, it must be conceded that Spiritualism implies far more than Spiritism. It is well known that Mazzini, the Italian, Camille Flammarion, the Astronomer, Professor Jackson, and Mr. L. S. Richards in the *Banner of Light*, employ in late writings the term *Spiritism*, defining it to mean the science of spirit-intercourse. Others take a similar view of the subject. The discrimination seems eminently sound and sensible. We confess to past carelessness in the use of these words. When Judge Edmonds, after a laboured investigation based upon extensive travel, voluminous correspondence, close reading of secular and religious journals, conversations with prominent clergymen, and the statistical statements of Catholic Bishops in Council, put down the number of American spiritualists (*spiritists*) as high as "eleven millions," he evidently meant that there were this number of people who firmly believed in a present spirit-converse—believed upon testimony and the most satisfactory evidences, in the certainty of an open intercourse with the inhabitants of the spirit-world. And every year, and every *day* of the year, convinces us that Judge Edmonds's estimate was correct.

If individuals were sufficiently frank, and a census possible, doubtless the figures would exceed those of the distinguished Judge. If Mr. Tebb, in treating of the "number of American spiritualists," referred to those only, who, (leaving secular associations, church organisations—with *other* believers) had openly avowed themselves spiritualists, working heroically for the dissemination of the principles, and living at the same time self-sacrificing and spiritually-minded lives, then his estimate of 660,000 may not have been so far out of the way. But the basis of Judge Edmonds's estimate was put entirely upon belief in spirit-intercourse—a belief cherished by very many Mormons, and nearly all the Indians of the south-west, as well as by multitudes of Christians and enlightened thinkers, who see no necessity for publicly expressing their convictions.

3. Straws tell the way the wind blows. Lecturing the Sundays of last month in Memphis, Tenn., a stirring city of 60,000, we were told that four-fifths of our usual audiences belonged to different churches. It is certain that the firm spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. James Holmes, who so hospitably entertained us during the time, are members of the Episcopal Church. It is equally certain that W. H. Butts, Esq., the energetic secretary of the Memphis Spiritualist Society, is a member of the Methodist Church. Every intelligent and inquiring man knows that there are millions of believers in the return of spirits, in Protestant and Catholic churches. Bishop Henri of Wisconsin, related to us, a few years since, scenes of clairvoyant marvels and spirit manifestations that had come under his observation in the Roman Church. Mr. Tebb, in publishing the Rev. Adin Ballou's letter, might have added that Mr Ballou was connected with the Unitarian denomination. The Rev. Mr Cudworth, who occasionally speaks before the spiritualists in Music Hall, Boston, is a decided believer in spiritualism. Rev. Mr Kelso, pastor of the Unitarian church in Alton, Illinois, is another. We personally know over thirty of this class of "liberal clergymen," who, though not publicly avowing, firmly believe in spiritualism. At this ratio among the clergy what must it be among the members? Certainly some of them "have a queer way of showing it!"

The Mormons in their early beginning were not polygamists. From the first they had spiritual manifestations. Visiting the original Mormon Temple, five years since, in Kirkland, near Painesville, Ohio, we conversed for hours with a venerable spiritualist who personally knew Joseph Smith, and witnessed many of his clairvoyant manifestations. This gentleman considered him a great medium, adding that many of the gifts of healing, gifts of tongues, and discerning of spirits, followed these "latter day saints" while they remained in Ohio. Thousands of the Brigham Young Mormons, to-day, are spiritualists, or rather *spiritists*, as we fail to see anything very spiritual in having half-a-dozen wives.

It should be remembered once and forever, that the fact of

mediumship—that is, the mere science of spirit-converse has nothing to do with moral character. Spirits select media from all grades of society to demonstrate the reality of a future life. The masses of "spiritualists" in America are constituted of the unchurched—the great unorganised. Some of friend Tebb's pleasant hints concerning the influence that "spiritualists" exert, or rather *fail* to exert upon the popular mind, are too true. Experience and deeper baptisms into the fountain of Divine wisdom will remedy many defects. Relating to the number of believers in spirit-communion in America, the two estimates stand thus:—

Judge Edmonds, 11,000,000. | William Tebb, 660,000.

Americans will generally coincide with the Judge; Englishmen will be divided in their decision.

SYMPATHY WITH SHAKERS.

In Mr Tebb's paper concerning American Spiritualism, occurs the following passage:—

"The Shakers have 18 societies [and 70 communities] in various parts of the United States, and number about 2500 members [the estimate is far too low], all of whom, as I was informed by Eldress Caroline Witcher, are *spiritualists*. The manifestations of rappings, visions, and healings, came to them in 1837, and have continued at intervals until now. James M. Peebles, so favourably known to English spiritualists, is a sympathiser with this organisation."

It is true that we sympathise deeply with the Shakers, and for the following reasons:—

1. They are all, as Eldress Caroline said, spiritualists, striving to make practical the divine principles they profess.

2. They have among themselves very superior media for trance and clairvoyance, visions and prophecies.

3. They have in their midst, no rich, no poor; no palaces nor almshouses; but thrift and abundance, "holding," as in the pentecostal day, "all things in common."

4. They excel in neatness, industry, integrity, and the cultivation of that chief of the Christian graces, charity.

5. Ignoring asceticism, and utterly unlike monks and nuns, their communities are so many spiritual families, each living and labouring for the good of all.

6. Opposing war, they are all the advocates of peace, of temperance, of good habits and good morals, rigidly practising what they profess.

7. Considering the fratricide, parricide, child-murder, solitary vice and libertinism stalking abroad in the world, would it not be well for all philanthropists to at least read Malthus, and carefully study these Believers' teachings relative to chastity, celibacy and purity of life?

Yes! We sympathise with Shakers and Quakers—with the good in Unitarianism and Mahommedanism, with the good and true—

"Wherever found
On Christian or on heathen ground."

Toleration is the mystic word of the golden age, and purity is the

passport to the harmonies of the heavenly world. "By this," said Jesus, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." J. M. PEEBLES.

New Orleans, La.

FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

THROUGH the kindness of Charles Blackburn, Esq., of Manchester, we have been permitted to make extracts from a letter received from Mrs. Hardinge, which corroborates other communications from her which have appeared in our contemporaries. Her many friends will be delighted to learn that when Mrs. Hardinge wrote, her aged mother had recovered from a very severe attack which had held her life in danger for several weeks. Respecting the phenomenal progress of Spiritualism, Mrs. Hardinge reports occurrences more extraordinary than have yet been recorded. She refers to the "great excitement which is just now taking place about a medium who resides with a family of the name of Keeler, in Moravia, New York State, and of whom accounts have been published in the *Banner of Light*. In her presence, I understand from very reliable sources, spirits show themselves bodily, and converse with their friends face to face." We have also had corroborative testimony from D. Lyman, Esq., of the Treasury at Washington, who recently visited this country and had seen the manifestations Mrs. H. refers to. The letter then proceeds to describe the great success attending the spirit photographs taken by Mumler. She observes: "I send one of mine to you, and one to Mr. Wason. On one of my plates appears the spirit of a poor girl whom I took from the streets years ago, and on the other my musical guide, Beethoven. Now Mumler does not even know I am musical, and I question if he is much acquainted with the name or character of Beethoven; certain it is, he never could have known that I took any special interest in him; nor could he by any possibility have seen or known anything about the girl whose portrait—a most excellent one—appears on the plate which, I think, is sent to Mr. Wason. I must tell you that Mumler has procured spirit pictures for persons at a distance who have just sent their photographs." We may here remark that Mrs. Hardinge had the goodness to send our contemporary, the *Medium*, a packet of these spirit photographs, which may be seen at the Progressive Library. The conditions under which Mumler receives photographs to copy from, in order to obtain the portraits of departed friends, are given in No. 89 of the *Medium*.

FROM HUDSON TUTTLE.

A CORDIAL letter from this good brother speaks of bodily exhaustion sustained from the labours of late years, in which he has brought out the "Career of the God Idea," "Career of the Christ Idea," 'The Arcana of Spiritualism," and "Career of Religious Ideas,"

which we understand is to appear soon in England and America simultaneously. Hudson retires from the editorial staff of the *American Spiritualist*, objecting to the Socialistic tendencies it presents. He says: "My Friend and Brother, we are entering a fearful state of transition, the end of which the angels alone know." Another sentence is more cheering: "Brother Peebles is almost lionised at the South." He will still continue to write in the *American Spiritualist*, which is now published weekly.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

A DIRECT SPIRIT DRAWING, THROUGH THE GLASGOW PAINTING MEDIUM.

THE peculiar mediumship of Mr. D. Duguid, of Glasgow, has caused an increasing interest from year to year ever since it was so well described by Dr. Anderson in *Human Nature* for November, 1868. The power of painting in the trance which was then presented has been succeeded by *direct* paintings, drawings, and writings, done in an inconceivably short space of time, and some of them very small in size and minute in detail.

These very wonderful productions are done in darkness immediately by the spirits themselves, without the intervention of mortal hand, and strict tests are at all times in operation to prove that the pictures are done on cards which were marked and recognised just before the light was put out. But in the case of painting, the matter is easily placed beyond dispute, for the pigments may be seen fresh and moist on the sketches.

The character of the control has also slightly altered. The two painters (Jacob Ruysdael and Jan Stein) do not control him exclusively. An ancient Persian, who says he was contemporary with Jesus, has been very busy through David's mediumship for some time, and has communicated some very interesting incidents in his life—many of these illustrative of the spiritualism of that age. Some of these chapters, we understand, have been illustrated by direct paintings and drawings by spirit artists who work in connection with the Persian's narrative.

When we visited Glasgow a year past in autumn we were present when three of these direct paintings were given, and they are now on view to the public at the Progressive Library. One of them represents a full-length portrait of this Persian, and a clairvoyant who accompanied us witnessed the artistic process, which occupied two minutes. As the portrait was painted with a background, there was no doubt as to its having been done at the time. The medium's right hand was held by Mr. Nisbet, and the experiment took place in total darkness.

A few months ago another clairvoyant deputation from this office sat with Mr. Duguid. The lady was not at all aware of the per-

sonality of the spirits controlling, but she afterwards declared that Stein had not produced all of the three pictures given, but that a glowing sunset was the work of Turner, for she said the spirit presented a different appearance to the other, and the name "Turner" was written over him in luminous letters. It is needless to say that the sketch was characteristic of that great painter, and the statement of the clairvoyant was corroborated by Mr. Nisbet, who informed the visitors that Turner did control occasionally. On that occasion a Roman figure in armour, which has been recognised by those who have seen the original in Italy, was done with dark chalk as if stencilled. The little crumb with which it was done lay on the table more like a chip of coke than material fit for an artist either physical or spiritual.

Our present purpose is to give an extract from the Persian's narrative, and describe the production of a picture in illustration of it, a very fair *fac simile* of which accompanies this number of *Human Nature*. Mr. Nisbet favoured us a few weeks ago with a view of a card on which was drawn in pencil the figures of two Brahmin priests and Indian gods. The little group drawn by the spirits, as described in the *Medium* No. 93, proved so interesting that we desired permission to have it lithographed for this magazine. The request was cordially granted, but David's guides in spirit life said they would rather produce an improved copy of it, and that accordingly a special sitting would take place on Saturday evening, Jan. 13.

HOW THE DIRECT DRAWING WAS OBTAINED.

The following letter from Mr. Nisbet gives the necessary particulars:—

"Glasgow, Jan. 14, 1872.

"Dear Mr. Burns,—I have sent off the direct drawing by post as I promised, and now I will give you some information connected with it.

"Mr. Henry Murray, Mr. Aitken, and myself, met with Mr. Duguid last night. After getting into trance, he took the piece of card-board, on which the drawing is executed, and wrapping it up in a copy of the *Medium*, put it in his breast, buttoning his coat over it; after which he was controlled by the Persian, and gave us another chapter of the narrative. The card was then taken from his breast, and laid with pencils on the table—the medium taking a seat three or four feet distant from it. The gas was turned off, and shortly thereafter we heard faint sounds as of the pencils being used. These sounds ceased after a lapse of about four minutes, and there followed a display of spirit-lights flitting about like a butterfly on the wing, and visible to all of us. While this manifestation was exciting our attention, the card was taken up and apparently whirled to and fro in the room, Messrs. Murray and Aitken receiving two or three taps on their heads, while I was touched by it on the hand and knee. We heard it fall on the table, and the signal was given to light up. This was done, and we found the card as now sent. The gas was turned out for about nine or

ten minutes. I recognised the subject of the picture at once as being that of raising a dead body to life on the banks of a river—a branch of the Ganges. You will see that Stein has introduced the two Brahmins that formed the subject of the little card-picture, and I am sure you will be unable to see the slightest difference in feature or appearance. The other two figures are the Persian and Jesus of Nazareth. Observe, also, the dimly defined figure of the spirit belonging to the body lying in the river, hovering over the wife and child.

"In reply to a remark, Stein said he had taken a painter's license in leaving out the spectators mentioned in the narrative, and given what he considered best. Having a notion of introducing dogs into his pictures, he had put in as substitutes the images of *Krishna* and *Ganesa*. You will see he has got these names written on a slab in the foreground, below which is his own name. I append the bit illustrated extracted from my journal.—Yours, &c.,

"H. NISBET."

THE SCENE ILLUSTRATED.

"On our return journey through India, we rode on camels, or elephants, as the case might be. At Agra, situated on a tributary of the Ganges, where we stayed over night, we found, on rising with the sun to resume our journey, that there was a religious ceremony taking place on the banks of the river. On reaching the spot, we observed lying in the water the dead body of what seemed to be a young and good-looking man, which, after the usual religious rites, had just been laid there by the relatives of the deceased. Beside the body sat a young woman with a little infant at her breast. The poor bereaved one sat there, more dead than alive, weeping over the bit of clay, for the spirit had indeed fled, but had not been long gone. Meanwhile the friends and relatives sat and watched on the banks, apparently to prevent her from running away. Poor woman, she was unable to move, and, in all likelihood, would soon, with her infant and the dead body of her husband, become the prey of the horrid monsters that infest the rivers of India. I had heard of such a custom, but had not till then been witness to the revolting sight. I stood and looked and pitied. But more: I saw the disembodied spirit hovering over the woman and child, and as I gazed, I saw him beckoning us to do something for them—no doubt he tenderly loved them. Turning towards my young friend, I observed he was studying the same phenomenon—I could read it in his countenance. 'My father,' he said, 'this is indeed awful! O when shall the eyes of this people be opened! O that we had men to do the work!' Then turning, he exclaimed, 'This time, at least, they shall not see the horrid spectacle. These monsters shall not find a prey.' Just then the water of the river was agitated, and the animals were seen to rise; but stretching forth his arm, they at once disappeared. Casting his eyes on the poor bereaved woman, he, in tones of compassion, called upon her to come to the shore. On this the people around got angry. They were displeased at our interference, and

were about to lay violent hands on us, when Jesus turned and looked on them. They stood stock still. The desolate woman looked up, and seemed to be drawn towards him; and on reaching him, she grasped his feet with one arm, while she held her babe in the other. In a calm and commanding voice, he said—'Daughter of the East, arise.' On saying which, he went into the river and touched the dead body of her husband. Then I beheld a sight my eyes never saw before. The spirit, which had been away for two or three days, drew nigh to the old house of clay, and at once that which lay like a log in the shallow margin of the river, rose to its feet a living man. The people on the banks were frightened, became panic-stricken, and ran off. The woman no sooner saw her living husband than she made an effort to embrace him. But quickly Jesus perceived the movement which would have damaged all, and said—'Woman, see thou do it not; wait but a little.' At length, after a short time, the young man coming to full consciousness, fell at the feet of his deliverer, and poured forth his soul in gratitude. 'I will henceforth,' he exclaimed, 'proclaim thee as the Mighty One, the Great Deliverer, the Son of the One Living and True God. This shall be my work. As one raised from the grave by thee, I will go to my fellowmen, and declare all that hath been revealed to me; for I am of the order of the priests.' Here was something new to me: the restored man, while disembodied, had seen the Prince in his glory—seen him, not as mortal eye saw him, but as a Divine One,—and had received a commission to declare the truth to his countrymen. This was the work given him to do, and he did it. The young man belonged to the caste of the Brahmins, and though not hitherto acting as a priest, he determined to take advantage of his position, and go forth as such. I will, in due time, give you some account of the work undertaken and accomplished by this young man amongst his countrymen."

Such is the picture and such the narrative respecting it. There may be much honest doubt as to the latter, but there can be no dispute as to the drawing having been obtained as stated. This history given by the Persian spirit indicates that he was the companion of Jesus during an excursion to India. The Gospels furnish no accounts of what Jesus did with himself from boyhood till he was thirty years of age. There is a supposition entertained by some that he travelled into foreign lands and learned much of the spiritual science of the time. He was also reputed to be a most powerful psychologist himself, and returned to his native land where he instituted the mighty reform recorded by the apostles or their followers, but which has been obliterated in our day by the ascendancy of that which Jesus laboured to overturn. The most difficult statement is to the effect, that a man who had been dead for a period of two or three days, was restored to life. As far as we are aware, no corroborative instances have occurred in modern times, and therefore many will doubt the statement. That portion of the religious world who indorse the account of the raising of Lazarus

will have no difficulty in the present case. The psychologist will however, observe that the spirit of the deceased man was all the while hovering over the defunct body, and it may be that the relationship between the spirit and its late tenement was not so far severed but that the positive influence of the spirit could delay decomposition, and by the powerful aid of Jesus be again reinstated in physical life.

The story is a wonderful one, and the time will be impatiently waited for till the spirits have finished their work, and instructed its custodian, Mr. Nisbet, to give it to the world.

Mr. Hamerton, the artist, who is preparing the stone to multiply authentic copies of the spirit-drawing, is an experienced artist and rapid worker, yet, he says, it took him nearly one hour to trace over the drawing in chalk. It is supposed that it took the spirits about four minutes in the first instance.

DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.*

Dr. Carpenter is an eminent student of objective nature. He knows all about screws and pulleys and mechanical contrivances; he is deeply read in weeds and snails and fossils; he has peered through the microscope at infinitesimal objects until his brain has ached and throbbed with exertion; he has deeply investigated the phenomena of physiological life, and has even discovered that there is a relationship between the will and the brain. At length he has essayed to express himself on Spiritualism. In one respect he has succeeded in this latter effort, whereas, in all others he has failed. He has succeeded in giving thorough expression to himself. He opened with Dr. Carpenter, he proceeded with Dr. Carpenter, and he concluded with Dr. Carpenter. Of Spiritualism the audience heard nothing. He neither stated its facts nor attacked them, but simply exhibited instead another phase of Dr. Carpenter. We mean by this, that every man, in speaking, gives expression to that which is within him. Now what are the organic constituents of Dr. Carpenter? Large bones and tough muscles, indicating a mechanical temperament, adapting his mind to the observation of physical facts and their relations. The brain is perceptive and causative, but strictly on the mechanical plane. The region of spiritual intuitions is peculiarly barren and devoid of living activities; hence, as to religion, the mind will be negative rather than positive, disbelieving much which usually passes for religion, and having nothing to advance in its stead. True, he has a fund of "common sense" as to the management of the skin, the stomach, and the bowels, and an eminent desire to do good and see people happy. Such is his religion, such his philosophy of existence. What sense has such a man of the spiritual; or, indeed, what can

* Dr. Carpenter delivered a lecture on Epidemic Delusions and Spiritualism in St. George's Hall, London, on Sunday, January 14. See full report in the *Medium*, No. 94, and reply in *Medium*, No. 95.

he know about it? But there are other infirmities. The head exhibits an inordinate amount of cautiousness and approbativeness, with a very small portion of self-esteem, and, notably, in that department giving independence of mind. Hence, even if he had the power to speculate, he would not be able to trust his genius out of his sight, for fear of disasters, committed in the eyes of his own short-sighted "common sense," or of Mrs. Grundy. The announcement of the Doctor's lecture called forth a large audience, which showed the importance attached to the subject in the public mind. Much disappointment was expressed at the treatment it received, and the newspapers criticised the lecturer closely, and exhibited a partiality for Spiritualism. Dr. Carpenter has offered himself up at the shrine of Spiritualism. What more can the man do? Let us be magnanimous, and thank him cordially for the sacrifice.

THE GROWTH OF THE SPIRIT BODY.

SIR,—If you can allow me a short space, I desire to correct a statement which appeared in my letter on Re-incarnation and Theology, inserted in your December number. My spirit-friends have called my attention to the error, viz., I asserted that spirits do not grow after physical dissolution. They state that I partially misunderstood them, being correct in one point of view but not in another. I am informed that when a spirit has remained in its material casket until it has attained to the full growth of man or woman's estate, it then ceases to enlarge whether embodied or disembodied, and will remain a perfect type of the physical mould in which it has been fashioned, but when dissolution occurs before the physical body has reached its full growth, the spirit continues to grow in the ethereal country until it has reached the size it would have attained had it remained the required time in the material body.—Yours, &c.,

Thackley, Jan. 15, 1872. JONATHAN PITT.

MISCELLANEA.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF RAIN.—Edward Powers, a civil engineer, of Chicago, Ill., has petitioned Congress for aid to enable him to test his method for the artificial production of rain. He wants to be furnished with 300 cannon, of not less than 24 pound calibre each, with 30,000lb. of powder to fire in them, together with an electrical battery, and other appliances, to enable him to discharge all the pieces simultaneously. In support of his theory that rain can be produced by the firing of artillery, he gives a long list of battles, including nearly every important engagement during the rebellion, each of which was followed, he alleges, by a heavy rainstorm. He also gives instances in the Mexican war, and wars in Europe, when battles have been followed by rain, and urges that it is a matter of sueh scientific importance to determine if heavy cannonading will cause showers, that the Government ought to provide

the means for conducting the experiments necessary to determine the question.—[A. J. Davis gave a plan for the artificial production of rain in his work, entitled the "Harmonial Man." The plan is far more practical than the above, and not so expensive. It is said to have been partly realised already by the laying down of telegraph and railway lines over the American continent.]

THE INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE.—The *Medical Press and Circular*, says M. Bertillon, has made a communication on this subject to the Brussels Academy of Medicine, which has been published in the *Revue Scientifique*. From 25 to 30 years of age the mortality per 1000 in France amounts to 6.2 in married men, 10.2 in bachelors, and 21.8 in widows. In Brussels the mortality of married women is 9 per 1000, girls the same, and widows as high as 16.9. In Belgium, from 7 per 1000 among married men, the number rises to 8.5 in bachelors and 24.6 in widows. The proportion is the same in Holland. From 8.2 in married men, it rises to 11.7 in bachelors, and 16.9 in widowers, or 12.8 among married women, 8.5 in spinsters, and 13.8 in widows. The result of all the calculations is that from 25 to 30 years of age the mortality per 1000 is 4 in married men, 10.4 in bachelors, and 22 in widowers.

THE SHAKER.

THIS monthly is advertised in a neat circular in the following peculiar manner:—

Most radically religious monthly in the world.
Organ of the Societies of people, called Shakers.
Teaches thorough Christianity, unbiassed by man-made creeds.
Proclaims Self-denial to be the efficacious remedy for sin.
Declares that Jesus was baptised CHRIST, and thence became the
Pattern, for all who name the name of Christ, to follow.
Gives information of Shaker life, habits, economy, success;
Theology, Prophecy, Inspirations, Revelation and Expectations.
Deprecates war either in the nation or the household.
Demands of all Christians, lives devoted to Communion of Interests.
Certifies that Celibacy is the order of heaven, and that
Marriage belongs to the Earth only, and is not practised by Christians!
Testifies against all intemperance, lusts of the flesh and worldly pride.
Inculcates true love; separation from worldly customs, politics, etc.
Claims God as Father and Mother of all souls—a duality,
And therefore, teaches the equal rights of their children, regardless
Of sex, colour, race, education, circumstances or custom.
Is a radical exponent of true Spiritualism—Shakers are Spiritualists.
Objects to riches; poverty; slavery of either mind or body.
Establishes the only true system of dietetics, and is a preserver of health.
Guarantees Salvation to all who will live as our great exemplar, Jesus, lived.
Believers all can be baptized by the same Christ Spirit, and thus
Become Saviors to the lost or fallen, first being saved themselves.
Is just the thing for the uneasy infidel and bigoted sectarian.
Loves all, means all shall be saved; teaches the way.
Every individual expecting the re-appearance of Christ, should read THE SHAKER
And learn that the SHAKERS believe, Christ's life puts an "end to the world."
Price Fifty Cents per annum, costs, and is worth one dollar.
The Shaker expects every visitor to the Settlement and Service to subscribe.

The Shaker may be obtained at the Progressive Library. A copy will be presented, gratis, with *Human Nature* for March.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

MARCH, 1872.

CREATION.

THE PROBABLE ASPECT OF FUTURE ORGANIC LIFE ON THE EARTH.

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.,
Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

II.—THE INTELLECTUAL KINGDOM.

IN our former papers we have contemplated the universe under its successive phases of development, from the asteroidal to the animal sphere, and in the last on "The Probable Aspect of Future Organic Life on the Earth," entered upon the verge of the Intellectual Kingdom. We now purpose completing this survey by some additional remarks on the latter, so as to embrace every range of being, from the so-called inorganic masses of asteroidal space, up to the highest known or conceivable forms of intellectual existence. But let us not deceive ourselves by the accustomed use of such terms as mineral, vegetable, animal, intellectual, and even spiritual, into the fond belief that these imply anything more than the successive stages of ONE great edifice of being, whereof matter is at the foundation, and mind at the summit. Let us remember that the universe is a grand serial, in which the Primal Cause is manifesting Himself in a succession of effects, and as there is thus a oneness of force and a unity of design, so is there the profoundest and most intimate relationship of parts throughout this superficially and apparently multiform and complex, but inherently and essentially simple and uniform, manifestation of being. Let us not, in weak compliance with the *feminine* philosophy of our times, be so far lost amidst the multiplicity of the circumference, as to forget the unity of the centre on which it is formed, and of which it is, in truth, but a creational expansion and result. From granite to man, we only see the time-vesture of the same spirit in its successive

transmigrations. It is everywhere the Divine in process of emergence, not so much putting on as putting off—not so much clothing as unclothing Himself, in undergoing translation from sphere to sphere of mortal and material pilgrimage. As we have already said, the process of creation is God, pervading, energising, forming, vitalising, and spiritualising Nature—his bride divine, the universal mother, whether of worlds or men. And hence it is that crystalisation is incipient organisation, and the highest organisation but a superior phase of crystalisation. Thus it is that motion is dawning life, and life in its grandest forms but matured motion. And thus it may even be said that ideas are but spiritual crystals, and the action of thought but a manifestation of intellectual movement, and this, too, not as the sages of the last century would have said, because everything is material, but conversely, because everything is fundamentally and essentially spiritual. It is their spasmodic fear of the former conclusion that renders divines so anxious to sever God from his creation, while raising the war-cry of Atheism on the one hand, and Pantheism on the other, at every attempt to unite them, or show that the latter is intimately pervaded by the former. It is this fundamental ONENESS which certain naturalists have endeavoured to shadow forth in their theory of development; and it is in virtue of it that we are enabled to so confidently predicate sexuality of all the various forms of being, from the positive and negative poles of a sun, a planet, or a metallic magnet, up to the masculine and feminine divisions of the vegetable, animal, and intellectual kingdoms. These sexual divisions being but an organic reflection of the spiritual and material spheres of this duplex universe—successive manifestations of one great and all-pervasive law, that of equably balanced and harmoniously antagonised force, whereby as from chords in duly atuned tension, the music of the spheres, that rythmic echo from the Divine order and beauty of creation is grandly evolved.

This unity between God and his creation is real, arising from aboriginal identity—that is, the latter has proceeded from the former, and not only partakes of His nature, but is in truth an extension of Himself, or, more accurately, is one of His manifold modes of manifestation. The diversity is apparent, being the result of spirit hidden under matter, and so cognisable by its vesture rather than itself. God, in short, is the eternal form of being; matter, the temporal and phenomenal. And what we see going on around us, either by our own eyes, or through the dim and discoloured spectacles of our partial and prejudiced philosophy, is the gradual emergence of the former from the tomb of the latter, by that ever-recurrent mystery—the glorious resurrection of birth. Now the speciality of the Intellectual Kingdom

consists in its being the point—or, rather, stage—at which the Divine emerges into self-consciousness after His prolonged transmigration through the manifold tortuosities of inferior, because less vitalised and less spiritualised phases of existence. This is no new doctrine. It is coeval with primal civilisation, and underlies, as their adamantine foundation of veracity, all existent creeds; the more ancient, like the Brahmanical and Buddhistic, preserving and enforcing more of its sublime truths than the later. But in none have they become wholly extinct, though in most they are faint, and in all sadly travestied by popular superstition, which has mistaken the figures of speech and symbols of initiation employed in the communication of these great mysteries, for the sublime verities of theosophic knowledge of which they were only the convenient and traditional vehicles.

And thus, then, we are brought to the especial subject-matter of the present paper—the Past and the Future of Man, the dawn and the day of the Intellectual Kingdom. And first, at what hour of this great day do we now stand? And our answer is, that we are yet but in the scarcely perceptible crepusculum, in the faintest twilight of its struggling morn. Let not this figure, however, be too severely interpreted. Behind us there is a past, geologically admeasured, of the shortest duration; yet contemplated ethnologically and, above all, historically, far more prolonged than ordinary scholars, or even men of science, are prepared to admit. As compared with any of the quadrupeds, or even the quadrumana, man is a being of yesterday, yet as compared with any of its more widely diffused varieties, the type itself is already of most respectable antiquity. The vast diversity of race is alone adequately demonstrative of this. From the Negro to the Caucasian is a tremendous stride, or rather journey, of many successive stages, whose duration can scarcely be expressed by centuries, or even millenniums. The simple fact that the former is the embryonic type of the latter, brings with it evidence of an ethnological antiquity that laughs all accepted historical chronology to utter scorn. The primal man has doubtless long since been interred with the Mastodon. The original stock has already produced many varieties, the germs, doubtless, of future species and genera, orders and classes. Now, by a comparison of these sub-species with each other, and an examination of their respective characteristics, we may be enabled to estimate their various gradations of development, and thus ascertain with approximative accuracy the general direction of the line of march. And, then, by a scientifically projected prolongation of this backwards and forwards, we may be enabled to arrive at somewhat definite and reliable conclusions as to the probably previous and more imme-

diately impending condition and characteristics of the human organism.

We have already, in a previous paper, endeavoured to demonstrate that man is the yet callow and unfledged nestling of a grandly aerial division of being—the perfected types of the Intellectual Kingdom, who will be to quadrupeds what winged insects are to worms, and birds to reptiles; and have there also shown that he is more nearly allied to the dark and unsightly roots whence he sprang, than to the gloriously beautiful blossom to which he tends; that he is yet in many of his types, and most of his individualities, more animal than intellectual in his organisation and habits. It is thus that in all his divisions he is still non-aerial, a wingless bird, bipedal but unplumed, running chicken-like on the ground, not soaring on his eagle pinions sunwards to the empyrean. It is thus that his labours are mostly physical, and his propensities predominantly sensual. And that even in organisation, in corporeal contour, and in the relative proportions of his members, he still bears such unmistakeable evidence of his animal origin and relationship. Let us not, however, sink him too low in the scale of organisation, for contemplated merely as an animal, beheld simply through his physical structure, he is obviously the perfection of his type—that is, the completion of the IDEA involved in the quadrupedal emerging in the quadrumanous, but fully manifested only in the bimanous orders.

We have already in previous papers compared the various classes with each other. Let us now, in a similar manner, compare the grander divisions of the human type, and after noting their more prominent characteristics, we may perhaps discover, if not whence they came, at least whither they tend. In descending the scale, then, from the Caucasian to the Negro, we find, as in a similar descent through the successive gradations of animal existence, that nerve diminishes in quantity and deteriorates in quality. The cerebral development is enfeebled and the ganglionic invigorated, and, as a result, alimentation and reproduction tend to predominate over thought and action, and thus the man is not so much a reflecting and working as an eating and multiplying being. The grossly corporeal functions are decidedly in the ascendant, and intellectual activity is subordinated as an instrument to the more effective pursuit of sensual gratification. As an accompaniment and sign of this inferior mental condition, the physiognomy is of the animal cast, with a flat and imperfectly developed nose, and a mouth, in width and projection, preponderant over every other feature. As a result of this prognathous character of the lower portion of the face, its bones are disproportionately large when compared with those

of the cranium. The osseous structure as a whole, indeed, is rude in form and coarse in quality, and as a necessary consequence, the corporeal outline is heavy and unartistic, the figure ill-poised, and its movements inelegant and ungraceful. From the imperfect form of the pelvis for bipedal purposes, true *human* perpendicularity is rather difficult, and generally costs a conscious effort. The feet have also a conformation which seems to show that, ethnically speaking, they have not been always used for merely walking purposes. The tendency, in short, is obviously to the quadrumanous type, and the line sufficiently prolonged would land us in an anthropoid ape.

By running up the line in an opposite direction, from the Negro through the Mongol to the Caucasian, we perceive that the tendency is to a diminution of the alimentary and an increase of the respiratory and cerebral functions. The volume of brain and circumference of chest are larger than in the lowest races. Even in the Mongol the thoracic preponderate over the abdominal viscera, while in the Caucasian proper the brain predominates over both. As a necessary result, there is in these ascending races, more intense molecular or vital action within, and as an unavoidable accompaniment, a far higher and more extensive range of dynamical action without. The Negro vegetates like a plant, the Mongol thrives like an animal, but the Caucasian lives, feels, and thinks like a man. As we ascend, in short, the tendency is less to the earthy and ponderable and more to the aerial and imponderable, less to the feminine and more to the masculine type of universal being. It is, as we have said, the Divine becoming gradually manifest by successive emergence from the womb of nature, transmigrating by a providentially-ordered series of births, till He has reached the outer limits of the intellectual kingdom.

In this mystic march the Mongol is, as we have said, at the medium stage. He has quantity but not quality, strength but not refinement. Less gross and sensual, less inert and apathetic than the Negro; but less intellectual and energetic, less moral and spiritual in his nature than the Caucasian. Ethnically speaking, indeed, he is the infant of the latter. The round face, the flat features, the squat form, and the almost beardless chin, are plainly indicative of this. He was superannuated ere history commenced, and may be regarded as a fossil of the secondary strata of human deposit, as the Negro is of the primary. In their career, as in a magic mirror we may read our own, an era of racial predominance and mundane power, and then, having lived, and wrought, and ruled our day, will come a period of slow but sure supercession, by the gradual evolution and expansion of a superior type, our own improved posterity, the world's far future possessors and masters.

But so important a being as man, the initial type of so many orders and genera yet unborn, the infant Lord, the organic promise of coming time, deserves a more detailed notice and a profounder investigation than we have yet accorded to him. We have already in a previous paper defined his place as the yet unfledged nestling of the intellectual kingdom, a few words here on this, his unclothed condition, may not, then, be altogether inappropriate. Nothing, perhaps, is more clearly indicative of the purely initial character of present humanity, than this, its ill-clad, furless and featherless condition. The well-coated quadrupeds are hairy grubs, whose gloriously robed papilio, as we have said, is yet to come. While in the gorgeous plumage of the more finished birds, we see to what the winged reptile in his translated form has already arrived. Even the aqueous ocean has produced its strongly-mailed crustaceæ and its brilliantly-scaled fishes. While man and the poor naked eel and worm are about equally conditioned in this respect—that is, if we take the earlier and under races, such as the Negro, American Indian, and Mongol, as our standard. While the state of the Caucasian infant at birth shows, on the principles of embryology, what was the primitive condition as to clothing of the whole race even at maturity. But we have, in the lowest existent type, emerged somewhat out of this. The woolly covering of the Negro is nature's first faint attempt at human vesture, something at the opposite pole, from the soft and silken curls of a high-caste Caucasian of nervous temperament. The long, straight, coarse, black hair of the Indian and the Mongol, still confined, however, almost wholly to the head, shows that her "prentice hand" has considerably improved. While in the rich feminine tresses, so beautiful in their profusion, and the powerful masculine beard of the Caucasian, we see the promise of an enrobement that may eventually rival and surpass even the far-famed plumage of the most gorgeous of the corvidæ or gallinacæ. Nor is this all, for the strong hair on the chest and shoulders of our most vigorously constituted males shows already the incipient stages of that powerful *mane,* with which, like the buffalo and the lion, this biped king of the cultivated earth is hereafter to be both adorned and defended. Nor do these indications of our coming vesture stop here, for the whole body, more especially in the strongest, the prophetic types of their race, is already covered with a rudimentary clothing that only wants geologic time to arrive at the beauty and completeness of which it is at present so faint a foreshadowment, the mere down upon the callow young of the ripely resplendent bird of paradise. It is the yearning for this which makes man a clothing animal, a fashion which we have reason to believe the higher races have taught the lower, and which is only instinctive in all its strength, inherent in all its perfection,

in the superior types, where the soul is so far developed into manifestation as to have become prophetic of its future destiny.

And shall we stop here? The most will probably say, Yes, this is quite enough, and even somewhat more than we are yet quite prepared to receive! And yet we cannot stop here, for we should thus leave man, at least in externals, and it is of these we are now speaking, a poor, ponderable, and *opaque* biped, very little better than a thoroughly reformed and elegant gorilla! He would still, *organically* speaking, be only a beautifully-formed *animal*, and not a member of the true intellectual kingdom. This, it will be remembered we have already said, is especially related to the imponderable forces, to solar light and telluric magnetism, and also to those irridescent elements, which cast their rainbow hues upon the frowning darkness of the tempest, belting the sable mantle of the storm-cloud with the glory-woven zone of eversmiling Iris, which gild the purple portals of the West, and tinge its vesper curtainry of clouds with dyes of richest opaline; that tint the rosy fingers of the morn, and weave the amber drapery of her saffron couch, and even arch the wintry blackness of the polar night with the boreal radiance of an arctic aurora. Yes, these are the elements to which the future types of the intellectual kingdom will be allied, by which they will be pervaded, and with which they will be clothed as a garment. The magnetic man, more especially during his accessions of energy, will be radiant, transparent, and buoyant; he will be an exalted humanity, transfigured and spiritualised by the finest forces in the universe. These prophecies need not excite either ridicule or astonishment, they are already in part realised facts. The discoveries of Baron von Reichenbach, which he has narrated in his Dynamics of Vital Magnetism, show that, to duly sensitive eyes, we are thus already in a measure, robed in our royal vestments, only it is not every eye that is privileged to see them. This luminous clothing is composed of odic light, emanating from the body and varying in hue according to the temperament and emotional condition of the individual. And all that is wanted to render this magnificent vesture visible even now is, either greater sensitiveness on the part of the observer, or greater energy—that is, increased radiative power on the part of the subject, both of which conditions will doubtless be fulfilled under the higher life of after times, when both the earth and her dwellers will have become more nearly solar in character, and therefore more luminous and radiant in appearance. For it must not be supposed that such beings could become common—that is, special and generic upon such a globe as ours. The house and its inhabitants, or more correctly, parent and progeny, must move onwards together, although there may be, as there have been, exceptional

and individual instances of persons under a peculiar state of mental and physical exaltation, who have temporarily approached to this condition.

It would be a great mistake, however, to stop short at vesture. Such external indications as those to which we have been alluding must be accompanied by corresponding functional modifications, implying proportionate organic changes, visibly affecting both the structure and appearance of the body. There must be a still farther increase both of respiration and cerebration, with a decrease of alimentation and reproductive fertility. This implies enlargement of the chest and diminution of the abdomen, together with more muscle and less lymph, more nerve and less blood; in other words, the proportion of the temperaments must be gradually changed, till the nervous and fibrous shall thoroughly dominate the sanguineous and lymphatic. The glands will be diminished in size and the bones in volume. Accompanying this, there must be an invigoration of all the organs which conduce to locomotion, together with an improvement in their contour and anatomical arrangements. The extremities will be smaller but more beautifully formed, the joints more firmly knit yet more delicately articulated, and the muscular elevations and depressions less rudely yet more distinctly pronounced. We see an approach to this among the "thoroughbred" both in our own and the equine types, although, probably, considerable changes must take place in the constituent elements of the earth's atmosphere, and even in its magnetic condition, ere such characteristics can become general—that is, spontaneous and natural, as being independent of particular care and culture.

But we have yet to speak of that finer portion of the organisation, on which the foregoing changes more especially depend. The volume of brain will be increased and its quality improved, and as a result, it will exercise a more potent influence than at present over both the formation and well-being of the entire organisations. The nervous system, as a whole, will also be proportionately invigorated and intensified, and exercise a corresponding power over every portion of the structure. The ears will become smaller but more beautifully formed, and the eyes more enlarged yet more deeply set and more profoundly expressive. The features will be more regular yet more elevated, their chiseling more statuesque, and the general contour of head and face more harmoniously proportioned and more accurately balanced. The sensual elements will be diminished and the moral and intellectual increased, and as a result, the physiognomy will be more earnest, yet more spiritual, more pure, and more holy, as of a translucent lamp, through which the heavenly radiance of the soul will beam with almost shadowless effulgence

undimmed by the intervening obstacles of the material organisation.

The mental attributes must correspond with this higher type of organisation. From the finer yet more vigorous development of the nervous system, sensation will be acute and perception refined beyond anything of which we can now form a conception. Such beings will attain to data necessarily hidden from us. Every sense will be an avenue for knowledge immeasurably transcending both in range and accuracy, anything of which we have yet had experience. Nature will open to them her virgin pages, on which no other eye had ever gazed. Phenomena of which we have never dreamed will be patent to their simplest inspection. Their science will laugh our pretentious philosophy to utter scorn, as the fantasies of childhood and the attainments of barbarism. Their command of natural forces will be supreme. They will have mastered the mystic spells of the universe, and made its mightiest powers the subservient agents of their meanest purposes. This act will be equal to their knowledge. Contemplating nature from so exalted a plane, beholding her harmonious forms, her radiant hues, with a clearness and precision, a sympathy and insight, to which we make not the remotest approach, they will repeat her higher revelations as we her inferior, but with an ability now proportioned to their desires, with a capacity more worthy of their conceptions. In themselves they will have models that we have never seen, and even in the vegetable and animal forms around, a grace and beauty that can never be fully revealed till the earth has mastered the conditions of her impending geological era, when even her clouds will be robed in splendour, and her sunsets attended by a grandeur and sublimity of which we have but the far-off promise and faint adumbration.

But how shall we speak of the literature, the philosophy, and the religion of beings thus richly gifted, thus nobly endowed. This is saying in effect, what will be the development of the higher moral and intellectual elements of their nature. And here, again, let us be guided in our expectations of the future by our experiences in the past. What say *facts* to so important a query? Comparing the brain of the fish with that of the reptile, and so advancing through bird and quadruped to man, we perceive that the cerebral structure of each great class is built up by superadditions to that of the type below it, and that these superadditions are in the nature of superstructures resting upon and therefore dominating the inferior stages below it. The tendency is, as in any other building, from the basilar to the coronal, from the low foundation of this living temple to its sublime and lofty cupola, from the desires of the clay to the visions of the spirit, from the passions of earth to the aspirations of heaven

Now this line of development is sufficiently prolonged to enable us to project it far into coming time with considerable confidence, and see an increasing altitude in the region of the moral sentiments, with, of course, a corresponding elevation in the manifestations to which they give birth. But this is not all, for accompanying it there is a more prominent projection and an increasing expansion of the anterior or intellectual lobe of the brain, necessarily implying a corresponding invigoration of all the higher faculties of thought and conception. These tendencies of cerebral development are demonstrated not only by the facts of comparative anatomy, but also by the sequences of embryonic development on the human subject. They are therefore doubly reliable, and afford an adamantine foundation on which to build in every speculation on the possibilities, or shall we say the inevitabilities of the future.

We might then perhaps sum this up by saying that the future types of the intellectual kingdom will be more truly human than the present, that is, they will have emerged more thoroughly out of the animal and entered more fully into the intellectual sphere. To more clearly understand and thoroughly appreciate the force even of this expression, however, it is necessary that we should here make a few remarks on the animal as contradistinguished from the human mental constitution. The animal, as regards his faculties, is on the simply physical plane of fact. He is rudely cognisant of phenomena, but almost utterly ignorant of law. He cannot ascend, with any conscious mastery, from facts to principles, and as a consequence he has to commence his tuition in every generation, *de novo*, his experiences being individual, not collective, and, as a result, the only special progress of which he is susceptible is that of organic improvement. He has no science, and is absolutely disqualified for philosophy. The reflective faculties in him are general, the imaginative are barely, if at all, existent, and he may be defined intellectually as a perceptive being. His moral nature is still lower. To the restraint of his passions, he feels not the remotest prompting. The highest emotion of which he is susceptible is affection. He exists morally on the plane of desire, this being in perfect correspondence with the simply perceptive character of his intellect. Now, from the foregoing definitions it must be obvious that a large proportion of mankind, both civilised and savage, have a considerable leaven of the animal nature in their composition. They are, in short, superior animals, rather than veritable men. It is pre-eminently the prerogative of the intellectual kingdom to ascend from facts to principles, from phenomena to the laws on which they depend. Nor is the interior consciousness limited to the real and experimental, for, in addition to this, it owns the

magnificent domainé of the ideal and imaginative. Philosophy and poetry are its natural, we might say its necessary products, while its physical experience ever tends to crystalise into science. We may define the mental diversity of the two kingdoms thus far, by saying that the animal is solely concrete, and the intellectual, in addition, partially abstract—that the former is wholly experimental, while the latter is also in part creative. But if there be this difference in the faculties, there is a still wider diversity in the moral sentiments. We have said that those of the animal are germal—this is more especially true of those which are central and anterior, and which constitute the noblest endowments in man, to whom a regulation of the impulses by higher considerations, and an aspiration for a superior existence to anything possible in time, are perfectly natural, that is, in proportion as he is a man and not a brute. Religion is a normal product of his moral and intellectual constitution—it is the blossom of his being, dark and gloomy, ferocious and cruel in proportion as his passions bear sway, bright and hopeful, mild and benevolent, as the superior sentiments and higher faculties become gradually unfolded. We may sum this diversity up by saying, then, that the animal kingdom is devoid of moral sentiment, while the intellectual is peculiarly endowed with it—that the former has no aspirations beyond the actual and material, while the latter is ever prone, as by a resistless proclivity, to the ideal and the spiritual. The first is a phase of being on a level with time and space, the last ever experiences a moral magnetism towards the eternal and the infinite, this being in perfect accordance with their intellectual diversity, in virtue of which the one is concrete and the other abstract.

It must be very obvious from the foregoing definitions that man's mind, as we have said, like his body, is yet far from having attained to the true standard of the intellectual kingdom. In most, the animal elements still preponderate. They are creatures of perception, rather than reflection—of emotion, rather than principle. This is true even of the noblest races and in the most civilised countries, but what shall we say to those that are barbarous and even savage? If true of the Caucasian, how much more applicable to the Turanian and Negroid types of our race? Indeed, man is not yet fully born, and is only emerging feebly from the pupa case of animal organisation. Enough, however, has been realised to show the tendency and enable us to predict the aspect of his human future, when those who are now the exceptional few shall have become the rule, and men whom we should now speak of as endowed with the highest genius, whether for profound and logical thought or vivid and creative

imagination, will simply fall into the rank and file of the great army of mind. But there is a yet higher condition than this in reserve for the still more exalted humanity of a far distant future. This is the inspired or intuitive state of the radiant man when, having ascended through perception and reflection to the third plane of intellectual existence, he will cognise abstract truth, as we now see physical facts, by a direct insight, rendering him quite independent of the labour involved in the conscious processes of deduction. This mental illumination, so rare with us that its subjects have generally been esteemed as prophets, and have, in not a few instances, been the founders of widespread and enduring faiths, will be at first occasional, and ultimately habitual with them. Such transfigured beings, clothed with light as a garment, moving volitionally through the empyrean, and knowing, thinking, and feeling at a moral and intellectual altitude, as inconceivable to us as our condition is to the animals, would seem to us angelic and even divine. In very truth, they will be children of the light, and in a higher sense than any yet known sons of God, bearing in every feature of the body and every characteristic of the mind, in every attribute, external and internal, structural and mental, the impress of their higher relationship—the stamp of their paternal parentage.

It is a sublime and solemn, yet cheering thought, that such a pure and exalted phase of existence as that which we have been pourtraying, and for which the earth must wait her slowly revolving millenniums, till she too shall have become a glorified bride of the Eternal, and put on her wedding vesture of radiant fire, probably even now exists in all its plenitude of power and splendour, of intelligence and inspiration, on that bright orb, our solar centre, whose morning beams, with their mild and cheering effulgence, daily awaken us from the passivity of slumber to the full consciousness of life and action. There is not only the realised prophecy of the earth, but also of her radiant children. They are what we shall be in a futurity whose distance defies expression. Basking in the shadowless splendour, and pervaded by the intense emanations of their powerful and glorious SIRE, they must have already emerged out of the ponderability, opacity, and feminity of matter, into the lightness, luminosity, and masculinity of spirit, and are thus symbolical of creation returning to its celestial perihelion of life and beauty, after its terrible baptism of death and darkness amidst the remoter distances of its aphelion. It is the repentant prodigal robed in his *Father's* vesture, and restored to his royal birth-right and regal prerogatives, as the son and heir of a heavenly king. It is the MALE element, that is *Spirit*, emerging by its true re-birth, after manifold transmigrations, from the *material* envelopment of matter,

and assuming as it approaches maturity the outward insignia and inherent power of its essential character as the formative, energising, vitalising, and truly *Divine* force of the universe.

Having thus contemplated the intellectual kingdom in some of its grander outlines, we purpose in the next and concluding paper on this subject to enter somewhat more minutely into its species, genera, and orders than was possible within the limits of a single article.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL ON SOCIAL FREEDOM.

By Hudson Tuttle.

(*From the American Spiritualist.*)

[In January we gave a sketch of Mrs. Woodhull, from the pen of Theodore Tilton. We have not in any way identified ourselves with her mission, nor do we pretend to know what it is, not having read any of her speeches. These utterances, it seems, are creating quite an excitement in America, not only amongst spiritualists, but in the public mind generally. Mrs. Woodhull's moral character is being grossly attacked by one party, and defended by another. We have never heard anything worthy of credence against her moral character, but much to admire. But it is not with her personally, but with her views we have to deal, and these, it would appear, she rather misrepresents. We feel impressed that Mrs. Woodhull is commissioned with a gospel to humanity, the burden of which she does not at all clearly comprehend. She advocates a free, an undictated expression of love; but how to achieve such a desirable result, she has evidently not the slightest idea. All sociologists will thank Hudson Tuttle for taking the matter up, which he treats in his usually clear and comprehensive manner. The question of marriage is one that underlies the science of Man in its social application, and we are glad to be able to present such arguments respecting it as those given below. Evidently Mrs. Woodhull has achieved some good, if only in calling forth such a criticism. Two heads are better than one, and differences of opinion elicit truth.]

As a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and on a notorious career for the White House, it does not appear affectation for the speeches and memorials of this lady to be issued in the style of public documents. Different, however, from our public servants, she publishes at her own expense, and it is to be hoped that, when she gets the power, she will recommend this reform; for as no one reads, or cares to read the official speeches

which deluge mails, it is just that their authors pay the expense of putting their names and platitudes in print. In harmony with its dress, this effort at Steinway Hall is not a *lecture* but a *speech*, and has created so much discussion, that it is evidently far from egotistical to state in black letter on the title-page, that it was delivered to 3,000 people, although the night was rainy, and hundreds more were unable to gain admission. All these points, however, are matters of taste, and do not affect the contents of its solid pages.

By authority we learn that like all her other writings, this speech was dictated by august personages in the spirit-world, whether Demosthenes or no, is not reported. We hope not, for *now* we idealise the great orator, whose fiery words, spoken in the purest and strongest of tongues, swayed the destinies of Greece. If this be his production, which essays the bungling method of our public documents, mistaking circumlocution for accuracy, it does not speak well for the best of Greece, or the benefit of the two thousand years of culture.

If such a source is claimed for this speech, in order to gain influence with the masses through their superstitions, it should receive severest censure. We only accept it for what it claims on its title, as a speech by Mrs. Woodhull, and consider her quite capable of its production in her normal condition.

In this speech she advocates Free Love (which she always writes with capitals) boldly and fearlessly, and the abolition of the present marriage institution. She performs this delicate and unpopular task with a thoroughness that leaves little more to be said. As religious and political freedom have been found beneficial, "the necessary corollary" to them is "social freedom." Here, at the outset, we wish she had clearly defined what she means by the word love. Had she, it would have made her subject, now so obscure, less difficult to comprehend; and perhaps she herself would not have fallen into the fallacious reasoning in which she is drawn. She uses it with every shade of meaning, from passion to the pure quality, which is its antithesis. She claims to be misunderstood, and perhaps is so by the press, but she must blame herself for want of clearness. Now, we must closely compare her sentences to gain an understanding of her ideas. If the common interpretation of Free Love be held, it is at once said that nothing of the kind is intended. Not passion, or lust, but pure, Christ-like love, the essence of Christianity, is the definition of the word. This is extremely plausible and allays suspicion, for such love "which goes forth to bless," receives the just homage of the world. But this cannot be its meaning, for as such love cannot infringe on the rights of others, it is always encouraged, never restricted, and by no law or opinion

is it in the least embarrassed. She does not use the word in this sense, except when glossing her subject by declaiming on the beauties of that Christ-like quality. The love embodied in the words, "Free Love," means sexual attraction, or what has been designated "conjugal love," else there is no meaning in her argument. That it is not pure friendship or platonic love, her definition of marriage forbids, wherein she says: "They are sexually united, to be which is to be married by nature, and to be thus married is to be united by God." The union of animals, then, is marriage as well as the union of man and woman. Farther, she says: "Without love there should be no marriage. . . . . This basic fact is fatal to the theory of marriage for life; since if love is what *determines* marriage, so also should it determine its continuance."

She constantly uses the word in this sense, as where she says: "True love, then, is the law by which men and women of all grades and kinds are attracted or repelled from each other. . . . It is the natural operation of the *affectional* motives of the sexes, unbiassed by *any* enacted law or standard of public opinion. . . . It is the opportunity which gives the opposites in sex the condition in which the laws of chemical affinities raised into the domain of the affections can have unlimited sway, as it has in *all* departments of nature, except in enforced sexual relations among men and women." It can exist only between "men and women;" it is the "motives of the sexes;" it is "chemical affinity, raised into the domain of the affections," and must be distinct from the Christ-love, which is confounded with it in her argument. She gives love a still lower meaning in the following passage:—"Suppose, after this marriage has continued an indefinite time, the unity between them depart, could they any more prevent it than they could prevent the love? It came without their bidding, may it not also go without their bidding? And if it go, does not the marriage cease, and should any third person or parties, either as individuals or as government, attempt to compel the continuance of a unity wherein none of the elements of union remain?"

An essential fallacy lies at the foundation of her argument, in her assumption that our social relations are beyond the law. She enlarges the rights of the individual until all allegiance to the whole is lost. She would have absolute political and religious freedom, just as she would have absolute social freedom. If the two former were as absolute as she desires the latter to be, we ask, What would be the use of laws which are the restrictions placed by the whole on the individual? There can be no absolute religious freedom in the sense of the absence of all restriction. What those words mean is, the individual shall be protected in those rights which do not conflict with the rights of

others, and that government is the most free which performs this task the most perfectly. Social freedom, then, does not mean the freedom from all restraint, but from such as interfere with individual rights. These three, according to Mrs. Woodhull, "are the Tri-unity of Humanity," and she is strangely inconsistent in wrenching the social term from its amenability to law, to which she so justly holds the others. When she says, "Yes, I am a Free Lover, I have an inalienable, constitutional, and natural right to love whom I may, to love as *long*, or as short a period as I can; to *change that love every day* if I please, and with that right neither you, nor any *law* you can frame, have *any* right to interfere," we cannot reconcile it with her statement in her work on "Government," and in the first part of her speech. A great conflict has existed ever since the beginning of any form of Government whatever, between individual rights and the rights of the whole—a conflict made vivid to the present generation in its highest form, in "State rights," as opposed to the rights of the general government. Absolute tyranny, as exhibited in an autocrat is one extreme, and individual sovereignty, the individual acknowledging no superior, is the other. The more perfectly these two conflicting tendencies are united, so that the individual shall be protected in all his rights by the very act of yielding his individuality to the whole, the better the government. In her work referred to, she speaks of the just principles of government as follows:—

"No individual of it can say to the body itself, I have functions and rights peculiarly my own, which, if they are not such as your general power can recognise as contributing to the general good, you cannot interfere with them. The member in becoming such, merges its functions and powers with the general functions and powers of the whole body. . . . . The very nature of the compact is, that each and every part is joined in a system of mutual and reciprocal interdependence, to which general system no member can set up for itself any system peculiarly its own, in contradistinction or opposition to, or to interfere with, the general system. . . . . It must again be observed that when several parts or powers are organised into one, no power less than the whole has authority therein; for in consenting to the union at first, all absolute individuality is forever waived—the individual is no longer simply an individual power, but forms a part of the common power.

"It is necessary, therefore, that the governing power must be invested by the government with the necessary control to compel them into harmonious action, so that no antagonism may arise to divert the tendency to unity of purpose. It must not be supposed that a self-constituted, absolute power is argued for; but this power shall be one fashioned and organised by and with the consent of the people, who knowing their weakness, and acknowledging it in their sober and wiser moments, shall recognise the necessity of it, *to compel them, if need be*, to act with the general whole, for the general good, even if it seemingly militate against the individual good, and shall be of sufficient strength and diffusiveness to regulate all the movements within the body of society."

In her speech she emphasises this position :—

"The most perfect exercise of these rights [those of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,] is only attained when every individual is not only protected in his rights, but also *strictly restrained* to the exercise of them in his *own* sphere, and *positively* prevented from proceeding beyond its limits, so as to encroach upon the sphere of another, unless that other first agree thereto.

Leaving the reader to harmonise these directly conflicting positions, we ask what marriage really is? We are not satisfied with the low definition she places upon it. She pronounces it a logical sequence, that "if *love* have anything to do with marriage, that *law* has nothing to do with it; and, on the contrary, if *law* have anything to do with marriage, that *love* has nothing to do with it." Marriage, then, is entirely made by law in the present state of social affairs! This is certainly a strange view. The law does not make marriage, it only sanctions it. It takes for granted that the parties have entered understandingly into the compact, and, by sanctioning it, protects them and their offspring in their rights. Although protesting against the laws of marriage, and demanding perfect freedom, Mrs. Woodhull inadvertently remarks :—"Marriage laws that would be consistent with the theory of individual rights, would be such as would regulate these relations, such as regulate *all other* associations of people. They should only be obliged to file marriage articles, containing whatever provisions may be agreed upon, as to their personal rights, rights of property, of children, or whatever else they may deem proper to agree upon." She seems to wholly forget that, even in the latter method, the forms of law are complied with, and a legal marriage effected; and the divorce, which she claims, should be gained by the simple filing of counter articles, is also a legal process. After claiming for marriage a sphere above all law, she would sanction it by law as effectually as it is by the present statute! but she would add free divorce.

The reasonings which flow from the examination of the condition of society, should all marriage laws be abolished, are of the same sophistical character. If after marriage one of the parties love elsewhere, it is said to be the duty of the other to be willing to allow its mate to follow its inclinations; for if it loves, and has its love returned, why then preventing the union will make *two* miserable instead of one happy by remaining, and this one should not be happy in selfishly holding a love that desires to go elsewhere. It need not be told that such fickleness is not pure love, but is of the passions; and it seems to us far more just that the party who finds his love drawn elsewhere should sacrifice his or her inclinations to duty, than compel the other to self-sacrifice. But throughout the entire speech there is not

an allusion to duty. Happiness is held up as the main object of life; and the essential element of happiness, freedom to follow the inclinations. Repeatedly asserting that the individual has no right to infringe on the rights of others, Mrs. Woodhull maintains the right in the social relation for one party to completely crush all rights of the other. She regards marriage in whatever legal sense it may have, as a loose civil contract, which either party can revoke by a word, forgetting that in even the least contract, as two parties are concerned, so two are essential to annul it. Marriage may be a civil contract, but it is more; it essentially differs from all other civil contracts. The contracting parties, if they fail, cannot by any pecuniary compensation make the contract good, nor can they fulfil their obligations to the children who are direct results of such contract, and equally interested with the parties themselves. It is folly to say, "This is a matter that concerns these two, and no living soul has any right to say aye, yes, or no," &c.

If the matter was simply friendly love, of course not an objection could be raised, but it is not. Marriage looks forward to children, and society through the law seeks to protect itself. It seeks to hold each responsible for their own actions, and if they enter the marriage relation and propagate children, compel them to care for them. This is simple justice. How can father or mother care for them without the union and basis of a home? How can they if one or both are seeking their "congenial affinities?" To the question: When two individuals are married, and one ceases to love, and is attracted elsewhere, what is to be done? we should not reply, Let "attraction" determine, for if the truant is held, all then may be unhappy, while if allowed to go, two at least will be happy, and the deserted one should be advised to "take on yourself all the fault that you have not been able to command a more continuous love—that you have not proved to be *all* that you once *seemed* to be." Mrs. Woodhull sadly entraps herself in her own sophistry here. If, as she claims, each should dictate their own actions, why does she dictate to the deserted party? The gratifications of the "attractions" of one party overweighs all the rights of the other. How does she know the following of such attractions will result in greater happiness? Experience teaches that the usual termination is misery and regret. The "pursuit of happiness," which is held up as the main object of life, can scarcely be recognised as a virtue, for to seek happiness for its own sake is the sheerest selfishness, and in that way never can be gained. It is only received as a result. When we are told that true marriage does not depend on the intellect, we can better receive these unreasonable statements: 'This marriage is performed without special, mutual volition

upon the part of either, although the intellect *may* approve what the affections determine—that is to say, they marry because they love; and they love because they can neither *prevent* nor *assist* it." The reason has nothing then to do with it, as it "*may*" or "*may*" *not* approve. The parties are to be governed by attraction or affinity, just as the elements are, and run together without knowing why or wherefore (p. 38). This doctrine culminates in the following passage, which reveals the terrible abyss to which it tends: "The results, then, flowing from operations of the law of Free Love, will be *high, pure,* and *lasting,* or *low, debauched,* and *promiscuous, just in degree* that those living on high or low scales of sexual progress; while each and all are strictly natural, and therefore legitimate in their respective spheres." In another passage she says that we must not only accord this freedom, "but must protect them in such use until they learn to put it to better use." In other words, after all restricting laws are abolished, we must protect the foulest manipulation of the "love nature," because, forsooth, it is foul through "ignorance," and should be protected until it learns better. She relieves this black statement by saying that she is "fully persuaded that the very highest sexual unions are those that are monogamic, and that these are perfect in proportion as they are lasting," but she recognises no necessity for this relation, in fact, to those who unite on a lower plane, fleeting unions are "strictly natural" and "legitimate."

When it is claimed that "the *chief* end to be gained by entering into sexual relations" is "good children, who will not need to be regenerated," and, of course, true marriage looks forward to them as its consummation; where marriage is sexual union, the results of which necessarily are offspring. We ask if they are so justly of consequence in the perfection of the contract, how can they be so absolutely ignored in its discontinuance? By what logic does Mrs. Woodhull affirm "the individual affairs of two persons are not the subject of interference of any third party, and if one of them choose to separate, there is no power outside of the two which can rightly interfere to prevent"?

To show the practical workings of such principles, suppose a husband and wife have devotedly loved each other for a long series of years. They have a family of sons and daughters, some of whom have taken high social and intellectual positions, others still remain with them, to cheer and make sunny the downward slope of life. We need not surround this subject with the halo of rhetoric, for inherent nobility of such a union, with its surroundings, is only concealed by the words which seek to express it. But this scene is disturbed. The father is "attracted" from the mate who has met the battles of life by his side. Mrs.

Woodhull says to him, monogamy is the highest, but all varieties of love are "natural" and "legitimate." You must follow your attraction, while the "intellect *may* oppose," or may not; and to his suffering mate she pours out this balm: "Take on yourself the fault that you have not been able to command a more continuous love," &c.

This talk of blind love is most disastrous. If it have no eyes of its own, it should be led by the reason. Passion *is* blind, and it is "natural" for the animal to be controlled by the instinct it confers. The animal man feels its force in the same manner; but man is man by virtue of his intellect. This new element at once lifts him from the domain of the animal. He is no longer to be governed by his "instinctive attractions," but reason decides his conduct, and the perfection of its government is the test of his character.

What does the intellect say to the truant partner in the above instance? "You grossly mistake the elements of happiness. The 'attraction' you feel is the fevered awakening of instinct, and should be suppressed. The rights of your partner, the rights of your children, the duty you owe them all and yourself, demand of you to place the heel of your intellect on the neck of this viper, whose breath will blast the work of your whole life."

"But," it is said, "free love means pure affection," and if left unrestricted, all the many miseries which now exist in marriage would be swept away. The murder of Richardson and Crittenden are held up as examples of the "spirit of the marriage law," and, if all had been free, could never have occurred. Here is revealed the fatal miscomprehension of human nature. It is not the "spirit of the marriage laws" which is responsible, but human nature, and until it change, no matter under what system we live, it will in like manner manifest itself. If the freedom claimed be given, will the number of brutal men and women be lessened? Will not the passions be just as strong? and, if so, would not their manifestations be the same?

If the laws against robbery were abolished, would not there be as many robbers, and would property be safer? If the laws against rape were abolished, would it be more safe for women to place themselves in the power of brutal men?

Our space will not admit of the examination of all the positions taken in this speech, each of which, as involving a special fallacy, requires separate examination.

We cannot, however, dismiss the work without noticing the good words she has to say of marriage. She does not anticipate the social anarchy which others think would flow from the practical application of her views. She says, "I give it as my opinion, founded upon an extensive knowledge of, and intimate acquaint-

ance with married people, if marriage laws were repealed, less than *one-fourth* of those now married would immediately separate, and that *one-half* of them would return to their allegiance voluntarily within one year; only those who, under every consideration of virtue and good, should be separate, would permanently remain apart." Marriage is not such a bungling affair after all, if, in spite of all its restrictions, seven out of eight get so perfectly mated that they are satisfied?

Mrs. Woodhull makes a strong point in depicting the abuses of marriage. These, however, prove nothing in her hands. It is not claimed that our laws or methods are perfect. Abuses exist, and there are cases of great suffering, but according to her these are exceptional, seven-eighths of all married people being so happily mated, they would not separate if all the laws were removed. Under the present system, pecuniary considerations sometimes dictate marriage; rarely parents insist on such unions, but without the least legal right so to do. Would not wealth enter into "attractions" if laws were abolished? Would not the gold of the old man weigh against the beauty of the woman, and if she were willing to receive such equivalent, would not such unions still be formed? It is childish to cry that it is wrong, and urge a special measure for its cure when the cause lies in human nature itself, and not in any system.

It is as logical to refer prostitution to the marriage laws as burglary and murder to the laws framed to prevent those crimes. In neither case is perfect exemption obtained, nor are the laws perfect in their structure or application, yet so long as a portion of society trespass on the rights of others, such laws will be necessary. The question applies to society as it is, not as it should be; to human nature in its present imperfect state, not to angels. If man were perfect, the most erroneous theory could have no influence, for he would invariably do right. Man is not perfect, and therefore untruthful theories and doctrines exert a pernicious influence, and their promulgation should always be regretted. More especially is this the case in the social relations when the most usurping instinct is held in abeyance—when the stimulus to wrong-doing is so strong, and an excuse so desirable. Mrs. Woodhull is not responsible for these doctrines; they are very old, indeed, and she is guiltless of a single addition to them, a new idea in relation thereto, or the least originality in their presentation. Like all her predecessors whose ideas she repeats, she seems innocently ignorant of human nature, the facts of history, and the province of law.

[The Editor of the *American Spiritualist* adds the following note:—"We give space to the foregoing lengthy criticism of Mrs. Woodhull's Steinway Hall lecture, by Brother Tuttle, be-

cause nothing is more needed to-day, on all subjects, than fair, high-minded, friendly criticism. We consider both Mrs. Woodhull and Hudson Tuttle abundantly able to argue this great question intelligently. Let us have, if possible, its last analysis.—A. A. W.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REVELATION.*

By J. W. Farquhar.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

"Their direction is gone through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."—Psalm xix. 1-4.

This quotation from a good old book speaks of a divine revelation which, I may venture to say, no one here disputes to be a plenary inspired word of God. No objection can be made, in this instance, to want of universality, for there is no speech nor language in which the voice of sun, moon, and stars, is not heard. It cannot be said that there are any errors of transcription, because every word and every letter is just as it was originally written by the hand of the Author. No mistranslation, for every people, tribe, and family on the face of the earth read the book in its original language. It is all but universal, for there are some now living, and some who have lived, on the earth, in every age and country, who have never seen it. Those who have been born blind as to the natural sense, and have remained in that condition, have yet had sufficient faith in human testimony to believe that their more fortunate friends speak the truth when they endeavour to describe the glories of the firmament. But suppose the case reversed. Suppose the blind to be the great multitude and the seers as few as the blind now are, what then? We can all imagine the result. The blind apprehend sensible objects by the sense of touch, which is a sense so much confined to space that they can have personal knowledge merely of such part of the surface of an object as is actually in contact with the fingers, or whatever part of the body touches the substance. The reasoning of such an overwhelming majority would be unanswerable. 1st, They would say, to become sensible of an object some part of the body must be in immediate contact with the object; but here are some insane or lying people who profess to be able to touch a house, a tree, or a mountain, many miles distant from the body, and not merely such small part of the distant object as that portion of the face which touches can cover, but the whole of the object, even when many hundred times larger than the human body. 2nd, They profess to touch with the same part of the face (why not with the fingers, the proper organs

* An Address delivered at the Sunday Services for Spiritualists, Cavendish Rooms, London, on Sunday evening, Jan. 28, 1872.

of perception) what gives warmth to the air, which burning substance, they say, is so far above our heads that if we could build up for hundreds of years we could not reach it, when we all know that there is nothing above us but the air that surrounds us, unless it be the place from whence the rain, snow, hail, and thunder comes. Such reasoning would be unanswerable, but the facts would remain the same, viz., that those who are blind cannot see, and that those who see, perceive what is seen according to their position in relation to the object of vision. In further confirmation of this fact, I narrate a history as true as any to be found in the pages of that most veritable Greek historian, Æsop, who is far more reliable than the "father of history," Herodotus, some of whose statements may be and have been questioned; but who ever doubted the history of that wolf, who acted as prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner, against the lamb, who, in its own person, or in the person of its father, mother, or grandfather, it did not matter which, troubled the waters of the brook?

In that well known historic period—"Once upon a time"—one of the islands of the Pacific was inhabited by a tribe of simple people who had never seen any larger vessel than their own canoes. One day a chief, when walking by the sea, saw what appeared to be a large piece of wood, but on reaching the spot where it lay, he found that, from its shape and smoothness, it could not have been broken off a tree. On further handling, one part separated from the other, for it was a box, and the lock and hinges had got loose through dashing against the coral reefs. Within lay something, the like of which he had never before seen. It was round and long like the handle of a war-club, but much smoother and more finely polished. On taking it to his people, their priest at once pronounced it to be a very powerful fetish which had come to them from the sky. In order that images of it might be made, it was more carefully examined. This led to several important discoveries. By holding one end firmly and pulling the other, it grew to more than twice its length, and it seemed to be quite open at both ends. This fact led to the most wonderful of all discoveries, for one, on looking through to see if there might not be something inside, found that a distant hill to which it happened to be pointed was now so close to the eye that the seer thought it had come up to fall on him, and he, dropping the instrument, fled. When he recovered his presence of mind he told the cause of his terror. This was so incredible, for no one else had seen the mountain move, that he was ridiculed, although all began to be a little afraid of their new god. At length, one courageous native took up the glass and looked through at the hill, describing what he saw, and as the mountain really did not come up to crush them, each became eager to see through the wonderful fetish. Then it was directed to all sorts of earthly objects by day and of celestial objects by night. Various but vain attempts were made to make another like it. It must, therefore, have come from the sky. The former idols were

now too common-place for any but the lowest and most stupid of the tribe. All went well for some time, until one enterprising genius tried the effect of applying his eye to the large end of the tube. What he saw, which was verified by others using the same means, broke up the tribe into three parties. One sect, called by its opponents the "Small Ends," contended that what brought the hills and the stars nearest must be the work of a good spirit, while what removed them to a greater distance was as clearly from an evil one. Therefore the fetish must have had two makers. The other side agreed as to the two sources, but reversed their relative work, for, they contended, was it not more reasonable to suppose that a good spirit had made the large end and an evil one the smaller; besides the small end evidently told a lie, since the stars were not so near nor so large as it represented. The third, or rational division, maintained that the whole thing being of double tongue, must be the work of an evil being. For if its origin had been good, every man would have been born with such a thing fitted to his eye, or they would have grown as fruit upon the trees. Besides, as even the "Small Ends" admitted, while it professed to bring a distant hill or tree so near as to make us think we could touch it with our fingers, we have always to walk as far as ever before we can reach the object. The work of a good spirit could never be of double tongue; saying at one time "the stars are very near—nearer than you had thought of," and at another, "they are far more distant than you had supposed. No, we shall believe our eyes, which the good spirit did make. *They* never tell us one thing one hour and the very opposite the next. The fetish is evil and ought to be destroyed, or it will bring evil upon us. Let us return to the old gods who, if they do not tell wonders, have no double tongue. This thing is false at both ends."

In such a primitive state of society men are eminently practical, and these destructionists, as they were called by the other sects, would have broken the instrument to pieces had it not been carefully guarded by its worshippers. Their contests led to frequent and fierce fights, and there seemed to be no prospect of peace amongst them. At last, some natives of a distant island arrived in a canoe, bringing with them a stranger who, some time before the great discovery, had, with others, reached the island from whence he had just sailed in an open boat. He had been long enough with the natives to learn so much of their language as to enable him to understand them and to be understood by them. As the new arrival was cordially welcomed and kindly treated by the chiefs of this island on his arrival, he resolved to remain with them rather than return to the place at which he had first landed. When the new fetish was produced, he started, and suddenly exclaimed, "My telescope!" The people saw at once that he recognised their deity, and supposed that the speech they had just heard was a prayer or invocation to his god. When he had explained that by the magic words, he claimed special property in the instrument,

their faces changed towards him. "Belonged to him! certainly not; it had come from the skies. Give it up! No, even the destructionists would not consent to such a proceeding. Rather destroy it, for, he being acquainted with its powers, might use it against them. Give it up to him! No; they would—not die, but kill him rather." However, he speedily pacified them, and regained their good will by at once relinquishing all claim to the instrument, and promised to tell them everything he could about its origin and properties. It was one of the fetishes of his country, made by the direction of a good spirit, named Science, and, in a very true sense, came from above. "But, then," urged the destructionists, "it tells lies; our eyes surely speak the truth, and it contradicts our eyesight. Not only so, but one end says the other is a liar. They cannot both speak truly." "Yes," the traveller answered, "they are all true. Your eyes certainly tell you the truth, and, as you say, if the great spirit had intended that you should see always differently from what you now do, he would have made your eyes in a different manner. They tell you that a hill is so far distant from where you stand, and that the moon and stars are just the size you see. All is as they tell you from the place on which you inquire of them. This telescope is a prophet, and answers your questions not according to what is, but to what might be. It tells no lies. When you place the small end to the eye it understands you as saying, 'O telescope, tell us how yonder hill would appear if I were six hours journey nearer it?' And it answers your question truthfully. Put the large end to your eye, and you ask, in its language, how the distant hill would appear if you were still further from it than you now are, and you see exactly how it would appear. Look at that cocoa-nut tree in the distance; your eye tells you it is a tree, but it does not tell you how many nuts are on it. Take the instrument, and it not only shows the tree more plainly, but you can see every nut upon the tree. Walk up to it and you will find it has told you the truth."

There is no need for the present purpose to carry the apologue further. The important truth to be enforced by it is, that every view, whether of natural or of spiritual truth is relatively correct, due regard being had to the position of the seer. Sun, moon, and stars, as seen by the natural eye from the earth, have just that magnitude which we see; there is no deception in that. We must believe our eyesight. But if, from the appearance of those objects as seen from the surface of the earth, we should infer that just so they would appear to us if they were a million miles nearer, we would be manifestly in error. The physical sight is accurate, the reasoning is fallacious. It is right to reason from the known to the unknown, but to reach firm ground we must go carefully over all intermediate steps. The physical senses are trustworthy if kept strictly to their own province, which, relatively to the mental, and still more to the spiritual faculties, is very limited. They are the handmaids of reason, and ought ever to be subservient to their mis-

tress. When an anatomist says I have searched every part of the human body, even with a microscope, and have not been able to discover any trace of the soul, he speaks the truth. There let him stop, or if he must draw an inference from his researches, let it be that the soul must be something beyond the province of the scalpel and the microscope. If he says there *is* no soul or I must have found it, we have in the assertion or such evidence of his folly as to make us doubt whether he can possibly be a good anatomist. Certainly he is not likely to make any new discovery, even in his own limited range of science.

There is also a species of reasoning no less unwise, though of an opposite kind. One has attained to the perception of a new truth, or a new light has dawned on some old truth, transfigurating it, and he thinks his less favoured neighbours should at once see the truth exactly as he sets it before them. So they should, and so undoubtedly they would, if their mental organisation, their training, and associations, were precisely the same. If in every respect they stood precisely as he stands, they would perceive as he perceives. This fallacy is the foundation-stone of sectarianism. Whatever church or society builds on it is a sect, should its numbers form a majority of the inhabitants of the world, and should every article of its creed, except the written or unwritten sectarian clause, be true. It is needful and right that religionists should form themselves into societies according to their respective faiths or their various views of spiritual truth. In so doing, they are no more sectarian than are families who live in different streets. But when, even in thought, any man contemns another because of difference in creed, he becomes, in that very act, a sectary, for he cuts himself off from humanity in one or other of its stages of progress heavenward. As Hood has said:—

> "Intolerant to none,
> Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
> Even the poor Pagan's homage to the sun
> I would not lightly scorn, lest even there
> I spurned some elements of Christian prayer—
> An aim, though erring, at a world ayont—
> Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,
> A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed
> That very thing which *many Christians* want—
> Humility."

There is just one word in those lines to which exception may be taken.

> "An aim, though *erring*, at a world ayont."

The aim is not erring, for the instinct is true—is heaven-born, that directs it. Relatively imperfect worship it is undoubtedly, but it is the best he can give, and is a step upward on the same ladder which Jacob saw in vision, and down which the angels descend to lead their brethren homeward. The child-woman's affection for and care of a waxen or wooden image of humanity is not an erring but a true aim at the higher love and duties of maternity. It is

the germ of the motherly instinct, which it would be more than cruel to crush, and even the attempt to change its form until the right time has come might be perilous. We all acknowledge that the lichen on the stone is a form of divine life as well as the oak or the palm tree; that the same hand which formed the elephant also made the animalcule. Each plant and animal, from the lowest to the highest, has its appointed place and use on some round of the ladder of physical life. So every form of faith, from those which it would require a spiritual microscope of very high power to discern, up to that of the heavenly hosts around the throne, is an organised spiritual life, and has its place somewhere, though it may be on the very lowest round, on that ladder, the top of which reaches to heaven.

It is not from without but from within—from above—that even the lowest germ of faith in the unseen is born in any heart. The heavens declare the *glory* of God, but they do not declare God, they do not reveal his existence. When that has been revealed, they tell something of His wisdom, His power, and His immensity. The firmament shows his handiwork, *not* Himself. Whatever may have been the case in past ages, we have now no sun, moon, or star worshippers. The heavens are the same as they ever were, but we have no record either in the past or the present that Deity was ever discovered by the eyesight. The rudest idol that the uninstructed savage can make is a more attractive representation of Deity to him and to his tribe than the sun in his strength, or the brightest planet in the firmament. It is a divine instinct which teaches him to look with reverence to something out of himself, even should it be the work of his own hands. And the instinct is no less divine that prompts him to seek that power in something near and akin to him, rather than in something afar off which he cannot apprehend. For the most uncouth representation of Deity carved out of wood or stone by him who kneels to it, is, in a sense, though in a very low and imperfect sense, a union of the divine and the human. The material is a representation of the divine wisdom and power in the vegetable or mineral world, and the workmanship is the co-operation of the human worshipper. But what shall we say of sacrifice and of cruel and obscene acts of worship so prevalent in rudimentary forms of religion? Only this, that they are all evidences of the divine through imperfect media in the spiritual realm, just as the poison of plants and reptiles, and the destructive instincts of birds and beasts of prey, are manifestations of the same life in the physical realm. Sacrifice, in its essential nature, is the highest expression of love, but the germ has to grow in strength, and to be perfected by purification from the lowest and most material type to the most advanced—from the slaying of sheep and oxen up to the entire surrender, through the impulse of ardent affection, of the whole being to the service of divine humanity. "O Socrates," said a new disciple, "I have nothing to give worthy of thee—I give thee myself." Revelation, or the divine voice, comes to humanity in its

various stages through many channels, "at sundry times and in divers manners," but it never does violence to the lower form for the sake of a higher and better expression of life. It takes the framework of the lower to build upon. It never ignores or despises the first step of the ladder, but tells the learner to put his foot firmly on that, and then try another step. The man Abraham had been accustomed to an imperfect and cruel form of sacrificial worship, and the divine word reached him on that level and raised him a step upwards.

The idea of sacrifice, in some form or other, is common to all religions, and the idea of propitiation in connection with the offerings is nearly, if not almost, as universal. But if the highest meaning of sacrifice is loving self-surrender, there can be no thought of propitiation when that sense has been attained. The lower is destroyed or absorbed by the higher. The idea of propitiation is born of fear—it is a son of the bondwoman which perfect love casts out. No thought of propitiation in the pupil of Socrates. No thought of propitiation in the self-sacrificing love of Christ. But the propitiatory idea of sacrifice is common to all rudimentary religions, and to all rudimentary forms of even the highest and best religion. The gods are feared; they are angry, and their wrath has to be appeased. A most remarkable example illustrative of this principle may be found in a small pamphlet published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It is No. 23 of the series entitled, "Missions to the Heathen," and consists of an account, by one of the Society's missionaries, of a tribe of Hindoos, in the southern division of the presidency of Madras, called Shanars, or, from the name of the district, Tinnevelly Shanars. This tribe, numbering about 800,000, is the lowest in religion and civilisation to be found throughout the whole of India. Their religion is described by the missionaries as "devil worship." But according to ancient mythological expression, it might more properly be termed demon worship, or the worship of departed spirits. Demon is rather a harsh word to our ears, but to the Greeks it merely implied the spirit of one deceased, who might be either good or bad. As in the case of the Shanars, the spirits are of a very low character, the word demon is more appropriate and not so harsh as the stronger word used by the missionaries. In every case the object of their worship is the spirit of some one or other deceased native or inhabitant of the country, and as the number of devotees and the value of the sacrifices offered to any spirit is in inverse ratio to his goodness, the worship and sacrifices are altogether propitiatory. The demons may, while in the world, have been either male or female, of low or high caste, of native or foreign lineage, but for the most part they are the spirits of those who have met with violent or sudden deaths, or who had made themselves pre-eminently feared during their lifetime. The Christian teachers at first vainly tried to persuade the natives that their religion was founded on delusion, for the worshipper had the evidence of sight, sound, and in many instances of

what the missionaries had reluctantly to admit were demonaic possessions. The objects of worship are only too real, for they are seen, heard, and felt. The worship is altogether propitiatory, for they fear, but do not love. It consists of dances and of animal sacrifices. Explain it how we may, among barbarous tribes the shedding of blood seems to have a psychological influence on their attendant spirits. It is also to be noted that the objects of religious sacrifice are not venomous reptiles nor beasts or birds of prey, but clean, gentle, and useful animals, as if there was a deficiency in the worshippers and the worshipped of the kind of life embodied in such animals, and that, somehow or other, the imperfect human life was supplemented by the relatively perfect brute life. The sacrifices of the Shanars consist of sheep, goats, domestic fowls. There was, however, one remarkable exception. One of their gods had been an English officer, named Pole, who had been killed in some skirmish and buried in the district. As their sanguinary sacrifices seemed to have no effect on him, they tried brandy and cigars with complete success. All this, as the missionary naturally thinks, is very sad, but he admits that even such poor sacrificial worship forms a better basis for the reception of a higher faith than the more philosophical Brahminism; for if these Shanars can only get to believe in a spirit who is more powerful than all Pandemonium they will worship him with, at least, the beginning of love mingled with their fears. The Patagonians, also, as described by Captain Musters (who spent a year amongst them), in a book just published, are in a similar stage of religious development. He says:—

"The belief which prompts all their religious acts is that in the existence of many active and malicious evil spirits or demons, of whom the principal one is always on the watch to cause mischief. To propitiate or drive away this spirit is the function of the wizard, or doctor, or medicine man, who combines the medical and magical arts, though not possessed of an exclusive faculty for either. All sacrifices of mares and horses, not at stated times, but as occasion requires, such as a birth, death, &c., are intended to propitiate the Gualichu. When a child hurts itself, the slaughter of mares seems to partake at once of the nature of a thank-offering that the hurt was no worse, and a propitiation to avert further harm.

"In camp the Gualichu takes up his position outside the back of the toldo, watching for an opportunity to molest the inmates, and is supposed to be kept quiet by the spells of the doctor, who is not only gifted with the power of laying the devil, but can even detect him by sight. I inquired of one of the doctors what he was like, but received an evasive answer; on which I informed him that my devil took all sorts of shapes—sometimes appearing as a guanaco, ostrich, puma, skunk, or vulture, at which the medical man was intensely amused. This household devil is, as far as I could ascertain, supposed to enter into the different parts of the bodies of people, and cause sickness which the doctor is appealed to to cure The treatment in the case of headache, for instance, is very simple: the doctor takes the patient's head between his knees, and performing a short ceremony of incantation, shouts in his ear, exhorting the devil to come out. Mr. Clarke, when travelling with the Indians south of Santa Cruz, was treated in this fashion when suffering from feverish headache, and said at the time it relieved him.

Besides this Gualichu there are many others which are supposed to inhabit subterranean dwellings, underneath certain woods and rivers, and peculiarly-shaped rocks. I was very much surprised at seeing the Indians salute these objects by placing the hand to the head and muttering an incantation; and for a long time held to the belief that they were only expressing admiration for the Creator's handiwork; but subsequently I learned that they sought thus to conciliate the spirits of these places, reputed to be the spirits of deceased members of the faculty. These devils' powers, however, are confined to the districts contiguous to their habitations.

"On one occasion, a horse about to run a match was taken up to a neighbouring hill before daylight by the owner, and some secret ceremony was performed by the wizard. Previous to the race the owner (Wáki) came to me and advised me to put my stakes on his horse, as he had been made safe to win by mysterious incantations which had secured the favour of the local Gualichu; and, strange to say, the horse, which by his appearance was much inferior to the other, did win, thereby establishing a reputation for the wizard and the Gualichu.

"I remember on one occasion when riding with Hinchel we came in sight of a peculiarly-pointed rock, which he saluted. I did the same, at which he appeared much pleased; and on our subsequently arriving at a selina, where we found good salt, much needed at the time, he explained to me that the spirit of the place had led us in that direction. In the meeting of Indians the devils are supposed to be driven away by the horsemen chasing at full speed round and round, and firing off their guns."

A higher form of revelation than the unwritten or instinctive is that which has been preserved and handed down from age to age in writing. This, in every degree, is necessarily more advanced, not merely as implying a higher degree of civilisation, but as an ever present source of intellectual and moral culture. It is *this* in proportion to the freedom of inquiry that obtains concerning its dictates. Where no inquiry prevails, or where it is successfully repressed by the teachers of the people, it is almost inoperative as a progressive power.

There are certain principles common to every written revelation accepted by any portion of humanity proving that all have one origin and object—the education of the human son by the Divine Father through slow and gradual steps from the lower to the higher. If there be anything in a revelation that I have outgrown, it is as much a sign of imbecility in me to contemn it on that account as it would be to speak contemptuously of the alphabet or the primer through which I have entered into the vestibule of literature. "The divine origin of a book could no more be proved by the perfection of the doctrines contained in it than refuted by their imperfection. For this very imperfection may be desired by God, because it corresponds to the condition of human culture, and belongs to God's plan of education. It is the product of the Divine Spirit through humanity, and must partake of the imperfections of the channel of communication. But the channel, though it pollutes, does not render undivine the stream that makes glad the city of God." What, then, proves its divinity? Its existence and continued acceptance as of divine origin through many ages and by various nationalities.

In short, the life that is in it; for the life of a book may be as divine, surely, as the life of a tree or of a man. It has innate vitality; it stands firm amid the ruins of republics, kingdoms, and empires, because it has more of the divine life, or more of what is adapted to the wants of humanity in various ages than could be found in the constitution of those governments.

The ultimate object of all revelation is to lead humanity from earth to heaven by successive stages, as by the rounds of a ladder. In this realm of space and time some nations and some men in every nation advance a few steps before others, not for their own sake merely, or chiefly, but that they may assist their brethren upwards. The most advanced revelation is that which reveals not only the greatest number of steps on the ladder of progress, but which sheds such a light on the whole from the earthly base to the step nearest the gate of heaven, as to quicken the aspirations and increase the vigour of the ascender. The relative perfection of revelation is in its degree of light, which may be so great that at first it cannot be seen as light—"dark with excess of light." Under such circumstances, clouds, even of error, may be essential to the condition of the seer. Hence, not only different religions but different stages represented by sects in every religion, and especially in the most advanced revelation. For the lower faiths are instinctive; as we ascend there is a blending of the instinctive with the authoritative, and of both with the rational. The purely instinctive is faith in its animal form, the authoritative is the childish form, and the rational is a higher or manly form. There is yet another which is the most perfect, and which, completing the circle, combines all forms, and that is Love, or Religion in its Divine form. We can speak from experience of the others, but this, as yet, we see through a glass darkly. In Christianity the contest now is between the authoritative and the rational. The one says you must believe this or that doctrine because it is so affirmed in the Scriptures or by the Church. The other—"I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say." "Why do you not of your ownselves judge what is right?" "Those," says Paul, "in Berea, were more noble than others, because they received with all readiness and searched daily to see whether those things were as they heard." This represents the perfection of receptivity—first the attentive mind, and then the searching intellect. No statement of truth can be fully received until it has been accepted by the intellect as true. A rejected doctrine, however, may be true and most rational when seen in a fuller light or by a more matured understanding. So a man may put away in the name of reason what he may afterwards find to be most true and good. Generally speaking, all sects have more truth in their affirmative than in their negative doctrines. Truth is so many-sided and of such various application, that if we put almost any affirmation of a religious creed into proper relation with other truths it will vindicate its claims.

For example, take the two great doctrinal divisions of Protestant Christianity—Trinitarianism and Unitarianism; and here, I may observe, I am about to treat on debateable ground, but I have every confidence that I speak to wise, and therefore to tolerant and patient, minds.

Trinitarians believe that Christ is God, partly on instinctive, but chiefly on authoritative grounds. The instinctive they have in common with the yearnings and half unconscious desires of humanity in every stage of religious growth. From the rudest outbirths of idolatrous worship up to the perfect sculpture of the Greeks, there has been a search after a divinely human ideal of God. The Greeks, as a people, could not attain to anything higher than the embodiment of physical perfection; but so fully did they reach this, that the statues of their gods remain the models of the artistic world. They attained to the idea of physical perfection, but not one of their deities, nor all of them together, were equal, either mentally or morally, to Socrates or Plato; not one of them in any of the qualities that truly make a man, was any better than his worshippers. The Unknown God formed the fittest text from which to declare the knowledge of the only living and true God.

The authoritative side of Trinitarianism is the belief by its adherents that Jesus Christ is plainly declared in the Scriptures to be very God. For the most part, they cannot justify, and they never pretend to justify, their faith on rational grounds, that is, apart from the authority of Scripture. It is enough for them that the Book, which they believe to be a revelation from God, declares that truth. The Unitarians, on the other hand, protest against the reception of doctrine on mere authority. They deny that the Trinitarian doctrine is plainly revealed in either the Jewish or Christian Scripture, and assert it to be so irrational in itself, that no amount of Scriptural declaration can make it true. In this they are right, for if a doctrine is not true in itself, no authority can make it true. Yet the doctrine may be substantially true and most rational, if viewed in a proper light.

The question between the two parties is most important, both in itself and as belonging to the present inquiry. For a lecture on the philosophy of revelation would be very incomplete if it did not set forth, in some way, the ultimate end of revelation, which is religion. Whatever conventional meaning may be attached to that word "religion," I prefer its literal signification—a re-binding or re-uniting. Re-uniting what? Man to man, and humanity to divinity. Re-union, then, implies previous separation? Yes; I believe there has been a separation. The very terms Father and Son imply a conscious separation in the first instance. For before conception the son is in the father. Into the nature of the previous union of Humanity and Divinity it is not needful to enter. In the nature of things there must have been such a union. What belongs to our present inquiry are the means of uniting man to man and all to God in a far more perfect degree, so far as man is concerned,

than before. Now, it seems to me a man's knowledge of the extent, degree, or perfectness of this union of humanity to divinity depends on his intelligible answer to the question—What is the nature of the Perfect Man? Both of the great sects of Protestant Christendom agreed that the Perfect Man has appeared in this world, and consequently that He exists objectively and subjectively. Both parties are agreed so far as to the nature of the Perfect Man, that he is the Son of God. From this point they separate, one side maintaining that He is God, and the other that such a doctrine is irrational, and therefore cannot be true. The Unitarians are a standing protest against receiving and maintaining a doctrine on mere authority. They demand a reason, apart from revelation, for the holding of such a doctrine; and they will remain as a body until the question has been answered, because more than the mere dogma depends on the answer. Personally, I hold with the Trinitarian, for I think if he would only fearlessly carry his belief to its legitimate conclusion, he could vindicate it on rational as much as on Scriptural grounds. As I have said, both parties meet on common and most firm ground—no less than the rock which is the foundation-stone of Christianity—viz., that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God. Then comes the point of divergence on the Unitarian side set forth as the subject of tracts and lectures—"Jesus Christ the Son of God, not God the Son," a plain issue, though, I think, a most irrational one. A Mohammedan who denies that Allah ever had or could have a son, is a consistent Unitarian in the inferior sense, but a Christian cannot be so. The Unitarian affirms that God has a Son, who, in his Sonship, has attained perfection, yet that His Son is separated from the Father by the infinite distance of difference of nature. Christ is the Son of Man, therefore He is man. He is the Son of God, therefore He is not God. I do not understand it. My faculties are not so constituted as to comprehend it; if it had been clearly revealed I might have verbally assented to it as a mystery beyond my present comprehension. What the Unitarian can understand by Divine Sonship I know not, it must certainly be something less than what is implied by human sonship. It must require so much qualifying that its very existence becomes annihilated under the process. I know of no sonship worthy of the name to which the essential name of the father and the utmost fulness of the fatherly nature cannot be attributed. Has God brought forth, can God bring forth from his inmost being one worthy of the name of Son who can never attain to the perfection of the paternal nature? If so, I demand a rational justification of the belief. There are difficulties, no doubt, in the Trinitarian creed, but I know of none so great as this. For it declares sonship to be real and perfect in lower natures, and comparatively most unreal and most imperfect in the highest of all natures.

Still further, if the Perfect Son is not God, then who or what is God? Man asks after a deity who can understand him, love him,

and sympathise with him. To do all these, his god must be of essentially the same nature, not of a different nature, from his offspring. One nature can have no contact with another essentially different. Your answer to the question—What is God? must be such as to meet the wants of the inquirer. No abstract definition, such as infinite extension or universal essence, can satisfy the needs of human nature. The philosophical idea of Deity may comprehend all that, but it must be more to enable me so to understand God as to love Him with all my heart, and soul, and strength, and mind. The earthly body of man, philosophically speaking, is not the man, yet we are practically justified when we see that in saying we see the man. The psyche or body of the spirit, as seen in the spiritual world, is not the man; for all that I can tell, the inmost man of all in every individual may be an invisible, unextended, infinite, spiritual essence. No man hath seen God at any time, and no man, whether in the natural or in the spiritual world, has seen his fellow-man at any time. He sees merely the outward manifestations of him—the physical body in the natural, and the psychical body in the spiritual world. Yet every man can see, in a very true and natural sense, the whole of humanity in a perfect man. So, in seeing a perfect manifestation of God, we see God, for God is in absolute fulness in every perfect manifestation of him. But the Son is not the Father, nor the Father the Son? No; nor is the pneuma or spirit the psyche, nor the psyche the body. But these three are one. If we must have a philosophical, in contradistinction to a rational definition of Deity, say, God is the inmost spirit of universal humanity, which is his body. I know of no definition more complete, because all nature, animate and so-called inanimate, is human in some mode or other, and in every mode is ascending to the divine, in whom it is, and from whom it appears to us to be separated—"For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things." Partial manifestations of Deity, such as worlds, plants, animals, and imperfect men, cannot manifest the fulness of the Divine nature, but the Perfect Man can. He alone is worthy of the name of Man; He alone is the true Son of Man, in whom all the fulness of humanity dwells. He is the only begotten of the Father in the truest, because in the fullest sense. It is quite open for any one, not recognising the Messiah of others, to say such a man has not yet appeared. In that case, he looks for another. But to the Christians, Christ is either the perfect man in whom dwells all the fulness of humanity and all the fulness of divinity, or there is no further hope of a perfect manifestation of God, and God unmanifested is the "unknown and unknowable God."

But the Unitarian may ask, What then becomes of the doctrine of the Divine Unity? To this it may be answered, Your objections to Trinitarianism on that ground shows that your conception of unity is unworthy of the subject. God is spirit, and whatever is attributed to Him must be spiritual. His unity, therefore, is a spiritual,

not a physical unity. No man, if he reflects on the essential nature of Deity, can for a moment imagine that God, who is love, could ever have existed as a unit. Love, a giver, implies Love a receiver. Love has no existence, it would be most irrational to suppose that it could have an existence apart from an object of affection. It would be unknown to itself. And the object of love must be worthy of the subject. Deity as a *unit could not be* Love. Deity as *unity must be* Love. No doubt there are difficulties in this view of the question, but difficulties do not necessarily imply contradiction in terms, or irrationalities. The difficulties arise from mistaken ideas of spiritual unity and of the essential nature of sonship. Physical unity is one thing, spiritual unity is another. In a material marriage, husband and wife are two; in a spiritual union, they are no more twain, but one, for each is the perfection of the other. In the most perfect freedom, both have one heart and one will. There is but one perfect love, power, will, and life, in the spiritual universe, and there never can be two.

But the confession or denial of the absolute divinity of the Perfect Man involves much more, it involves the right of every man to his true inheritance. The denial is something more than saying—This is the heir, let us cast him out of the vineyard that the inheritance may be ours. It really means, let us cast him out that we may have no inheritance. It is as if the eldest brother of a family were pleading at the bar for the rights of his brothers as identical with his own, and as if they for whom he pleads should exert their influence to set aside his claims on his and their behalf. Here is also the weak point in Trinitarianism as usually set forth. It is supposed that the divinity of Christ may be more emphatically maintained by virtually denying the divinity of humanity. Such, certainly, is not his own teaching, nor is it the teaching of his first disciples. "I go," he said, "to my Father, and to your Father, to my God and to your God." He prayed that all his brethren might be one *even as* He and the Father are one; and enjoins them to be perfect *even as* their Father in heaven is perfect. "Both he," says an apostle, "Both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one, for which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren." "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit." "That which is born of the Spirit *is* spirit."

Every man in his inmost being is the offspring of God—the Son of God. There is no essential difference between the nature of the Perfect Son and the inmost nature of every man born into the world, but there is a very great material difference. Accepting the doctrine of the Incarnation as revealed in two of the Gospels, and received by the Christian world generally, that fact, it seems to me, makes no *essential* difference between the Sonship of Jesus and the Sonship of His disciples, since, as St. John declares, of as many as receive Him, "They are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Thus the Son of God in every man is an incarnation, an immaculate con-

ception. The speciality of Christ's conception has more relation to the problem of evil than to the question of Divine Sonship. He has attained his majority. We are sons in embryo merely. Sonship is in us germinally, but we have not outwardly attained to that perfect union with each other and with the Father that constitutes absolute spiritual oneness with Deity. Nothing less than this, however, is the inheritance of every man born into the world, and nothing—not even his own unbelief, theoretical and practical—can ultimately deprive him of that inheritance. If we, being evil, would give the best gifts in our power to our children, shall not the All-good and Perfect Father give the best to His sons and daughters. He must mean *the absolute best* for every one. He cannot, being God, mean anything less than the best, and the best is Himself. If any more glorious destiny can be imagined for the sons of God than such absolute union with each other and with the Father that each shall inherit the fulness of the Divine goodness, wisdom, and power, with such special difference as shall constitute individuality, then God must intend that better thing, or something still more glorious than human heart can conceive. But he has revealed, not merely to faith, but to reason, that absolute union with each other in Himself is the destiny of humanity. He has revealed that the kingdom of heaven, which in potency is within every man, is in its realised fulness a perfect spiritual community in which the central external life so flows through every member of the body, that every individual, while possessing the fullest consciousness of freedom, not merely shares in, but has all the life of every other member—yea, even of the Father of all, in his own person. The kingdom of heaven is a community in which

"*Each* does for *all* what he only *does* best."

Separate from the perfect body no man is anything, not even a man—united he is everything. Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? Ah! that question betrays its inferior origin, it is an earthly, not a heavenly question. "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you let him be the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve." As every one in such a community of love must regard his brother more than himself, each will say not merely "My Father, but my brother, my sister, is greater than I."

"Unrestrained by selfish fetter,
Undefiled by sordid pelf,
Angel loveth angel better
Than he e'er can love himself."

Are all equal, then? No; there cannot even be such a thing as the idea of equality in the kingdom of Perfect Love. Its charter is not all men are free and equal, but all are free and One. One God, the Father, in the one body of humanity, the Son, from whom eternally proceeds in all fulness the one outflowing life—the Holy

Spirit. This is the Marriage Supper of the Lamb—the heavenly marriage—the manifestation of the sons of God—the perfect union of humanity with divinity—God all in all. The communion of saints *is* the life everlasting. Amen.

THE BROOKLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THOU brooklet clear and silver bright,
That hurriest ever from my sight,
Upon the bank I stand and say,
"Whence com'st thou, whither speed'st away?"

I issue where the dark rocks lower,
I wander on by moss and flower,
And light upon and with me flies,
A smile from out the azure skies.

And, therefore, have I childlike face,
And cheerly hasten on apace,
For He that made me thus to be,
Will guide, I ween, unceasingly.

S. E. B.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

ANOTHER PAINTING MEDIUM.

SOME forms of artistic mediumship are so extraordinary, that they cannot be credited without personal observation, or corroborative instances. But, when a number of similar results proceed from persons of different ages, positions, and degrees of culture, then the cumulative testimony becomes overwhelming, and those who may not have the opportunity of witnessing the phenomena, can, with safety, believe in the facts recorded. The great interest which has been excited by Mr. Duguid's trance paintings, has recently been supplemented in the most extraordinary manner, by the performances of Charles Swan, a boy, fourteen years of age, nephew of Mr. Thomas Wilson, ironmonger, Market Square, Aylesbury. We shall allow Mr. Wilson to give an account of the development and history of the medium, in his own words :—

The mediumship of my nephew commenced about six years ago in the following accidental manner. He was suffering very much from toothache, and, having just read something of spiritualism, and healing mediumship, I said, in sport, to my wife, that I would try my healing powers on the boy. I accordingly placed one hand on his head, and with the other commenced stroking down his face on the side where the aching tooth was located. In a few minutes he dropped off to sleep, and I laid him on the sofa. In a short time I perceived his hand moving about in an extraordinary

manner; but, having read Barkas's "Outlines of Spiritualism," given me by a relative from Newcastle-on-Tyne, I had made myself acquainted with some of the phases of mediumship—that of writing amongst the rest. I accordingly put a pencil into the boy's hands, and immediately there was rapidly written, "Let the boy alone; he is all right,—Mary." I asked the lad what he meant, when he replied through the pencil: "It is not the boy who is writing, but I, your sister, dead now about twenty-two years!" After he had lain on the sofa about two hours, his hand again wrote, giving me instructions how to awake him. I did so, and the first question the boy asked was, "Where is that lady who has been laying hold of my hand?" I desired to know what he meant; and he described the form, features, and every particular of outline, height, and size, of my deceased sister, as accurately as I could have done myself. The toothache had also vanished. Since that time he describes the particular controlling spirit who influences his hand, as standing by his side, and placing one hand upon his. Though entranced, he knows that his hand moves about, but he cannot tell afterwards whether he has been writing, drawing, or painting. After discovering his mediumship, I got a few friends to assist me from time to time in sitting at the table. One of these friends, Mr. Parker, has continued to sit with us very regularly from the first up to the present time. In this way, nearly all the various phases of mediumship have been produced—table moving, rapping, seeing spirits in the trance, and so on.

When his mediumship had continued about two years, he began to see spirits as he went about the house or town. I have known him to describe as many as six different spirits on his passage from the shop to the bedroom. I have seen a table in the parlour dance about very considerably, no one being nearer it than, at least, six feet. About two years ago he commenced to draw with the lead pencil, and produced very crude sketches, regularly, for some time. Then strange-looking animals, with short descriptions, stating that they belonged to one or the other of the planets. He attended school, at Bexley Heath, for twelve months, part of 1870 and 1871. In the early part of last year he again sat at the table, and the drawing proceeded as before. Water-colours were then asked for, and a great many little things were done, getting better from day to day, until about May last, when oil colours were required. Since then, the subjoined list of pictures, fifty-one in number, have been produced. This series was commenced in April, 1871, in the following order:—

IN WATER COLOURS.

1	Flowers,	Prento.
2	Dark Grapes and Peach,	do.
3	Bird's Nest,	do.
4	Yellow Grapes,	do.
5	My Portrait (Thomas Wilson),	do.
6	Basket of Fruit,	do.
7	Do. Do. and Pine Apple,	do.

IN OIL COLOURS.

8	A Female Inhabitant of Saturn,	Worthing.
9	Spirit Female,	do.
10	Girl of Saturn,	do.
11	Landscape—Cottage and Cattle,	No Name.
12	Basket of Fruit,	Prento.
13	My Portrait—Thomas Wilson, since painted out,	Worthing.
14	Moonlight Scene,	Williams.
15	Large Portrait—Mr Robert Henry,	No Name.
16	Dr. Ceeley's Portrait,	do.
17	Pine Apple, &c.,	Prento.
18	Male Hand, done in half an hour,	Vandyck.
19	Eye, done in half an hour,	do.
20	Ear and Ornament, done in half an hour,	do.
21	Waterfall, small	Ruysdael.
22	Lady's Hand, done in 12½ minutes,*	Vandyck.
23	Waterfall, large,	Ruysdael.
24	The Setting Sun,	Turner.
25	Pallette and Brushes,	Vandyck.
26	Lady and Doves,	Vandyck and Ruysdael.
25	Landscape—Sunrise,	No Name.
28	Crossing the Brook,	Turner.
29	Negro's Head,	Simpson.
30	Foot,	Vandyck.
31	Lady,	Eastlake.
32	Male and Female, Planet Saturn,	Male Figures by L. de Credi.
33	Do. Jupiter,	
34	Do. Mars,	
35	Do. Higher Inhabitants of Venus,	Female Figures by C. L. Eastlake.
36	Do. Lower Do. Do.,	
37	Do. Mercury,	
38	Little Picture—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage	Turner.
29	Large Do. Do. not finished,	do.
40	Sunset at Sea.	do.
41	Peace	do.
42	Solitude,	do.
43	The Sea Beach,	do.
44	Part of the Quay of Venice—Extremely Clear Sunset,	do.
45	The Fretful Sea Before a Storm,	do.
46	Calm at Sea	do.
47	Moonlight—Landing Stage,	do.
48	Greek Girl,	Eastlake.
29	Little Boy,	do.
50	Pen and Ink Sketch—The Beadle,	Hogarth.
51	Do. Do. Comic Sketches	do.

A short time ago, I asked my spirit-sister if the painters who influenced the boy would sign their names, when the list now handed to you was given. Vandyck produced a sketch opposite

* Respecting the very short space of time in which these exquisite studies were done, Mr. Wilson, speaking of No. 18, says:—"From the time I put the boy to sleep to the minute I was called up to awake him was just half-an-hour, and the above was painted in that time; and at no subsequent period has a brush touched it. The same may be said of Nos. 19 and 20. No. 22, "Lady's Hand, was painted in 12½ minutes. This is considered by painters to be the best of the lot. I have been offered £5 for it since I saw you."

each name, indicating the class of subjects treated by each particular artist: thus, fruits by Prento; hands and other parts of the body, by Vandyck; the waterfall, by Ruysdael; a landscape, by Turner; a negro's head, by Simpson; a moonlight scene, by De Credi; portrait, by Worthing; the beadle, by Hogarth. It is a very curious list, and if the signatures are fac-similes, then it is one of the most remarkable tests I have heard of in spiritualism."

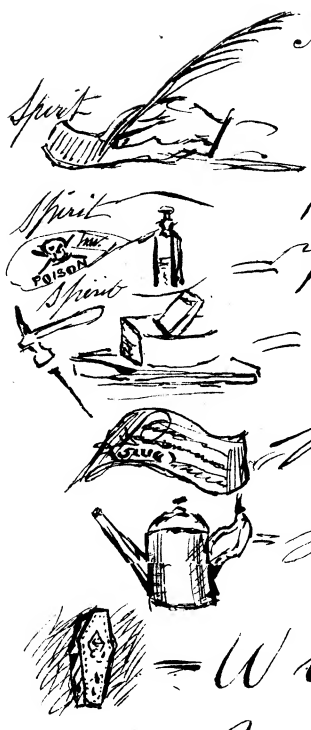
A VISIT TO THE MEDIUM.

We visited Mr. Wilson during the early part of last month, and saw his collection. The sitting-room is literally smothered with drawings and paintings in various styles, handsomely framed, in massive frames, and hung upon the walls in a very peculiar manner. This work has all been done by the boy while in the trance, and while the door has been locked upon him. Some of the paintings are large, Turner's "Childe Harold" being four feet, by two feet four; and no single person would like to undertake the task of hanging them unassisted. A painting of the human foot hangs horizontally, close to the ceiling, ten feet high, and without any steps to reach it, except the furniture of the room. It is supposed to have been painted in that position, as it occupied several nights, and was seen in various stages, from day to day, in the same place on the ceiling. Some of the paintings are very striking, indicating great power of conception, though the treatment cannot be expected to be of the highest order.

At nine o'clock in the evening the medium puts on his painting costume, and prepares himself for the trance. We saw him entranced on our visit. He simply sits down in a chair before the easel, and leans his head back on a cushion, which is supported from behind. Mr. Wilson then places both his hands upon the medium's head, and with a few convulsive twitchings, he becomes at once unconscious. He cannot paint while strangers are present, and even not well in Mr. Wilson's presence, although he has seen the work going on. He can even write with difficulty, while there is any stranger in the room. He wrote a few short sentences, one of which was to request us to leave the room. As soon as we did so, the door was locked from within, and the medium and the spirits were left to themselves, with a comfortable fire and a lamp. The principal controlling spirits say "good night," by raps of different degrees of loudness. John Wilson, who does the carpentering and framing of the pictures, gives three tremendous knocks, while Hogarth gives a whistle. Hogarth is a very jolly fellow, and, in concert with his fellow-spirit, John Wilson, often makes merry, far into the night. The thumpings and dancings are sometimes tremendous, and the tin whistle and concertina are sometimes played both together, showing that some powers are at work on the instruments besides the hands of the boy.

A number of pictures are in progress, by Sir Charles Eastlake and W. Hogarth. The former is engaged on portraits, and the

Names of Controlling Spirits.



Spirit

Spirit

Spirit

Mary Wilson.

=William Wilson.

=John Wilson.

They shall sign now as I can get them to come

Heymouse

=Henry Angus.

=William Angus

Wm. E. Channing—

J. Wedgwood

Robt. Hare.

T. Jor. Gall

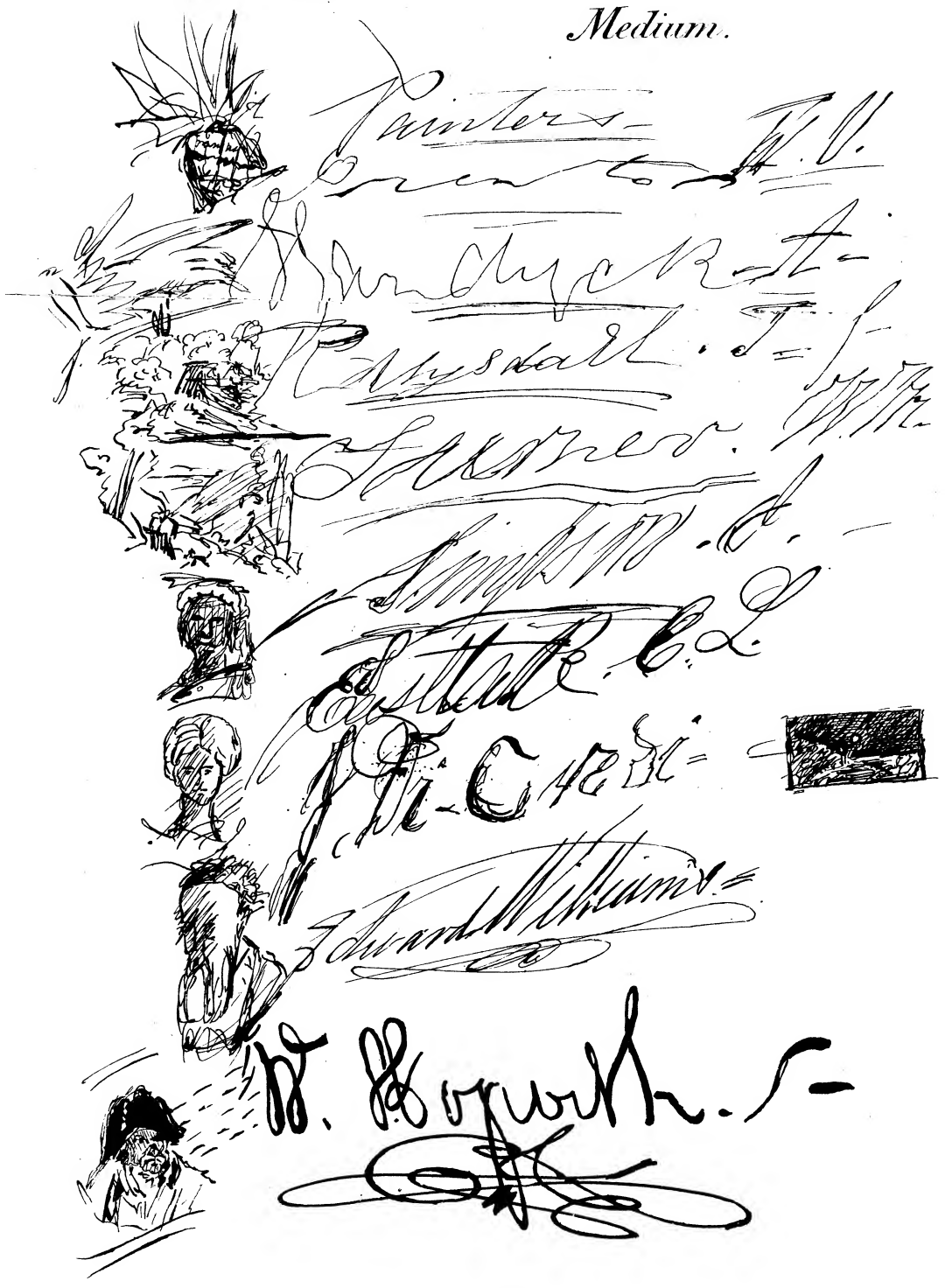
Isaac Newton.

Thomas Wilson

Ironmonger, Aylesbury,

Charles Swan —

Medium.



latter is very characteristic in pen and ink sketches, one of which is a beadle. Others are equally comic in their treatment. The medium comes out of the trance about four o'clock in the morning, after which he goes to bed, and sleeps until he has had sufficient rest. His leisure time is spent out of doors, in the open air; but, occasionally he goes into the trance again, during the day, for a short time. All his movements, in this respect, are dictated by the spirits, who give instructions as to when he is to be entranced, and for how long. The spirits can entrance him themselves, by sitting for, perhaps, twenty minutes; but as it exhausts the power to do so, they have requested Mr. Wilson to operate as described above. Several spirits control the medium besides the painters; and their autographs have been given, as well as sketches indicating their identity. (See lithographed illustrations.) Mary Wilson is the writing spirit, who gives all the instructions. Wm. Wilson was a doctor, and used to carry a skull and cross-bones depicted on a card, and fixed in the top of his hat. John Wilson was a carpenter, and does the framing, fixing, and other mechanical operations. H. Seymour was the son of a former employer of Mr. Wilson, who thus describes the symbol opposite that name:—"The £5 note in front of H. Seymour's signature I consider an excellent proof of identity. The writer of that signature went to reside at Brighton for a time, and during his residence there he wrote to me to loan him £5. I did so, and the first time I saw him afterwards he honourably returned it. I had forgotten the transaction until I read the meaning of the symbol drawn opposite his name, for I could not understand the meaning of it for myself. The boy knew nothing of this transaction, as it had never been mentioned before him, or even brought to my mind, as the money was honourably paid to me, and I had therefore no longer need to entertain thoughts of the transaction."

Henry Angus was a relative of Mr. Wilson's, who used to tease him for a tin teapot, and in memory of the joke, he had it placed opposite his name. William Angus, another relative, was an undertaker, and proves his identity by the coffin. However, all of these signatures are recognised by Mr. Wilson and others as genuine, and fac-similes of the writing produced while in earth-life by the persons whom they represent. Mr. Wilson has also had the signature of Wm. E. Channing, who frequently writes lengthy communications; also those of J. Wedgewood, Dr. Gall, Sir Isaac Newton, Cuvier, and Robert Hare. That of the latter is an exact fac-simile of Professor Hare's signature as appended to his engraved portrait; hence it is not such a good test as the others, of which neither the boy nor Mr. Wilson had seen or known anything. On our visit to Mr. Wilson, we read communications in Cuvier's peculiar hand-writing, also messages from Professor Hare, and essays on Phrenology and Mental Culture by Dr. Gall. Sometimes during the night as much as 15 pages of foolscap of this writing will be given in addition to the painting. At present this writing

has been so abundant that it has somewhat interfered with the painting. On the occasion of our visit Mr. Wilson wrote some questions on a piece of paper, and in the morning they were answered by the spirit. They were kind enough to allude to our visit in pleasing terms, and added that success would attend all our enterprises for the extension of spiritualism.

The set of portraits of inhabitants of the planets are described at great length. Perhaps we may be permitted to give a special article on them at another time. Indeed, a great deal of explanation has been given at various times, which is all carefully preserved in a series of books. On the morning after the little copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage was produced it was found written, "Mr. Turner has been doing a little painting. When you go to London, he wishes you to take it with you to the National Gallery, and compare it with one which is on view there." Mr. Wilson tried in vain to get the name of the picture, but no further information was afforded him, so he had no alternative but take his picture to London, and see whether his spirit communications were a hoax or the truth. At that time he had not received so many tests as now, and his faith was necessarily not so strong. Accordingly he came to London, and brought the small picture with him, and on looking over the Turner collection, he at once found the original, the copy of which, done by the medium, was found to correspond with it exactly in every particular, even to a dead branch that appears among the foliage of the tree in the foreground. Whilst Mr. Wilson was verifying this picture he discovered another, entitled "Crossing the Brook," which the boy-medium had faithfully reproduced in like manner. Thus was Mr. Wilson thoroughly confirmed in the truthfulness of the spirit communications, as he was entirely ignorant of the existence of such pictures until he verified the statement of the spirits by examining the originals in the National Gallery.

Such is only a slight view of this wonderful instance of mediumship. Quite a number of pieces are now on hand, but the spirits do not permit the paintings in progress to be looked at. At one stage of development a number of chalk and crayon drawings were produced. The portrait of Dr. Robert Ceeley, a gentleman living in Aylesbury, has also been painted, and is at once recognised by the greater proportion of those who see it and know the gentleman. The medium is now engaged painting the spirit Mary Wilson, who departed this life upwards of a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Wilson states that he has had one instance of direct spirit writing, and about four years ago the boy wrote about twenty pages of poetry.

A great number of people have seen these paintings, and two eminent artists have likewise inspected them, and say they manifest many points of excellence. The composition of the pieces are considered of a kind far beyond a school boy's conceptions, or, indeed, any but a painter of considerable ability.

Mr. Wilson begins to see spirit lights about the adjoining room in the dark, and he told us of a great number of instances of psychological power, which are gradually manifesting themselves.

The works are done in quick time. The large copy of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 4 feet by 2 feet 4 inches (half the size of the original in Turner's collection), was done between the 14th and 24th of December last, and eight other smaller ones were done in the same time. Turner said he painted them to use the paint on his brushes after working on the large picture.

The mediumship of Charles Swan, when compared with that of David Duguid, presents many dissimilarities. In Charles' case it is highly abnormal, as the organism of the medium seems to be used almost antomatically without any independent intellectual effort on his part, and he does not speak in the trance, but acts like a machine. In the case of David there is an apparent exaltation of the faculties of the medium, and an approximation to normal action. He speaks in the trance, his face indicates various emotions, and the process of control is understood to exercise an educational influence on him as a medium.

In connection with this article is a lithographed sheet, being facsimiles of the signatures and sketches done by the spirits through the hand of the medium. First, the reader will observe the signature of Mr. Thomas Wilson, the uncle of the medium, and that of Charles Swan, the medium. Then is given the signatures of the painters with sketches of their form of art by Vandyck. After which the signatures of controlling spirits will be observed, the familiar ones being also indicated by characteristic sketches.

The signatures without any indication are quite unknown to Mr. Wilson, also those of the painters, and any reader of *Human Nature*, who can aid in their identification, will confer a favour on the public.

In reply to our request for definite information on certain points, Mr. Wilson thus writes:—

"Aylesbury, Feb. 20th, 1872.

"My aid is not absolutely necessary in putting Charley in the trance state, but I have no recollection of his ever coming out of it without my assistance. If I put him to his easel or writing table at the time I am directed, he would go into the trance state in about 20 or 25 minutes; but as I always either lock the door and put the key in my pocket, or wait until I hear him bolt it on the inside, to save time and also go by the spirits' orders, I generally put my hands on his head, and he goes off then in about a minute, but I am always wanted to awake him. I do so just the same as a mesmeriser takes a patient out of that state, touching his eyes and making transverse passes. The longest trance Charley has ever had was 20 hours. In all probability the spirits could take him out, but, so far, they never have done so without my aid. Did I tell you that my brother John framed and hung up all the pictures? He is altering them to-day—very busy hammering and knocking

about. Dr. Gall has finished his long lecture, about 50 pages of foolscap closely written. Dr. Hare and Sir Isaac Newton have also answered a lot of questions. I expect the painters will go on again to-morrow. A fresh one was introduced by Sir C. Eastlake last night, but we do not know his name at present. Charley describes him as a tall, gentlemanly person. He fancies him to be a painter. You might say that I will very willingly show my collection of spiritual pictures, writing, &c., to anybody visiting this neighbourhood. The boy is aged 14—never received an hour's instruction in painting, &c."

In a postscript, written at 7 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Wilson states that the boy had just awoke. During his sleep the pictures in the parlour had all been taken down, and re-arranged to greater advantage.

The spirits have also manifested remarkable healing powers through the medium. Mr. Wilson thus alludes to this phase:—"About two years ago, I for the second time had a severe attack of gout; and remembering the terrible pain, the confinement, the bother, and the expense of doctors, I really did not know what to do, for I was wanted in every direction. I had no one to do the business then required but myself; and almost in despair, I called upon my constant and unwearying friend, my spirit-sister Mary, to bring something or somebody to assist me. Immediately I was directed to put the boy to sleep, and my spirit brother William's well-known hand wrote—'Take off your stocking, and put your foot upon the boy's knee.' Directly I did so, my great toe was turned, twisted, and manipulated upon in such a way as if any other person would have done it, in all probability I should have fainted (bearing in mind that in the first attack I had to sleep with my feet in band boxes, afraid to let the sheet touch them). After this twisting about had continued for some time, the boy's right hand was held out opened, and the fingers carefully turned up, as though anticipating that the hand would receive something into it. I watched it carefully, but could, of course, see nothing further. The hand was then brought carefully to my toe, emptied on it, and rubbed very briskly for some time, when a sort of lather was produced—an oily feeling, and a decidedly strong aromatic odour arose very perceptible to the sense of smelling; and, best of all, in the morning (this treatment had been tried on me in the night), my gout was gone, and I felt in every way as well as ever I had been in my life—without a pill, dose, or powder, or anything else, not excepting a doctor's bill. I have since, on several occasions, when anything has ailed my wife (or myself, which is very seldom), applied to the spirits—my brother William in particular—and have always received advice and assistance of very great value."

REVIEWS.

SHAKER COMMUNISM.

When Elder Frederick was in England last summer, people got impatient at his dissertations on Bible history and spiritual doctrines. They desired to know what Shakerism could do for them physically; how easily and comfortably it could fill their bellies and clothe their backs, and enable them to provide themselves with those conjugal relationships which are so highly prized amongst mankind generally. Thus there was a decided misunderstanding between the Shaker missionary and his auditors. They looked at the subject from the side of the flesh, while the Elder viewed it from a spiritual aspect. The history of communistic efforts exhibits the fact that these schemes have been founded in all instances upon the physical appetites of man, rather than the spiritual principles of his nature. Hence, the Shakers say, that no form of communism has been able to perpetuate itself except that of their order. Numerous communities have been established, but they have all eventually been broken up through selfishness and anarchy. The Shakers avoid such a calamity by adhering to their principles, which they consider to be as scientific as any functional law in physiology.

The little work before us* is partly historical, and partly scientific. It treats of certain peculiarities of man's spiritual constitution, the observance of which constitutes the essence of religion, and reviews the progress of this religious life from its early dawn amongst the primitive peoples. Historically, Elder Evans accepts the Bible narrative, perhaps more as a symbol of man's spiritual experience, than as a chronological record of mundane facts. From this source he divides man's spiritual efforts into four dispensations or churches. During the first, which ended with the flood, man fell. The function of generation given to man for a use, was abused by him. This constituted "the forbidden fruit," and therefore the fall of man. The second, or Patriarchal era, commenced with Abraham, on whom was enjoined the right of circumcision, and procreation, though permitted, had to be atoned for as a sin. Jesus introduced the third dispensation, or First Christian Church, of which Love was the soul or life, and community of property the body or outward form. The fourth era was instituted in the person of Ann Lee, who, on the part of the female side of humanity, received the Christ baptism, and inaugurated the order of the male and female capable of living in accordance with the requirements of this fourth dispensation.

So much then for the historical part of the work: next comes the anthropological or scientific. The Elder regards man as a spiritual being with access to the spirit-world. These dispensations have

* Tests of Divine Revelation: The Second Christian or Gentile Pentecostal Church as exemplified by 70 Communities in America. By F. W. Evans. London: J. Burns. Wrappers, 1s. 6d.

been the results of revelation, originating in the spirit-world, and afterwards becoming part of the life of mankind. By the inauguration of these eras man was successively enabled to commune with still higher degrees of spirit-life, and therefore able to manifest more spirituality in his outward nature. "In this fourth dispensation," says Elder Frederick, "is established the final church and kingdom of Christ, which possesses the 'Urim and Thummim,' and therefore cannot be deceived or overthrown by evil or ignorant spirits." The ostensible purpose of the book is to afford "tests of divine inspiration," whereby those having communion with the spirit-world may be able to decide as to the purity of the matter communicated. The test recommended is the acknowledgement, on the part of the spirits, of the "Christ principle," which teaches self-denial, purity, and fraternity; and he adds, "the practical effort of this church is the entire banishment of poverty and want, sin and misery, and a full supply of physical and spiritual necessaries for the body and soul of every one of its members." The one essential evil to be controlled is the sexual function. "He who teaches that Christ and generation can coalesce is deceived or is a deceiver."

It therefore appears why it is necessary to introduce so much theology and religion into the discussions of Shakerism; for that part of the book treating of religion makes it apparent that Shakerism is the practice of a purely religious life, in which the functions of animal existence are used only in so far as may be necessary for the physical sustenance of the individual. The Shakers are thus ruled, as to their head, by spirits from the "Christ sphere," and therefore they consider themselves as much in the spirit-world, and living as near to its laws, as if they were divested of their bodies.

Such then is a condensed view of the principles of this book, which is a text book of Shaker doctrines. It is a very interesting and suggestive little work. There is scarcely one word which could be omitted. The author possesses a terse and perspicuous style, and his very apt introduction of texts and quotations throws a great amount of light upon the meaning of many passages of Scripture which seem to be perfectly misunderstood by the usual expositors. We consider this work of so much interest to our readers, that we give them the opportunity of purchasing it with this month's *Human Nature* at half the published price.

A NEW PROGRESSIVE ERA IN SPIRITUALISM.

Under the direction and advice of the Spiritual intelligences most influential in inaugurating the movement known as "Modern Spiritualism," a new monthly magazine of the highest possible literary tone and interest has been projected, to be entitled "The Western Star."

The principal features aimed at in this undertaking will be—

First. To present the matter contained in each number in such form and size that any or all the articles can be preserved and

bound in ordinary library volumes. *Secondly*. To establish a record of the deeply momentous events connected with modern Spiritualism in the most unexceptionable literary shape, and to gather up and preserve such material as cannot be included in the columns of ordinary weekly journals devoted to Spiritualism. *Thirdly*. To open up opportunities for a more free and fraternal interchange of facts and opinions with the Spiritualists of foreign countries than at present exists in American spiritual literature. *Fourthly*. To treat all topics of current interest, from a purely spiritualistic standpoint.

In this wonderful assemblage of facts, records of special phenomena and biographical sketches, Mrs. Hardinge Britten is possessed of MSS. and other unpublished matter, as well as literature now out of print and unattainable to any but herself, which renders the treasures she has been collecting during many past years almost priceless, and more than equivalent to the yearly subscription, without the reading matter designed for the magazine.

Attention is solicited to the following synopsis of subjects sketched out by the immortal projectors of the work, and in the order in which the several articles will stand:—1. Leading article to be written by a competent and acceptable writer on the spiritual philosophy. 2. Biographical sketches of the leading mediums, speakers, and writers connected with modern Spiritualism. 3. Sketches of sybils, prophets, and ecstatics of the ancient and middle ages, and a comparison instituted with their modern prototypes. 4. Examples of varied and marvellous phenomenal facts and the philosophy of their production. 5. Foreign Spiritualism, Trans-Atlantic correspondence, &c. 6. Communications from spirits. 7. Summary of passing events. 8. A short essay on politics, religion, popular reforms, or other leading topics of the day, by the *Western Star* circle of spirits. 9. Reviews and answers to correspondents.

The projectors of the *Western Star* propose to conduct their work in the broadest and most fearless spirit of truth, yet pledge themselves to uphold the moral, religious, and scientific aspects of Spiritualism, free from all petty side issues or narrow fanaticisms.

As the human co-operators selected to carry out their great work are rich only in the particular qualities which fit them for its conduct, they are compelled to inaugurate the first principle of justice in its establishment, by requiring that it shall be self *sustaining*. Hence, the first number of the magazine (though entirely ready in a literary point of view) will not be issued until a sufficient number of subscriptions are guaranteed to ensure its expenses for one twelve months.

Wealthy spiritualists sympathising with this movement are hereby earnestly solicited to contribute donations of such sums as will represent a large number of subscribers, and thereby hasten the first issue of the work. Every donor of sums which exceed the price of a single subscription will be furnished with copies to the amount of their contributions.

Terms of subscription, 4 dols. per year; postage 24 cents extra. Single copies 35 cents. Liberal allowances made to clubs, canvassing agents, &c. The names of subscribers, donors, and sympathisers with this movement are solicited with the least possible delay. Address the Hon. Sec. *Western Star*. Mrs. Emily Ranney, 251 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., or the New York Agent—Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 361 Sixth Avenue, New York.

A NEW ERA IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

An Important Meeting at 15 Southampton Row.

It has been a source of regret to many of the readers of *Human Nature*, that Mr. Jackson's able defence of spiritual anthropology has not been more cordially seconded by the acts of the Anthropological Institute. Some papers and discussions bordering on the subject have indeed taken place. We are, however, very pleased to know, that a paper in support of the following proposition:—"That it is possible and practical to frame a definite and certain test, generally applicable, by which the truth of apparitions and other supernatural visitations can be satisfactorily tested"—will be read by George Harris, F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law, Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and Foreign Member of the Anthropological Institute of New York, not at the Anthropological Institute, but at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, London. This interesting event is fixed for Wednesday evening, March 13, at 8 o'clock, tickets free on application. This is, indeed, a new era in Anthropology, and we hope, the commencement of a union between the spiritual anthropologists and their brethren of the physical school. It is highly important that the attendance on the 13th should be a representative one. Our friends in the country should endeavour to be present, if any chance should call them to town; and prompt application should be made for tickets, as the admission will be strictly limited. As it is desirable that an interesting discussion should take place, our friends should be prepared to speak on the subject.

A New Paper, the *International Herald*, is announced, in which the following measures will be advocated:—A general reduction of the hours of labour; universal suffrage, and payment of representatives; the suppression of the sale of adulterated articles of food; the abolition of hereditary and national rank and titles; the establishment of national banks and national currency, and the abolition of all private banks; the nationalisation of the land, railways, mines, canals, docks, and harbours; the abolition of all fees and money fines in courts of justice—no feed lawyers to be permitted to interfere in such courts; the abolition of fees in securing patent rights; the liquidation of the national debt; the abolition of standing armies; national encouragement and aid to all useful occupations, trades, arts, and sciences, in preference to the present system of encouraging and aiding only the professions of war, law, and theology.

Mr. Duguid's Trance Paintings.—The drawing for these paintings came off on Wednesday, the 21st. ult. The result will be seen in our advertising sheet. The direct spirit-drawing, through Mr. Duguid's mediumship, a lithograph of which was given with our last number, has been so popular that, to save reprinting the magazine, a special edition of the picture is being produced on plate paper for framing, along with a reprint of the article on the subject.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

APRIL, 1872.

EAST AND WEST.

THE Roman Empire under the first Cæsars was a grand political organisation, the greatest which ever existed except one—that which, strange to say, has a woman at its head—the Empire of Queen Victoria. The old Roman jurisdiction embraced within its confines both Eastern and Western civilisation, and by the means which it afforded for widely extended intercourse, it rendered possible and prepared the way for that wonderful offspring of Eastern and Occidental worship, thought, and culture—the Christendom of Catholic Europe. England has succeeded in many respects to the place in the world once occupied by Rome. The number of human beings which acknowledge her sceptre, and the area of the world's surface which they cover, is even greater than that of the old Roman Empire; and there is this further point of likeness between the two, that by each the East and West are continually brought into close relationship.

With 130,000,000 of fellow-subjects in India, and daily increasing commerce with China and Japan, we certainly enjoy opportunities of uniting the endowments of the most contrasted families of humanity, such as never fell to the lot of any other nation. As yet we have most imperfectly availed ourselves of our peculiar advantages. We English still continue intensely insular in mind and modes of action. Perhaps we obey a wise instinct, but what we gain in national strength and strongly marked individuality, we lose in breadth of sympathy, in depth of spiritual culture and intellectual grace. The dull, but solid and muscular genius of imperial Rome laid under contribution, to supplement her own deficiencies, the wit, wisdom, imagination, and fervour of Jew and Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, and—fell to pieces in consequence. We, on the other hand, are not content unless we are drilling half naked Zulus or New

Zealanders in our own intensely national Church formularies, or breaking the brains of poor Hindoos over the metaphysical cobwebs of an Athanasian creed. And we expect Abyssinians or Esquimaux to appreciate equally the peculiar virtues of trial by jury, with a final appeal to strength of stomach by way of testting firmness of intelligent conviction. Well, the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light, but some of us may aspire to belong to the latter class, and must regret that England is so indifferent to the glorious rays of religious and philosophical truth that fall upon us from the mystic East. Already nearly a century has elapsed since that prodigy of erudition and industry, Sir William Jones, landed in Calcutta and commenced his researches in the Sanscrit literature, and how little, comparatively speaking, has been added to his discoveries. Half a dozen English scholars have become distinguished for their knowledge of Sanscrit, and for translations of a portion of the Vedas, yet the result of their labours and those of continental savants is only just beginning to percolate through the crust of prejudice or indifference to the lower levels of the public mind.

The style of Indian literature is, no doubt, opposed to European taste. Oriental conceptions are often florid and extravagant, luxuriant as its vegetation. But has such wild exuberance of imagination nothing to answer to it among ourselves? I, at least, am incapable of conceiving any greater outrage on reason or sanity of mind than that belief, which is the very heart and centre of Catholic worship, the doctrine of Transubstantiation. To swallow the whole Koran at a gulp is a trifle compared to such an act of faith. Nay, Protestantism itself, if a single name can be applied to a hundred wrangling sects, orthodox Protestantism cannot afford to cry out against vagaries of imagination. What single oriental fable is more grotesquely absurd than the popular doctrine of the "Resurrection of the Body." At the sound of a trumpet all the particles which composed the corrupting mass deposited in the grave are to assemble together from the four quarters of the heaven to form a body in which the unfortunate soul is to dwell for all eternity. Heaven and Earth! And this is the teaching of the ponderous learned madness of theological doctors without number. Of course, it came originally from the East, from Persians who taught it to the Jews in their captivity. It would have been well if Christendom had borrowed another doctrine from the same source, viz., that Ormuzd, the good principle, must finally triumph over Ahriman, the evil, conferring blessedness on all. Christianity represents the Divine Being tormenting his creatures throughout eternity.

With self-complacent ignorance our missionaries stun the

unwilling ears of Parsees or Hindoos with a third-hand version of the old legends, which probably belonged to a prehistoric civilisation, even then in its decadence and decrepitude, when our ancestors were a herd of painted savages. Surely these preachers of a so-called "gospel" of condemnation to the great mass of mankind might employ their time more profitably in reverent study of those Providential laws written in capital letters in the creeds, the social habits, and very physical frame of the countless millions of China or of India. Among other things they might learn, first of all, that God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts.

The above reflections followed the perusal of a book we lately met with, entitled, "The Speculations on Metaphysics, Polity, and Morality of 'The Old Philosopher, Laoutsze,'" translated from the Chinese by John Chalmers. We heartily commend the volume to the attention of our readers. It was published only four years ago, and in its pages the deepest philosophy of China appears for the first time clothed in an English dress.

There is, no doubt, some ground for the prevailing notion, that the Chinese are mentally incapable of profound reflection or metaphysical thought. They have, for the most part, flat and childish faces, inexpressive noses, and a mechanical unideal mould of head: and Confucius, who is generally regarded as a type of the highest species of Chinese development, is certainly more of a practical moralist than a profound thinker. "He appealed to no general passions, to no principles that are catholic in man. He allured the intellectual by no metaphysical subtleties, the ignorant by no splendour of imagination, the credulous by no supernatural pretensions. In point of fact, his ethical system, with the exception of the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you,' reproduced in Christianity five hundred years later, never soars beyond the most obvious commonplace."—(Thornton's History of China.) An individual whose nature and mode of thought has exercised so vast an influence over mankind for more than two thousand years, deserves, perhaps, a little study; but we are not at present specially concerned with the doctrines of Confucius, and will only commend to disciples of the "Harmonial Philosophy" the following passages quoted by Professor Maurice from the "Second Sacred Book," the "Chung-yung," or "The Invariable in the Mean:"—"Before joy, satisfaction, anger, sorrow, have been produced in the soul, the state in which we are found is called the Mean. When once they have been produced in the soul, and they have not transgressed certain limits, the state in which we are is called Harmonic. This Mean is the great foundation of the world. Harmony is the universal and permanent law of it. When the

Mean and the Harmony have been carried to the point of perfection, heaven and earth are in a state of perfect tranquillity, and all beings receive their full development."

Laoutsze, who was born about 50 years before Confucius, (604 B.C.), was very unlike him in character. He seems to have excelled the great legislator of China in depth and independence of thought, as much as the latter surpassed his contemporaries as a casuist, ritualist, and systematiser of moral doctrines. Laoutsze's father and mother were poor peasants. At the time of his birth, the expectant mother seems to have been forsaken, or been thrust forth from her dwelling, and while wandering in the fields she lay down beneath a pear tree, and there the wonderful child was born. During the greater part of his life *the sage was wrapped up in metaphysical speculations, treating* with contempt the things of the external world. He was a believer in the original goodness of human nature, and ascribed its vitiation to the circumstances by which men are surrounded in the world. Above all things, therefore, he insisted upon the importance of self-knowledge and self-subjection; holding that he alone is truly enlightened, who knows himself, and he alone is truly powerful, who is able to conquer himself. If we mistake not, the philosophy contained in Mr. Chalmers's book will be found to anticipate, by two millenniums, some of the deepest metaphysics of the 19th century, and by six centuries, some of the moral doctrines generally supposed to have been enunciated by the preachers of Christianity.

There is one fact with regard to Laoutsze, notably interesting to spiritualists. The sect of the Taon which he founded, are the spirit-worshippers of China. "If we imagine," says a recent writer, "the ascetics of the earlier ages of Christianity bringing with them into the desert, together with their ignorant superstitions and fevered imaginations, the pure morality of the gospel, we shall be able to form some idea of the disciples of Laoutsze. The national love of order had originated from an early period a classification of the spirits which haunt and infest the material world; and this philosopher is supposed to have been the first who systematised the whole, beginning with the doctrine of the divine Logos. These spirits are said to have been originally men. Some are lords and rulers of the upper world. Some are genii and hobgoblins, wandering among groves and caverns; and some are demons of the abyss, whose business on earth is mischief, and whose fate is hell and torment. Laoutsze gave himself out to be one of the genii who preside over the destinies of men, and he is still supposed to be engaged in this supreme office. His followers were the high chemists of China, who supposed that the process of analysis

would discover something more than physical elements; and believing in the spiritual world, they invested the world of matter with mystic qualities. They were originally virtuous recluses, and by means of their ignorant experiments, acquired some knowledge of medicine; but the body as might be expected, was at all times vitiated by quacks and intriguers; and as their doctrines came but little home to the common business and bosoms of men, they could not make any permanent head against the more practical Confucians.

"We will now give a few extracts from Laoutsze's own book, to show what his original doctrines actually were; and which are possibly as unlike those of his present followers, as the 39 Articles of the Church of England, or the creed of Pius the IX. are to the Sermon on the Mount.

"The word Tau, which gives the name to the sect—the Tauists—recurs very often, and no English word, says Mr. Chalmers, is its exact equivalent. Three terms suggest themselves—the way, reason, and the word—but it seems best to leave it untranslated.

HUMILITY.

He that humbles himself shall be preserved entire.
He that bends shall be straightened.
He that is diminished shall succeed.
He that is increased shall be misled.
Therefore the sage embraces unity, and is a pattern for all the world. He is not self-displaying and therefore he shines. He is not self exalting and therefore he stands high.

TAU.

Great Tau is all pervading. All things wait upon it for life, and it refuses none. When its meritorious work is done, it takes not the name of merit. In love it nourishes all things and does not lord it over them. It is ever free from ambitious desires. This is how the wise man to the last does not make himself great, and therefore he is able to achieve greatness. Lay hold on the great form of Tau, and the whole world will go to you. It will go to you and suffer no injury, and its rest and peace will be glorious. Tau in its passing out of the mouth is weak and tasteless. If you look at it, there is nothing to fill the eye. If you listen to it, there is nothing to fill the ear. But if you use it it is inexhaustible.

When the superior scholar hears Tau, he diligently practises it. When the middling scholar hears Tau, he one while keeps it, another while loses it. When the inferior scholar hears Tau, he laughs aloud at it. Were it not thus laughed at, it would not be worthy of the name of Tau. Would that I were possessed of sufficient knowledge to walk in the great Tau (Way).

The great Tau is exceedingly plain; but the people like the cross paths.

To wear fine clothes, and carry sharp swords—to eat and drink to satiety, and lay up superfluous wealth—this I call magnificent robbery. This is not Tau, sure enough.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

One needs not to go beyond his own door to know the world. The further one goes away, the less he knows.

Therefore the wise man does not travel for knowledge; names things without seeing them; and achieves his purpose without action.

They that know don't speak; and they that speak don't know.

The best part of knowledge is (conscious) ignorance.

The disease of ignorance is (the conceit of) knowledge.

Faithful words are not fine. Fine words are not faithful. The good do not debate. The knowing are not learned. The learned are not knowing. It is after wisdom has conferred renown that there are great shams.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

The Tau of heaven does not shine, yet conquers well—does not speak, yet answers well—does not call, yet things come of their own accord—is slack, yet plans well.

Man in his life is supple and tender, and in his death he is rigid and strong. It is the same with everything. Grass and trees are in their life weak and tender, and in their death withered and tough.

Of all the weak things in the world, nothing exceeds water; and yet, of those which attach hard to strong things, I know not what is superior to it.

Don't make light of this. The fact that the weak can conquer the strong, and the tender the hard, is known to all the world, yet none can carry it out in practice. Therefore the sage says:—He who bears the reproach of his country shall be called the lord of the land. He who bears the calamities of his country shall be called the king of the world.

Recompense injury with kindness. The sage does not lay up treasures.

The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others the more he is increased."

From utterances such as these, which embody the very essence of Christian morality, I think we may deduce the following conclusion:—That below the region of existence to which specific individual character belongs, there is a generic unity of nature, through which men find themselves in harmony with universal law, and rarely manifested spiritual forces. To reach this stormless calm of being, has been, in every age, the aim of sage and mystic. Whether called Tau or Logos, Brahm, or Inward Light, it means the same thing—renunciation of all personal distinction or self-seeking. The sequel of such abnegation is often very marvellous, and may be described as spiritual strength and influence, and intellectual light. The rationale of this is not given by Laoutsze or any other mystic. Whether the spiritualists of the west will get any nearer to it than those of China or Alexandria did, still remains to be seen.

THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

THE office of religion is to manifest an interest in the immortal future of the individual. All religions provide for the eternal happiness of their devotees; nor can these perceive any safety outside of their form of belief. This proceeds from the fact that science and philosophy do not closely accompany and sufficiently illuminate religious theories and sentiments, which are

therefore often dogmatic and superstitious. The true philosophy of death is not appreciated; its processes are not understood; nor are the after consequences known—hence, evil is seen in good, fear takes the place of confidence, and artificial forms of salvation are adopted, instead of relying on nature's unalterable modes. The great want of wholesome thought on this most important subject is a matter of continual observation. The beautiful moral and socially progressive principles which have been attributed to Christianity, but which are really distinctive features of human nature on a certain plane of development, require to be supplemented throughout Christendom with a more truthful system of psychology. The sectarian forms of the Christian Church carefully repress any speculation or advance as to the facts of existence, and its policy has been to persecute and deride any effort to attain happiness (heaven) otherwise than by its narrow and superstitious ritual. Herein is exhibited the weak part of popular "Christianity." It carefully regulates man's moral and social conduct; but the beautiful spiritual superstructure which should arise out of such a life, and present the acme of human development, demonstrable alike by philosophy and facts, is supplanted by an artificial, narrow, and arbitrary superstition, smothering all love of, or confidence in the institutes of the Divine, as established in the nature of man. Many amiable minds whom the Church would gladly receive within her pale, and who would be her strength and her glory, and render her truly catholic and aspiring, are thus not only excluded but anathematised. By this course the Church is robbed of life and stamina, and its purity and principles depreciated. Instead of primitive Christianity or Christism, we have a puzzle of Pharisaical cant and empty ceremonial, gradually departing further from central principles. And why? Because this spiritual element, or soul of all religions, must remain in a dead or stationary state. Spiritual developments are things that were, not are, an indispensable portion of the Christian faith; and so there must be degeneracy and decline for want of inherent life.

These peculiarities of creed account for the rancour with which the "Church" has ever treated all Dissenters from her theory of salvation, and dogmas concerning the future. She affirms that there is no need of more information as to the conditions of the after-life; and Christian writers and apologists exult in the fact, that their "plan of salvation" is not a philosophy, but an unreasonable belief in the face of man's present intuitions, and the aggregate evidence of the ages. Christian partisans assume that philosophy will not make a happy death-bed—that hope, comfort, or courage, must be denied the soul who repudiates the

irrational and unnatural "means of grace" insisted upon by the Christian sect. To substantiate this theory, "holy men" have not scrupled to invent "facts" of the most approved shade and finish. They have exulted and revelled in the chagrin, discomfiture, and eternal damnation of those who have dared to depart this life without the services of priestcraft. No doubt, many such have died miserably, and so have even a greater proportion of Christians. The doubts and ravings of many of the latter on the approach of death are anything but confirmatory of a state of mental fortitude or certainty. It cannot be expected that the "wicked" can be happy for long together under any circumstances; but many dissenters from the Christian superstitions are anything but wicked. Happiness in death depends on a natural law of organic development and culture. On this point sectarians have denied a great natural truth, and committed a grave mistake. Numberless facts go to prove that development of brain and organism, and natural wholeness of mind, give the individual the greatest amount of triumph over all circumstances, death included. Whether the state of the future life be understood by them or not, they are prepared to receive with fortitude and trust whatever a loving parent may present to them. Even though they deny the future life for want of evidence (which the Church has taken good care shall be the case), and like Hobbes "take a leap in the dark;" yet they do so resignedly and manfully, and with a mind free from prejudice and preconceived notions; such will readily take on the teachings and impressions of the spirit-land.

The most horrible tales have been circulated respecting the death-beds of the most celebrated "infidels" and philosophers, with the avowed purpose of putting an end to independent thought and philosophy. This most miserable and craven form of infidelity, long rampant throughout the whole Church, is daily losing ground; and when the facts of human existence become more fully known, it must vanish entirely. The closing scene of some of the "heathen" philosophers are the grandest monuments of human experience under similar circumstances, transcending by far the desire to evade the "bitter cup," said to have been uttered in the garden on the evening previous to the crucifixion. Later generations have also been prolific of similar happy scenes; and daily in the common walks of life, the infidel spiritualist, or atheistic philosopher, calmly and joyously allows himself to be transferred from the external to the inner life, and instead of being damned for his indifference to priestly interference and ritual, he is conducted lovingly by friendly guides to an appropriate state of society in the spirit-world.

The great truth is, that death is a natural and necessary event

in the career of the human soul, and when the proper time approaches for dissolution, it is welcome as sleep to the weary eyelids, unless the mind has been perverted by selfish fears and cares, the dirty work of priests and creeds. No form of knowledge is more necessary than that which unfolds the real process and results of death. We could fill many pages with instances of calm and collected deaths, and as many describing the most manifest symptoms of slavish fear and uncertainty, frantically repeating hymns and incantations, like the timid boy whistling through the churchyard to keep his courage up. All such anxiety and desire to appease the "King of Terrors" is a display of weakness unfavourable to the system that promotes it. We are no apologists for, or enemies to, any class of persons we may have referred to in this article, we merely wish to call attention to the laws regulating the state of mind in death, and that these have not only been misunderstood but the truth perverted, inflicting a gross injury upon mankind by the upholders of tyrannical creeds. The names of Paine and Voltaire have been held up for execration on account of the liberal tendencies of their minds, and their deaths have been instanced as a bugbear to frighten the lambs of the flock into slavish obedience. The barefaced lies which have been vended have met disproof in numerous instances, but as a general sample of the truth as opposed to these slanderous stories, we quote the following, taken from a work which appeared many years ago, by Sir Charles Morgan, entitled "Philosophy of Morals":—

"The *Christian Advocate*, having revived the absurd and inconclusive tale of the death-bed of Voltaire and of D'Alembert, I, being at Paris, availed myself of the opportunity to procure the testimony of the only persons now living who were actually present on these occasions. The following documents are decisive upon the subject; and as the witnesses are far advanced in life, it is important that their testimony should be made known. The first is an extract from a letter from Dr. Burard, who, as an assistant physician, was constantly about the person of Voltaire in his last moments. It commences:—'I feel happy in being able, while paying homage to truth, to destroy the effects of the lying stories which have been told respecting the last moments of Mons. de Voltaire. I was, by office, one of those who were appointed to watch the whole progress of his illness, with MM. Tronchin, Lorry, and Try, his medical attendants. I never left him for an instant during his last moments, and I can certify that we invariably observed in him the same strength of character, though his decease was necessarily attended with horrible pain.' (Here follows the details of his case.) 'We positively forbade him to speak, in order to prevent the increase of a spitting of blood, with which he was attacked. Still he continued to communicate with us by means of little cards, on which he wrote his questions. We replied to him verbally, and if he was not satisfied, he always made his observations to us in writing. He therefore retained his faculties up to the last moment; and the fooleries which have been attributed to him are deserving of the greatest contempt. It could not even be said that such or such person had related any circumstance of his death, as being witnesses to it; for, at the last,

admission to his chamber was forbidden to any person. Those who came to obtain intelligence respecting the patient, waited in the saloon and other apartments at hand. The proposition, therefore, which has been put in the mouth of Marshal Richelieu is as unfounded as the rest.—(Signed) BURARD. —Paris, April 3, 1819.'"

Spiritualism has already done much to clear away the monstrous ideas which have been woven round death like a shroud. No worker has done more in this field than the clairvoyant, A. J. Davis, whose graphic descriptions of the death-scene have been repeatedly reproduced in these pages. His "Philosophy of Death," reprinted from the first volume of the "Great Harmonia," has been republished in a cheap form from the early numbers of *Human Nature*. Several impressions have found a ready sale, and a large re-issue has just been received from the printer. The great advance which psychological knowledge is making affords the greatest encouragement to all who work in the field of progress.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICAN LETTER.

STATUS OF SPIRITUALISM—DIVISION IN THE RANKS OF SPIRITUALISTS—SPIRITUALISM IN POLITICS—THE CHICAGO FIRE AND THE SPIRITUAL PRESS—THE JOURNAL, AGE, AND LYCEUM BANNER—NEW PUBLICATIONS—REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES ON THE DEATH OF GOETHE—PHENOMENA—PROF. CROOKS AND THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY *v.* PROF. HARE.

SPIRITUALISM in the United States never made more rapid growth than at present. The full extent of its progress is by no means discernible on the surface, nor in organic movement, but it is an all-powerful influence permeating Church and State, and changing the great currents of thought of the people. To such an extent is this true, that our literature has changed in a marked degree, and the most popular books and writings are those which have in the greatest measure felt the touch of inspiration. Such, it seems to me, is the true mission of Spiritualism. Thus far, as an organic movement, it has failed, and we believe must ever fail. The spirit-world is not desirous of such a movement else it would have been long ago successful. The grand philosophy of immortality cannot be confined within the bounds of any party or sect, however broad the platform of that party. The premises assumed by spiritualists, that of demonstrated knowledge, at once carries them beyond the limits of all sects into the realm of science. It would be as well for astronomers or philosophers to combine in close communion sects as for spiritualists. Their system belongs to the sphere of

of demonstrated knowledge, not to that of belief. They fully accept the position that all proselytism is false and unprofitable, and that growth, not conversion, is the road of progression.

Hence, Spiritualism is the vivifying force of all organisations permeating Church and State; the most conservative as well as most radical; speaking through the voiceless influence of its myriad guardian angels to all of earth's children. The beggar as well as the prince, the depraved criminal as well as the saint, the bigot as well as the liberalist, has friends and relatives, near and dear in the spirit-realm, who with impartiality instil into the minds of all, so far as they are able to receive, the precepts of their philosophy. Hence the mighty power which underlies the mortal world, like volcanic force beneath the rugged mountain, yet restrained by the combined discretion of the spirit-world.

Mistaking and wholly misinterpreting the genius of Spiritualism, a quite numerous party have from the beginning sought to found a great organic movement on its doctrines. Repeated failure taught these no lesson of wisdom, and when selfishness attempted its own aggrandisement and miserably failed, it renewed the struggle with undimmed expectations. Many have sought to lead, but disgrace, swift and ruinous, has overtaken them. The best portion of the spiritualists said:—"We do not demand a new system. We have been systemised to death already. We would be rid of the systems we have. We receive the new philosophy because it is *not* a system; because it is poured out copiously and freely as the sunlight, to be rejected or received as we please."

The American Association of Spiritualists has for a series of years held annual conventions, but thus far has yielded scarcely any visible result. At its last meeting at Troy, N.Y., it made a "new departure" by the election of Victoria C. Woodhull as its president. That convention was in no sense a spiritual convention, but rather a "woman's suffrage," and the election of Mrs. W. virtually made the American Association an ally of the Woman's Rights movement, and of that peculiar form of it she advocates. Furthermore, it must be known to my English readers that Mrs. Woodhull advocates social views, known in this country as "free-love," and suffers the just odium in which such views are held. It is true that only eighty-four members formed the Association, and of these it is not probable fifty were *bona fide* delegates. Mrs. W. received but forty-two votes, and forty-two votes were cast against her. The vote could not be made unanimous, and there is an unexplained mystery how she became elected.

It is not strange that a large body of spiritualists protest

against this representation, for weak as the Association really is, it makes great pretentions, and to the world is a representative organisation. Various agencies have been long at work disintegrating the forces of Spiritualism, and the result of the Troy Convention is their fruition. Two great parties divide its ranks; the one led by Mrs. Woodhull, having accepted the name of "Free-love," may be designated by that word, let its meaning be what it may; and the other, according to the prevalent custom of whatever desires to hold to a shred of the past, the Conservative. The line between these two parties every day grows deeper and broader, and the agitation which is just beginning must eventually render them antagonistic.

The first-mentioned party make Spiritualism the pack-horse of all the so-called reforms—"Woman's Rights," "Social Reform," Labour Reform," "Temperance," &c. At present it is pushed forward with rapid strides by its president, who having by devious ways gained the office, apparently for this purpose, is using all her energies in identifying Spiritualism with these reforms, and bringing it into politics as a party! The signal defeat she met at the national capital, which the committee, after giving her measure careful attention, decided was false in its interpretation of the Federal Constitution, and summarily dismissed it, will have little effect on her career. We are soon to feel the quadrennial fever of a Presidential election, which promises to be one of the most exciting ever held, and into this fierce struggle Mrs. Woodhull, who proclaims herself "as President of the American Association," the "Standard bearer" of spiritualists, plunges as a candidate for the White House, and expects Spiritualism, with its medley freight of "reforms," to support her wild adventure!

Sad will be the day when Spiritualism enters the arena of politics, even if it form a new party of its own. Its receivers are not unanimous on the great political issues, and cast their votes with all. They are democrats and republicans; they are for protection and for free-trade; they are for labour and for capital, and are thus divided on all questions. Of itself, Spiritualism can make no political issue. Its province is to support the truth wherever found, regardless of party, clique, or faction. Its domain is universal, and it rises above party strife and even national sympathy, being only content with ultimate principles.

Paradoxical as it may appear, these "reformers" who are striving to create a political issue, which through sympathy shall involve Spiritualism, are the loudest in their denunciations of the bigots who are attempting to amend the constitution so as to recognise God and Christ in the supreme law of the land! It is no worse for one sect to rule than another, and if Spiritualism

may rule, cannot Methodism or Catholicism? The genius of our government extends its strong arm over all forms of belief and unbelief, and all are free. When the bigots force this issue upon the country it will be overwhelmingly met, not by Spiritualism, but by Liberalism.

The great fire which overwhelmed Chicago, the most energetic of all the cities of the West, destroyed the three spiritual papers published there—the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the *Present Age*, and the *Lyceum Banner*. For the time, so utter was the destruction, press, type, books, even the wardrobe of the proprietors, that it seemed impossible for them to rise. Most wonderful to relate, and one of the most astonishing instances of undaunted energy, although every press in the city was burned, all three of these papers issued a number within the week of the awful conflagration. Very small were they in size, not much larger than the sheet on which I am writing, but still large enough to express the unshaken faith of their proprietors. Mrs. Lou. H. Kimball, editor and proprietor of the *Lyceum Banner*, a paper devoted to the Lyceum movement, and unquestionably the best paper for the children of Liberalists in America, escaped barely with her life. She had struggled against adversity for years, and reached a firm position of independence for her paper when the fire-fiend devoured all. With noble courage she wrote a circular to her patrons by the light of the burning city, and sent it away to be printed and circulated.

We are happy to record that this devotion has been rewarded. All three journals have come out of the flames more beautiful and every way improved. The publication of several works has been delayed, and in some instances indefinitely postponed by the destruction of the plates. S. S. Jones had just issued a fine edition of the "Bhagvat Gita," which met with an unexpectedly large sale; the *Present Age* had issued its first volume, "The Golden Key;" and Mrs. Kimball had just placed the sheets of a story for children, "The Fairfields," in the binder's hands, when plates and books were all swept away. Brother Jones promises to have the plates of the "Gita" renewed at once, which we sincerely hope he will do, as we regard it as an invaluable work.

Three valuable books have recently been issued. "The Debatable Land," by the Hon. R. D. Owen, of which half of the second edition was taken in advance by the "trade," is addressed to the clergy, and ought to convince that respectable body, and undoubtedly would, were it not as true to-day as two thousand years ago in Ephesus, that "our craft is in danger" has greater force than principles.

The Biography of J. M. Peebles, "The Spiritual Pilgrim," is a most unique production, having the fragrance of the old and

primitive apostolic days. Mr. Barrett, the writer, familiarly known as John, loves James with deepest tenderness, and the smallest word or action of his more than friend has to him deep significance. The English friends who have enjoyed the genial presence of James M. Peebles will, I venture to say, be delighted with the narrative of his "pilgrimage." We acknowledge that it gave us a better understanding of our friend, for we could never convince ourselves that he ever was other than what he is now—never possibly a boy, a youth, a man of the world; always the wrapped spiritualist of the present!

Mr. Barret has also published a work entitled, "Looking Beyond," in which he has presented the "last words" of the dying. It is a book of great interest, not only to the spiritualist, but student of anthropology.

The German spiritualists have a paper in their own language, published at Washington, D. C., and admirably edited by Dr. P. L. Schücking. It is a model journal, filled to the brim with scholarly articles by the best German thinkers in this country. It is significantly entitled, *Der Tafelrunde* (The Round Table). The last number contains an account of some occurrences at the death of the great poet Goethe, which was never before published. It was written by an eminent Professor in one of our popular colleges, who was an intimate friend to Goethe's family, and an eye-witness to the scenes he describes. His name is withheld, because, like numberless other believers, he does not desire to become identified with Spiritualism. This account is of such deep interest I subjoin a translation of the most essential portion.

"As an introduction to this recital, we quote the following from Lewes' 'Life of Goethe:'—'The following morning he (Goethe) tried to walk a little up and down the room, but after a turn he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself in an easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottillia on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. "See," he exclaimed, "the lovely woman's head—with black curls—in splendid colours—a dark background!" Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked how they could have Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen. They were sketches in a dream. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. In silent anguish the close, now so surely approaching, was awaited.' It was during these solemn moments that a fearful whistling was heard around the house, sending a thrill of terror to the hearts of those gathered to watch the closing scenes of so marked a

life. Thereupon a noise was heard proceeding from the rear of the premises, in the direction of the wood-house. A few of the most courageous of those present wended their way thither to discover, if possible, the cause of the disturbance. On approaching the wood-house or shed, a splitting of wood was distinctly heard within though the door was secured by a padlock. This was unlocked and the search began. There were the axe and the wood, everything in order, but the noise had ceased. Scarcely had the door been closed again when the noise was repeated more audibly than before. The investigators were awe-struck by the repetition, and silently returned to the mansion. Upon arriving at the main entrance they experienced another startling manifestation. It seemed as if a whole regiment of troops was marching up and down the great stairway, with a steady and loud tramp, and yet not a living soul was to be seen. This noise continued for some time, gradually dying out, and apparently giving place to another occurrence still more marvellous.

"It seemed as if, in a less frequented part of the house, a door, either unknown or long forgotten slowly opened, creeking on its rusty hinges. Then a beautiful female spirit-figure appeared, bearing a lamp burning with a light-blue flame; her features were surrounded by a halo of glory. She gazed calmly upon the terror-stricken witnesses, sang a few stanzas of some angelic melody, and then disappeared; the door, closing behind her, presenting the same sealed appearance as before. In solemn silence the observers retraced their footsteps to the chamber of mourning, and there learned that the spirit had returned to God, who gave it. The last words audible were:—'More light!' The final darkness grew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death.

"Other noises were heard, and many strange sights were seen in various parts of the house by the visitors and members of the family."

The author concludes—"We have stated the facts. . . . We have entered upon no speculation to account for those wonderful occurrences. Many will, doubtless, dispose of the whole matter by calling it an hallucination of the brain, or a delusion of the mind, or what not. To others there would seem to be a very simple and rational explanation, and that is this—That for a wise purpose, as in times past, supernatural manifestations are still given, whose meaning is not intended to be fully discerned, but whose actual occurrence on many occasions is intended as a rebuke to those proud, conceited, and one-sided minds, whose knowledge and belief are limited by themselves to that alone which is appreciated by the bodily senses."

The day of "manifestations" has by no means passed, as has been asserted by some distinguished believers. The people are as eager for them as twenty years ago. *The phenomena form the basis of our philosophy, and to mediumship it looks for its demonstration.* The whole country has been making pilgrimages to Moravia, N.Y., where, in the presence of a lady, spirit faces and sometimes whole forms, are shown to the circle, and generally recognised. Recently, "manifestations" of this class have been made through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, now located in New York City, long and favourably known in the West. They are of far more astonishing character than even those of Moravia. Years ago it was prophesied that we should be able to converse with our spirit-friends face to face, and now this prophecy is literally fulfilled. We confidently believe greater things are in store—that the present manifestations are only the first waves that presage the grand swell of the flood tide. Mr. W. Crookes and the Dialectic Society have accomplished one task for us, they have decided that the phenomena are a reality and not humbug or hallucination. We thank them for that. Our own Professor Robert Hare, pursued a course of investigation the same in principle as Mr. W. Crookes years ago. He did not, however, discover a "new force" in the power which moved his dial, else his name would have sounded over the world. He was the equal to Mr. Crookes in science, and his experiments were extended over a much wider field and with greater exactitude, yet he decided not for "psychic force," but for spiritual intelligence.—Fraternally yours,

Feb. 6, 1872. HUDSON TUTTLE.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 29, 1872.

MY DEAR BURNS,—This grand old city, with almost a tropical clime and with such a mixture of languages, races, and religions, from the "Hodoos," or dancing negroes, and Chinamen, to the infallible Jesuits and priests in their monstrous and showy cathedrals, has been the arena and field of labour of J. M. Peebles, who has been sowing the seeds of harmony and love, *i.e.*, the principles of the spiritual philosophy.

As the fruits of his teachings we anticipate a bountiful harvest. Already many circles have been organised for spirit communion, and scores are investigating with happy results.

There are several good mediums in the city, and they are doing a good work. Mrs. Rice is giving seances for physical manifestations. Mrs. Bowen and Mr. Howe are also waiting on the public.

The Davenport brothers are here, but soon contemplate a trip through the north.

Mr. Peebles aided in the development of several mediums while here, and had some splendid subjects of psychology. Mr. Hutchinson in particular was made to preach all kinds of theology from "hell fire" to universal salvation. He was also made clairvoyant, so that he described and saw spirits to the satisfaction of several.

Mr. Peebles contemplates taking a class of young men and disciplining them in the spiritual theology next summer. He is peculiarly fitted for this work, and those who are fortunate enough to join his class will enjoy a rich intellectual treat.

Maneova Hall was crowded on Sunday evenings during Mr. Peebles's course, and last evening the following resolutions were passed unanimously:—Whereas, J. M. Peebles, of Hammonton, N.J., has since March last lectured to the spiritualists of New Orleans—three months—one in April and two recently, edifying and instructing us in the principles of the spiritual philosophy; and, whereas, his method of bringing these progressive truths before the public mind has been so tempered with charity and fraternal kindness as to meet with a cordial reception from spiritualists and a tacit approval even of inquiring sectarians, therefore—

Resolved, "That a vote of thanks be tendered him for his outspoken utterances in behalf of mediumship, mediums, the spiritual phenomena, and the harmonial philosophy in all its practical bearings."

Resolved, "That we but utter the sentiments of Southern spiritualists generally, when we cordially invite Mr. Peebles to return again to break to us the bread of life, and point us to fountains of living waters, promising him our hearty co-operation."

Resolved, "That we recommend him to all localities and societies where there is a due appreciation of organisation, order, and harmony, as necessities for the better dissemination of the truths connected with Spiritualism, and the social and fraternal relations growing out of them."

Resolved, "That copies of these resolutions be furnished to the spiritualist papers of this country, and the *Medium and Daybreak* and *Human Nature* of London."

Capt. John Grant, M.F., Hyer; Dr. J. W. Allen, Spencer Field, Committee.

A. B. Lamb.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS ON THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN AMERICA.

(*From the American Spiritualist of 27th January.*)

Our city (Washington) is honoured by a visit from Jackson and Mary. The spiritualists in particular, are delighted at the event, and as far as we can judge from appearances, our distinguished guests are equally well-pleased with us.

On the evening of the 17th inst., a public reception was tendered these pioneers of our religion, and at an early hour, Harmonial Hall was thoroughly well filled with friends, anxious to honour the occasion, and gather fresh inspiration for the days to come.

For the first hour, the guests were kept at the employment of hand-shaking, and the social discourse, wit, and repartee, that invariably attend them, when among men and women capable of appreciation and sympathy, the common thought being, "I have often heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore, I think altogether better of myself, and esteem thee no whit the less."

At about eight o'clock, the meeting was called to order, and at the call of the presiding officer, Jackson made one of his facetious, yet thoughtful speeches, most admirably adapted to the occason. Among other things, he gave his estimate as to the universal strength of spiritualists in the United States, as follows:—

Adult persons converted from disbelief in immortality by the *test manifestations*,	4,000,000
Adult persons converted from indifference and doubt, by the ideas of spiritualism,	1,000,000
Adult persons converted from ordinary rationalism, by the harmonial philosophy,	1,600,000
Adult persons converted from hell-fire orthodoxy by spiritual manifestations, &c.,	200,000
Adult persons converted from despair and fear of death, by spiritualism,	2,200,000
Total, (very nearly)	9,000,000

And all this the work of twenty-five years!

Rapturous applause accompanied and succeeded the speech, and a general wish was expressed for a public lecture from Mr. Davis.

Mary F. Davis followed in her usual happy vein. She counselled the infusion of love and harmony into all the activities of life, and stated her belief, that a life devoted to the civilisation and purification of mankind was the safest possible card of admission to a blissful immortality beyond the grave.

Laura de Force Gordon, Aaron Powell, and C. Fannie Allyn, responded to calls, and, in turn, enlivened the reception, by graceful and eloquent speeches.

Altogether, this meeting was one upon which the memories, both of guests and entertainers, will long linger with agreeable emotions.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE.

It is most absurd to suppose that our modern spiritualists are not men of science; for what is science but an appeal to facts, and an inquiry into the nature of such facts, as to what conclusions are to be drawn from them; and if they have reason to believe in the presence of a spirit who claims to be so and so, what do they do? They put him upon his trial—put the "claimant" in the witness-box, and cross-question him. They may make mistakes, of course; but what scientific man, and what lawyer has not made mistakes? But in the multitude of counsellors, there surely must be wisdom, at least, in regard to the existence of the facts appealed to, when looked for by unprejudiced minds; for Bacon has well said, that those who go to examine any fact with a prejudiced mind are sure to find matter to foster their prejudices, but nothing for their enlightenment. The whole history of science, and of the advancement of knowledge, exhibit the truth of the remark. One might cite instances by the hundred. The professors of science are now just acting over again the old part in the comedy of scientific error. Oh, if they could but have one glance, and see how foolishly they will look in the mirror of the not far future!

But in regard to this question of matter and spirit, Mr. Burns has done well to appeal to facts, and say that "in all mechanical operations a fulcrum, or basis, is necessary, as no applied force would be available without it;" but, then, this matter of the fulcrum—what is it? All resolved into force, he tells us. And this force, what is

it? Well, not an entity—not the agent, but the action, "and matter is a mere phantom, a sham," &c.; and all these is given up for "an intelligent principle." Now we understand perfectly well what intelligence is, but it must be intelligence of somebody; and we can make nothing of the term, "principle;" and I don't think we can give up the substance for the shadow in such a fashion. Nor do I see how the material world can be suffered to dissolve away at the mere tap of the clairvoyant's wand. I suppose I may have had more experience in clairvoyance than any one living, but it certainly never occurred to me that the fact disproved the existence of the material world—or, we will say, the substance of the material world—any more than the light passing clean through the solid glass is a disproof of the substantial nature of the glass. As for the "persistence of force," there is no such thing as force as well as matter; for whether you call the matter force, or force the power of the matter, it is in either view the matter that is persistent, and the different forces are simply the different material conditions, which change and interchange each condition, having a special action; and let it once and for ever then be understood, that there are not two entities—matter and force, but one substance potentially, with the ability to act, and dynamically in different modes of action, correlated and interchangeable; and a "principle" of action applies to the nature or ability, and not the substance of which it is the principle, or we are playing fast and loose with terms, and are all in confusion.

But to sum up, what I hope, then, is that Mr. Burns, as one having the true scientific spirit in always appealing to facts and ignoring assumption, will agree with me, that as we have no means of knowing, so we have no reason for assuming that spirit and matter are essentially different, any more than for the old assumption that air and earth were essentially different; and that we see throughout nature what seems like intelligence, but whether it is conscious or unconscious we cannot positively affirm; if not conscious, it would, of course, be simply automatic, or a corresponding law or principle, and, in effect, the same as though it was conscious, and to which the human mind corresponds as a reflex conscious state, but proceeding from and always in connection with a nervous system, and unconscious cerebral action as its basis; and if spirits exist, of course, they must have spiritual bodies of some kind, of which intelligence is the function—all which seems to me to be the most we can say, in a true scientific apprehension of the facts as presented to us. The question of a revelation, of course, is another matter, as also the assertion of the idealist—that we neither know, nor can know anything beyond, or differing from the sensations of the mind. But Mr. Burns is not an idealist, and the question between us is as to what the mind knows, and can know as true and reliable information on which we can act and depend, not only as a question of philosophy, but in the practical affairs of life.

I may add that the time is passed when we can honestly refrain

from plain-speaking—when we have one duke proclaiming the reign of law in the realm of mind, and another ignoring Christianity in the article in the *Times* on the Duke of Somerset's book, suggesting plainly that if the Duke gives up 'revelation,' he has no logical basis for his theism; and, in fact, my old friend, Dr. Irons, and many of the more philosophical of the clergy, are proclaiming the same thing, so that, if we shrink from freedom of speech, we are behind our age.

H. G. A.

ADDRESS OF MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL TO THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

FRIEND BURNS,—By your permission I will, in as brief a manner as the importance of the subject will permit, endeavour to direct the attention of your readers, and the spiritualists of England generally, to a document, which, considered in all its bearings, is one of a more important character than any that has hitherto appeared since the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

In order to appreciate the grandeur of the contemplated movement, it is necessary, first, to take a glance at its physical proportions. The United States is now composed of nearly fifty individualised States and Territories, each as large or larger, on an average, than the island of Great Britain. The principal States have had their State Spiritual Conventions during the year; but the Grand Spiritual Convention, of which this address is an exponent, bears the same relation to the State Spiritual Conventions, as the Congress and Senate of the United States do to the legislatures of each separate State.

The National, or "The American Association of Spiritualists," held their eighth annual meeting at Troy, New York, on September 12th, 13th, and 14th, 1871, when, by acclamation, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull was chosen to preside. Her acceptance of this important and responsible office was announced, not in the usually complimentary style, but with a dignity becoming the occasion. She says:—

"Your enthusiastic acceptance of me, and your election of me as your president, was, in a sense, hardly your act. It was an event prepared for you, and to which you were impelled by the superior powers to which you and I are subject."

It was only one step in a series of rapid and astounding events, which will, in a marvellously short time, change the entire face of the social world. Before presenting her plans of actions, I shall, in the first place, show how her views are endorsed in the official language of the officers of the American Association of Spiritualists, which reads as follows:—

"At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists, held at 44 Broad Street, New York, October 25th, 1871, the following address, prepared by the president, was read and considered. On the motion of George A. Bacon, it was unanimously

"*Resolved*,—That we, as the Board of Trustees, secure the address, prepared by our president, and adopt it as an expression of our views, to go before the world as the voice of the American Association of Spiritualists; and that our president be requested to take measures to carry out the plans therein proposed; and, to that end, we hereby pledge her our hearty co-operation and assistance..

"(Signed by direction of the Board) HENRY T. CHILD, M.D."

Then follows "The Preliminary Message to the American Association of Spiritualists," now reviewed.

I shall now proceed to present such parts of this important document as will give a general idea of the whole, which every spiritualist ought to possess. After quoting from the constitution of the American Association of Spiritualists, she says:—"Your association is therefore—1st, A *religious organisation;* 2nd, Virtually a *political organisation*, seeking to actualise the spirit of American institutions, and of the Declaration of Independence—that is to say, the *equal rights* of all men, without regard to sex, race, or previous condition; 3rd, A *scientific and philosophic institution*, seeking *after all truth*, and proposing to establish a *university* of a new and higher grade than any now extant; and 4th, A socialistic and practical organisation, believing in *united and associative action, under proper system and order*—that is to say, by the aid of the highest science of organisation, the truest inspirations, and the best practical leadership, in order to accomplish the best results."

Thus far the programme is set forth. The means for accomplishing these magnificent results are expatiated on in a manner so majestic, as to bring the mind almost *en rapport* with the upheaval of the mountains from the depths of the ocean. She remarks:—"The spirits have often intimated, through various mediums, that the existing Government of the United States is inadequate to the immense expansion that governmental and social reform must unavoidably take on in the immediate future." And again:—"The constitution of the United States, and the Government which administers it, are now on trial before the American people, in view of that immense change of condition which the rapid development of the world, and especially the open intercourse and the mingled interests of the two worlds, have brought about, and are destined in the coming few years to augment almost infinitely."

This is more clearly and pointedly illustrated by a quotation which is given from a discourse delivered by her before the National Woman's Suffrage Association, at Apollo Hall, New York, May 11, 1871, in which she says:—

"If Congress refuse to listen to and grant what women ask, there is but one course left them to pursue—women have no government; men have organised a government, and they maintain it to the utter exclusion of women. Women are as much members of the nation as men are, and they have the same human rights to govern themselves which men have. Men have none but a usurped right to the arbitrary control of women. Shall free, intelligent, reasoning, thinking women longer submit to being robbed of their common rights? Men fashioned a government based on their own *enunciation* of principles—that taxation without representation is tyranny; and that all just government exists by the consent of the governed. Proceeding upon these principles, they formed a constitution declaring all persons to be citizens—that one of the rights of a citizen is the right to vote. . . . And yet men deny women the greatest of all rights of citizenship, the right to vote. Under such glaring inconsistencies, such unwarrantable tyranny, such unscrupulous despotism, what is there left women to do, but to become mothers of the future government.

"*We will have* our rights. We say no longer by your leave. We have besought, argued, and convinced, but we have failed; and *we will not* fail.

"We will try you *just once more.* If the very next Congress refuse women all the legitimate results of citizenship—if they, indeed, merely so much as fail by a proper declaratory act, to withdraw every obstacle to the most ample exercise of the franchise, then we give, here and now, deliberate notice of what we will do next. . . . As surely as one year passes from this

day, and this right is not fully, frankly, and unequivocally considered, we shall proceed to call another convention expressly to frame a new constitution, and to erect a new government, complete in all its parts, and to take measures to maintain it as effectually as men do theirs. . . . .

"We are plotting revolution; we will overslough this bogus republic, and plant a government of righteousness in its stead. . . . .

"This new government, if we are compelled to form it, . . . shall be applicable not to women alone, but to all persons who shall transfer their allegiance to it, and shall be, in every practical way, a higher and more scientific development of the governmental idea.

"We have learned the imperfections of men's government by lessons of bitter injustice, and hope to build so well that men will desert from the less to the more perfect. . . . .

"I shall feel it incumbent upon me, indeed, to be present in Washington the coming winter to complete that line of procedure, by procuring the passage of a declaratory act from Congress, defining the rights of women to vote under the constitution. . . . .

"A new and mightier power than all the rings and caucuses—than all the venal legislatures and congresses, has already entered the arena. Not only are all the reform parties that I have mentioned coalescent on the external plane, but they have already *coalesced* in spirit, under the new lead, and a nation will be born in a day. . . . . All of them are not so well aware as we are . . . . that the spirit-world has always exerted a great and diversified influence over this; while it is not till quite recently that the spiritual development of this world has made it possible for the other to maintain near and continuous relations with this."

It is difficult in an address so transcendently sublime, as the one from which the above extracts are taken, to know where to stop, so replete is it with the grandest conceptions and developments. The concluding portion of this masterpiece of woman's inspirations is well deserving of forming a gem for your paper hereafter.—From your friend of progress,

CLEMENT PINE.

The Willows, Bridgewater, Nov. 24, 1871.

[The most thoughtful and self-sacrificing of the American spiritualists are not so enthusiastic as our correspondent. The power of money derived from sources connected with Mrs. Woodhull are said to be influencing certain agencies connected even with Spiritualism more than her eloquence or the profundity of her reasoning. Indeed, spiritualists who are best known, and most highly respected in this country, deeply regret the action which certain of their brethren have taken in reference to Mrs. Woodhull's agitation. A recent letter declares that Theodore Tilton's Biography "must remain one of the most inexplicable phenomena of literature." The fermentation now being occasioned by Mrs. Woodhull, like smallpox, may benefit the social system when it has run its course, but it is described as being very unpleasant meanwhile.—Ed. *H.N.*]

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LIVERPOOL PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY FOR 1871.

YOUR Committee have much pleasure in submitting to the members their second Annual Report, and, in doing so, it may not, perhaps, be considered *mal-apropos* if they briefly refer to the origin and objects of the Society for the benefit of new members and others. The Liverpool Psychological Society was formed in 1864 by a number of gentlemen interested in the

study of mesmerism and metaphysics, for the purpose of investigating a certain occult power which appeared to be independent of, and yet in some degree associated with, the human organism, vulgarly called "table-rapping," but which is now generally known by the name of "Spiritualism." The Society was formed on a broad basis, and rules were framed so as not to exclude any sincere inquirer, whatever his views or opinions might be, and to commit no one joining the Society, beforehand, to any particular belief. The objects of the Society were generally to promote and spread the truths of Psychology, and particularly to investigate the facts and teachings embodied in the term "Spiritualism," and generally all cognate subjects. During the first two years of the Society's existence the experiments were various, but in consequence of the absence of a properly developed medium, the results were of an unimportant character. In the following year, however, the Society was more fortunate in its pursuit of a knowledge of the laws regulating the communion of the living with the so-called dead, which proved beyond a doubt the reality of a future state, and the power possessed by the departed to manifest and make known their presence amongst those still in the flesh. In addition to these results, which were brought about principally by the local mediums, the Society engaged lecturers and secured the services of other mediums from adjoining towns, and succeeded in awakening an interest in the subject amongst those who had previously sneered at it as too trivial for serious attention. Details of those experiments were embodied in the last annual Report, and your Committee have now to place before you the result of the last year's experiments and the present financial state of the Society.

During the past year fifty-two ordinary meetings have been held, besides five special general meetings, and five public lectures have been given under the Society's auspices. On May 9th, 10th, and 12th, Mrs. Emma Hardinge delivered three lectures in Hope Hall, the subjects being chosen each night by a committee selected from the audience. On May 9th, the subject selected was "Spiritualism; its Progress and Utility to the Present state of Society." On May 10th, "An Explanation of the Phenomena of Spiritual Manifestations, and whether the Evidence of the Phenomena warrants a belief in communion between the Living and the Dead." On May 12th, Mrs. Hardinge lectured successively on six different subjects, named by various persons in the audience, some of the subjects partly embodying the above, and others bearing generally upon Spiritualism. The lectures were well attended, the last one being delivered in a crowded hall, and the lecturer made a deep impression upon what, on any other occasion, might be justly termed an apathetic, though extremely critical, audience. The lectures were fairly reported in the local daily papers, and the experiment of introducing the subject to the public by this means proved a very successful one. Though the expenses attending the lectures were high, the receipts for admission were adequate to defray them. The next public lecture, being Mrs. Hardinge's farewell prior to her return to America, was delivered in the same hall on Aug. 11th, the subject being, "Ancient Magic, Witchcraft, and Modern Spiritualism." Mrs. Hardinge treated her subject in a masterly manner, and the audience (a large one, including a number who had been admitted to the lecture free) proved how much they appreciated her by frequent plaudits. In consequence of the greater part of the hall being free, the expenses attending this lecture were defrayed out of a guarantee fund subscribed to by the members.

On Aug. 22, Mr. J. M. Peebles (joint-editor of the *American Spiritualist*) delivered a lecture in St. James's Minor Hall upon the "Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism," after which, elder F. W. Evans, of the Shaker community, gave an interesting and descriptive account of the order to whic

he belonged. These lectures were also fairly reported in the local papers, and produced, on the whole, a good impression.

At the ordinary general meetings of the Society, trance communications and addresses of a very high order have been received through the mediumship of Mr. Ambrose Fegan. Amongst others, addresses came from what purported to be the spirits of Percy Bysche Shelley, and Chatterton, the boy poet, each of whom gave an account of his earth life, passing away, progress and position in the spirit-world, the latter revealing some curious incidents connected with the now celebrated controversy as to the authorship of the Rowley Poems. Sir Isaac Newton also spoke through the same medium upon "Man, and his vain attempts to fathom the mysteries of God's creation." Also the late Duke of Sussex, who gave an account of the objects, influence, and characteristics of Freemasonry, which were admitted, *sub rosa*, by a freemason who was present to be a correct account of the order and its present position. An address upon the characteristics and influence of the ancient religions upon modern doctrines, and a philosophical essay upon the Immortality of the Soul were received from what purported to be the spirit of the old Greek philosopher Aristophanes. James Burns* of London, ten days after his departure from this life, gave an eloquent address upon Religious Sectarianism and Spiritualism. Other communications of a test character were received from William Earlum of Liverpool, who gave proof of his identity; Octavius Henry Smith, late of Princes Gate, London; William Ashley of Liverpool; a Mrs. Allen of Hamilton, Scotland; and a Mr. Redfern af Birmingham, brother of a gentleman residing in Liverpool. Upon subsequent investigation, the communication, dates, and family particulars received from the latter spirits, were found to be both correct and characteristic of the individuals from whom they purported to come, and satisfactorily established the truth of reality of the communion between the living and the so-called dead. Your Committee regret the loss they sustained in the retirement of Mr. Fegan from active participation in the work of the Society, and at the same time bear testimony to the eloquence and high moral tone of the communications received through his mediumship.

Your Committee regret their inability to report success in the development of new media; and in accounting for the absence of success in this direction can only attribute it to the variety of temperament and diversity of opinion necessarily existing amongst members of a society of this character, which occasionally has caused a want of the essential harmony necessary to bring about successful results. In the interest of truth and progress, your Committee beg to recommend to your earnest attention the necessity of a more systematic and orderly method of conducting their experiments than has characterised those of the past year. They would suggest the abandoning, as far as possible, of the lower phases of the phenomena (such as table-tilting, &c.), believing that such phases of Spiritualism are not calculated either to further the objects of the Society, to benefit the cause, or carry conviction of the reality of spirit presence to the sceptic. They recommend the formation of circles specially for the development of new media, whereat might be employed all known and reliable means (such as magnetism, mesmerism, &c.) for the furtherance of that object. The reading of essays upon Spiritualism and other subjects, and debating ought more generally to be recognised by the Society as a means of disseminating truth and clearing away doubt; and by adopting these suggestions, your Committee are sanguine that greater success would attend the Society, and even better results be arrived at than hitherto. The adoption of these

* A late member of a publishing firm which issues Catholic works principally.

suggestions would also establish the Society on a more scientific basis. It is a source of gratification, however, to hear of the number of private circles that have been formed during the past year, and that in many instances they have been attended with considerable success both in the development of media, and in the manifestations obtained through ordinary mediumship.

Since the beginning of the year there have been forty-four ordinary and five honorary members admitted to the Society, and there has been a steady increase in the average attendance of members from about ten or twelve to about thirty or forty members and their friends. Your Committee take this opportunity of recording their thanks to Mr. John Scott of Belfast, for a collection of books and pamphlets, also to Mrs. Spring and other members, for presents made to the Society's library.

In reviewing the work and progress of the past year as a whole, your Committee may congratulate you upon the position and prospects of the Society, and particularly so upon the success attained in one of its objects, viz., the disseminating of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism among the general public. This is evidenced by the recent spirited discussions held upon the subject, and the criticism (mingled, it is to be regretted, with considerable abuse), and the large share of notice which their proceedings obtain from the local press. The interest of the public on the subject of the Society has thus been thoroughly aroused; and your Committee, in viewing the prospect of a lively campaign in the future, hope that the good result obtained will suffer no diminution in the coming year of action.

SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS.

"THAT IT IS POSSIBLE AND PRACTICAL TO FRAME A CERTAIN TEST, GENERALLY APPLICABLE, BY WHICH THE TRUTH OF APPARITIONS, AND OTHER SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS, CAN BE SATISFACTORILY ASCERTAINED." *

A BELIEF in the supernatural has been common to people of all countries, and of all times. Whence is the origin of this belief? Does it arise from mere superstition; or is it caused by something existing in the nature of man, which influences so many in the same way, and impels each mind in the same direction? Moreover, if the appearances in question have been observed so frequently, and have had so many witnesses of their occurrence, surely the proof of them ought to be sufficiently solid and satisfactory to assure persons of education and of reason that they do really exist. The main difficulty, however, in an enquiry of this kind appears to be the determination, in a definite and distinct manner, of the proofs that ought to be admitted as sufficient to establish the truth of supposed visitations of the nature alluded to. And this subject I propose as the topic of the present paper.

If visitations of the nature here supposed did actually occur with more or less frequency many ages ago, of which the assertions, if not the proofs, are very numerous, whether or not satisfactorily

* A paper read at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, on Wednesday March 13, by George Harris, Esq., F.S.A., barrister-at-law, Vice-President of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and Foreign Member of the Anthropological Institute of New York. An interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper, which was adjourned till the 27th, to be then resumed by a paper from Mrs Berry.

attested, is there any reason to suppose that the order of the world has so changed that they do not exist at all in our day? A general, if not universal belief in these things affords some foundation for acquiescing in the truth of them, so far as this general belief implies a number of witnesses of them, and a very extensive, if not accurate enquiry into the circumstances attendant upon, and which occasioned a belief in the visitation. On the other hand, the stranger and more contrary to our own ideas and experience is any occurrence of this description, the more decisive and unequivocal will be the proof that should be required to satisfy us of its reality. Has such proof in any well authenticated case been afforded? And is it possible to reduce the tests here to be applied into a certain order or system, so as to render them applicable generally in enquiries of this kind?

It is undoubtedly the province, as it is unquestionably the end of reason, to subjugate to its authority the impulses of the imagination, as also to correct the impressions of the senses. On the one hand, no case of a supposed supernatural visitation ought to command our belief until after a calm survey of the evidence, and a severe exercise of the reason upon those facts, it appears fairly entitled to credit. We should approach the subject calmly, dispassionately, and free from prejudice, although the opposite course appears to be the fashionable one, and that which has been generally adopted. Facts only should be allowed to guide us. Truth alone should be our aim.

That the belief in a vast number, indeed the great majority of these supposed visitations, is the result of credulity, deception, disease, or superstition, cannot be doubted; but whether some of them are not entitled to more consideration, is a grave question, well deserving the attention of the philosopher.

The main argument indeed, after all, if such it is entitled to be called, which has been adduced against the reality of supernatural visitations of any kind, is that a good many apparent phenomena of this class have turned out to be mere impositions on credulity, or the result of disordered sensation or imagination. Now, I not only admit to the full the fact of the existence of these false pretenders to the supernatural, but I could relate to you a great number of anecdotes respecting them. This circumstance appears to me, however, to be really of no avail whatever to disprove that there have been instances of genuine supernatural visitations as well. In each case the proof of the visitation should rest upon its own merits, without reference to what has been proved or found false in other instances. This only I will admit, the evidence of imposture or delusion in any case ought to render us doubly cautious in our enquiries, and as to the admission of proofs however apparently well supported. Nothing short of evidence the most conclusive ought to be received.

The very important question then arises, whether there are not certain tests which may be fairly, if not indubitably, applied to prove conclusively the reality or the falsehood of supposed supernatural visitations of different kinds; and, in the next place, what

ought to be resorted to and admitted as proper and satisfactory tests for the purpose?

The general subject of ghosts and supernatural visitations has indeed already, and several times, occupied the attention of men of distinguished scientific acquirements; but I am not aware that any systematic attempt has hitherto been made to specify, or define, or classify these tests. If we can succeed in the attempt, or make any considerable progress towards its acccomplishment, we shall have rendered no mean service to the cause of science in one of the noblest and most important of its departments.

I may refer here to Sir Walter Scott's very able and most interesting treatise on "Demonology and Witchcraft," by some persons considered the best of all his performances; and to Sir David Brewster's admirable work on "Natural Magic." Dr. Ferriar's "Theory of Apparitions" will be familiar to most persons interested in the subject before us.

Under the somewhat comprehensive term, "supernatural visitations," may, I think, properly be included the following real or supposed appearances or communications of a spiritual or supernatural order:—1. Ghosts or apparitions, including the visible appearance of some spiritual being, whether a spectre or the soul of a departed person. 2. Supernatural communications, including voices or sounds of different kinds, by which some distinct and certain intelligence has been conveyed, as also what are ordinarily termed spirit-rappings. 3. Dreams, by means of and during which some supernatural communication is asserted to have been made.

Supposed cases of each of the above kinds are so numerous, so fully recorded, and so familiar to all who take any extensive interest in the subject, that it is unnecessary to detain you by any details of them on the present occasion.

What then are the tests which may be satisfactorily applied to prove the reality of each of the supposed supernatural visitations?

1. We will first state the case of supposed ghosts or apparitions. I will here venture to premise that the mere circumstance of a person, however truthful he may be, asserting that he has seen a ghost, minutely and forcibly as he may describe its appearance, can be admitted as no conclusive proof of the fact, inasmuch as the senses of all persons, however sound or healthy, are constantly liable to be deceived or out of order; and disease, more especially of the digestive organs, has been productive of endless delusions, to say nothing of the many successful attempts at imposture, and the effects wrought by superstition and a disordered imagination. Many a stump in the twilight has been mistaken for a spectre; and it appears probable that many supposed apparitions of spirits in graveyards have been caused by gaseous luminous exhalations from the bodies which there lay interred.

As regards, therefore, the tests which we may determine to be strictly applicable to prove the reality of an apparition which has been asserted to have been seen by any person, it appears to me that the following principles may be very fairly laid down. When

the apparition in question is said to have been heard as well as seen, this is some, although not conclusive, proof of its reality, for the simple reason that it is less likely that two of the senses should be out of order, or should at once deceive us, than that only one of them should be in that condition. Besides, is it reasonable to suppose that a ghost would pay us a visit unless he had some object in doing so, and, therefore, something to say, and that to the purpose of his visit? So, also, when the apparition is said to have been seen by two or more persons, instead of by one only, and on separate occasions, there is, of course, a much stronger ground for believing the story than if one individual only asserted that he had seen it—not merely because two witnesses are, in every case, better than one, but for the still more satisfactory reason that two or more persons are not likely to be at once labouring under false impressions of the senses, or a disordered imagination. In all these cases a great deal must, of course, depend on the character, state of mind, and condition of health of the parties. So, also, the time at which the apparition presents itself may have some influence in determining the credit to be given to it. An apparition seen at mid-day would command considerably more credit than one seen at midnight, when the obscurity of the scene must necessarily cast doubt on the reality of the visitation.

If, moreover, an animal, a dog for instance, accompanying the person who sees the apparition, gives token of the presence of some supernatural being, either by its cries, or by exhibiting unusual symptoms of terror, as is alleged to have happened in some avowedly well-authenticated cases of apparitions, these must undoubtedly be regarded as a strong additional proof of the reality of its appearance, and that no mere illusion of the senses of the person witnessing the apparition occasioned a belief in its existence.

Where other individuals, and those persons of character and intelligence, are consulted at the time about the supposed appearance of a ghost, and are convinced of the credit, and rationality, and sincerity of those who assert that they have seen one, this may be considered as a strong corroboration of their testimony.

Another, and indeed a still more decisive, confirmation of the reality of a supernatural visitation of this kind, is when some important fact with which the person who narrates the circumstance could not become acquainted in any other way, or, at any rate, in the ordinary course of things, is communicated by it, as in the case of the intelligence of the death of some one in a foreign country at the exact moment when the apparition presents itself,—and the correctness of which is confirmed by subsequent well-authenticated communications;—such particulars relating to a murder as led to its detection by pointing out where the body lay concealed,—the discovery of hidden treasure, or the foretelling of an important event which actually happens in the precise way predicted.

With every respect for the great ability and scientific attainments of Sir David Brewster, I must beg leave to question the accuracy of one test which he recommends to be applied in order to ascer-

tain the reality of an apparition, when he directs the person seeing it to lift his hand between his eyes and the supposed ghost, upon which, if the view is not intercepted by it, he says that he may conclude that the spectre is a delusion.* Such a test as this is, no doubt, applicable to prove whether a mere delusion of the sight exists or not; but it does not extend beyond that, inasmuch as in a case of this kind it must be inferred, according to the nature of spiritual phenomena, so far as we are acquainted with them, that the soul itself directly, and not through the natural eye, perceives the apparition, which is, in fact, but another, although a disembodied soul, and so visible only to the soul of the person perceiving it, and that immediately, and not through the bodily organs.

There is one very remarkable and well-known case of an apparition, to which the principles for testing its reality, which I have laid down, may be very fairly and also fully applied. I allude to the account given by Lord Clarendon in his "History of the Rebellion," of the appearance of the ghost of the father of the Duke of Buckingham. In this case, although the spectre was seen by one person only, yet to him it appeared several times, and he seems to have been a man of credit, and at once communicated what he saw and heard to the person to whom he was desired to mention it. And, in this instance, the information afforded by the apparition, both as regards the private matter relating to the Duke and the prediction of his death by violent means, could only have been communicated in some supernatural manner. The narrator of the story, Lord Clarendon, was not, moreover, at all inclined to be superstitious or credulous, although living in an age when such stories commanded much more belief than they do in the present day.

2. With regard to supposed supernatural communications through certain noises, by means of which intelligence of an important kind which could not be conveyed in any other way, is supposed to be obtained, the ear is the organ here exerted, whether voices, or what are termed spirit-rappings, constitute the medium employed. Of this class, also, are the sounds which are supposed to indicate the fact of a house being haunted.

No organ is more liable to be in error than is that of hearing, besides which it obtains, in the case supposed, no aid or correction by means of the other senses. It is also very subject to disease, by which its functions become deranged, and false impressions are, in consequence, communicated. In several supposed cases of visitation of this kind, the person who believed that he heard them has been either inebriated or half asleep. In others, he has been suffering from delirium. Superstition and a fertile imagination will do much to excite his mind in such a case, and what was, in reality, but a natural and ordinary sound, is mistaken for one of a supernatural character.

* Letters on Natural Magic.

The tests which I shall submit as applicable to solve the truth of the communication, and to prove whether it is supernatural or not, in such a case, are, whether the communication is one of an important and extraordinary nature, such as the death of a relative or friend at that moment, who was then a hundred miles distant; also, whether the communication, if it was in the nature of an important prediction, proves true by its subsequent fulfilment; and again, whether in some cases of knowledge being supposed to be so communicated, it might not have been obtained through another channel. If, moreover, several persons instead of one only have heard the sound, and those are people of credit, and are convinced from all the circumstances of its supernatural character, it is, of of course entitled to more attention than if one individual only had heard it.

In the case of a supposed haunted house, some proof of the fact ought reasonably to be required beyond the mere voices themselves, even if these are heard by several persons, as they may be, and often have been occasioned by natural causes, or may be the result of artifice.

3. In all ages of the world, and in every country inhabited by man, dreams have been peculiarly regarded as of a supernatural character, and as a means whereby communications are made to the soul of intelligence which it could not have received in the ordinary mode. A wide field for superstition has no doubt been opened here; and many dreams which have been regarded as of a very important and supernatural character, if all the circumstances relating to them were fully and closely enquired into, will be satisfactorily proved to be of a very ordinary nature; and the supposed revelations made by them may be shown to be nothing more than the passing thoughts during sleep connected with transactions which have lately engaged our attention. Indeed, especially among the ignorant and credulous, there is no topic so liable to the influence of superstition as is that of dreaming; and the very vividness of the dream, so far from its affording proof of its being of a supernatural character, may be conclusive evidence of the disordered condition of the mind or body of the sleeper.

That all communications through dreams are of this ordinary character, I am, however, far from asserting. What, then, ought to be admitted as satisfactory tests of the truth of visitations so experienced? I would submit that one main test in a case of this kind is, whether the facts communicated are such as could not have been known in any other way,—as where a murder is discovered by the place of concealment of the body being pointed out; where some gross fraud, which could not otherwise have been unravelled, is revealed by the dream; or where the place of deposit of hidden treasure is made known. So, also, if an important prediction is made by a dream which comes to pass some time after, exactly as pointed out; as, for instance, the death of a person by accident or violent means,—this may surely be regarded as

some proof of the real and supernatural quality of the communication.

In the case of a dream, its repetition has always been regarded as evidence of its being out of the common order, as the circumstance itself is doubtless unusual and deserving of attention.

There can be little doubt, I think, but that the great majority of the instances of supposed ghosts and apparitions, and visitations by voices or noises, as also by dreams of a supernatural order, arise either from disease or disorder of the senses, deluded imagination, superstitious feeling, or imposture. Nevertheless, after making a large and liberal allowance for the occurrence of cases of this description, there are, if the truth of them may be determined by the tests which I have proposed, unquestionably some actual, undoubted, and well established cases of real ghosts and apparitions, and of supernatural visitations and communications by means of voices and dreams. We should, moreover, here bear in mind that although an hundred cases of delusion or imposture will not serve to prove that there are no real cases of supernatural visitations, one case, actually and conclusively proved of a supernatural visitation, will serve absolutely to establish the existence of the order.

It appears to me that for many ages in the earlier part of the world's history, mankind were too much inclined to superstition of every kind, and to be looking out for spiritual manifestations and supernatural visitations. But in the present age it can hardly be denied that they have gone as much into the opposite extreme, possibly from the reaction caused by a consciousness of the folly of the former proceeding; and that they are now a great deal too much disposed to regard material objects only, and the influence and operation of matter, and to disregard wholly whatever has to do with spirit and its manifestations. Our forefathers exalted every mere shadow into a spiritual apparition. We degrade every being of this sort into a mere shadow. Both theories are alike irrational and unphilosophical, and unworthy of any man of intelligence whose end is the attainment of truth. The principles which I have endeavoured to substantiate as our guide in this important enquiry, open as they are to correction, may, I trust, prove of some avail in the investigation of a subject which is surpassed by none in its interest to us all, and the importance of which is attested by its close connection with the being of each.

RESPECTING APPARITIONS.

On Friday evening, March 15, at Mr. Morse's seance at the Spiritual Institution, his spirit-guide thus discussed the subject of the above paper :—

A close analysis of the subject of apparitions divides them into three classes,—those who are moved to their visitation by crime,—those who come from affectional motives,—and those who appear at the period of death of some distant relative or friend. We have

considered the question as to the nature of these apparitions. Are they spectral appearances, or are they the outward and visible representation of an inward and spiritual entity? We assent to the latter view. They are the souls of persons once living on the earth.

What is the cause of the first class of apparitions? How is it possible for such manifestations to occur? Unless we can understand the law, the whole subject will remain a mystery.

Let us remember that the commission of a crime demands the highest energies of the human mind. What is the result of such action? The throwing off of a great amount of magnetism from the brain. Such magnetism thus eliminated saturates the place of the deed with the identity of the individual, and he is thus related to every portion of the room. The consummation of the deed causes a reaction. Outwardly there may be no evidence of the spiritual reaction. It is a relaxation of the spiritual brain in relation to the natural one. After death, the one past effort is ever present to the memory; every circumstance is impressed on the mind. That which the mind contemplates constitutes the sphere of its activities; hence, being related to the scene of its one great effort—the scene of its crime—it must there remain until some endeavour has been made by which the link binding it therewith is snapped asunder.

With reference to those who preside over the destinies of families, the motive is simply affectional, as in the Banshee, seen in Irish families. The family so absorbed their attentions during the earthly life that, after death, they are, as it were, joined to the affairs of the family. Hence, they are related positively by the effort of their mind, and until they carry out all their desires with reference to the family, they cannot be liberated from that which binds them to the earth.

In regard to apparitions that appear in obedience to a compact made during life, we must analyse the question further. The mere fact of having made such a compact is sufficient to excite the imagination. Death having taken place in the case of one of the contractors, the imagination of the survivor is set in full play, and being informed that the friend will return, it is but another step for the mind to conjure up the form of the departed. If we analyse the cases on record we shall find that a great many instances of this kind have occurred. The apparition is, however, more likely to be an objective reality when it has appeared without any previous compact, and when the mental energies were turned in another direction. Where such is the case, there is the greatest grounds for believing that the phenomenon is spiritual.

With reference to the power which enables departed ones to manifest themselves. First, in the case of the evil doer, his magnetism impregnates the room, thus forming a physical link between the spiritual and natural worlds. Now, a spirit exists in a condition of life totally dissimilar to that which you live in, and can no more manifest itself individually in this life than you can manifest your-

self into the next, unless there be this physical link. This link existing, spirits can manifest themselves, and some persons are able to see them. Sometimes they are actual and objective, in other cases they are subjective. In every instance where apparitions have been seen, the house, grounds, or place in which they have shown themselves, it will be found, have been frequented by those who possess mediumistic powers, who give forth the aura whereby spirits are enabled to manifest themselves. Without this link, physical apparitions would be impossible. In the case of persons appearing at death, it is mostly a psychological affair, caused by the spirit coming within the sphere of the seer and impressing its visage on the seer's brain; but even here there must be a certain amount of sympathy and harmony, otherwise this psychological *rapport* would be impossible.

It was asked why apparitions most frequently occurred at night. Answer: The human mind is then more passive, and receives impressions more readily. The vibrations of the atmosphere caused by the presence of light are also less violent, so that spirits have a better opportunity of manifesting themselves in the night time than in day light.

APPRECIATION OF A. J. DAVIS.

30 Court Street, Room 14,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

To the Writer of the Article in the February No. of "Human Nature," *entitled "The Recent Works of Andrew Jackson Davis."*

My Friend,—Thus do I address you, though I know of you only by your above entitled article. But your high estimation of Brother Davis—a feeling which I share in common with you—prompts me to extend the fraternal hand across the ocean, and to greet you as a kindred soul. Said the beloved disciple—"Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God." So I, adopting similar reasoning, infer that every one who appreciates and admires Andrew Jackson Davis, must partake of his spirit; and, reverencing him as I do, I feel myself allied to those who love him. I sometimes startle and, perhaps, shock my Christian friends by telling them that, of all human beings we have knowledge of, I know of none, not even excepting the noble Nazarene, whom I place higher in my scale of intellectual and spiritual excellencies than Andrew Jackson Davis.

Allow me briefly to express the pleasure that I felt on reading your article, and to assure you that I believe there are many on this side of the water who can sympathise and agree with you in your sentiments and admiration for him and the spirit which he embodies. He is truly a burning and a shining light.

If you perchance see the *Banner of Light*, you will find by an

article of mine in the *Banner* of December 30th, 1871, on "A. J. Davis' Temple," that I, like yourself, have taken occasion to publicly express my admiration for the author.

Not knowing whether this note will reach you (I address it at a venture, like throwing bread on the waters), I make it short, and subscribe myself—Yours fraternally, in the cause of humanity and progression,

ALFRED E. GILES.

February 29, 1872.

SPIRITUALISM IN HOLLAND.

(From Le Concile de la Libre-Pensée.)

In the commencement of the year 1871 our cause suffered a severe loss in the Hague, the capital of the Low Countries. The readers of the *Revue Spiritualiste* will call to mind M. Revius, Major in the Dutch army. He was one of our most assiduous correspondents and collaborateurs, and the remarkable views which he has expressed respecting the spiritualistic facts and revelations in the fourth volume of this journal will never be forgotten. A good administrator and capable soldier, he found relaxation from his numerous labours in the study of those ideas which are so dear to us. They became the principal object, the joy *par excellence* of his life. He gave to them that spirit of rigorous investigation and examination which characterises the men of his country, and he became a philosophic light in a land already famed for its many philosophers. Let us hope that the philosophy which he endeavoured to inaugurate will one day take its place above those which have preceded it in the Netherlands.

Jean Revius calmly departed this life on the 19th of March last, from an attack of apoplexy, after having conversed with his family for a few minutes on the most important matters. It was thus that he always desired to die.

He was interred, on the 24th of March following, in the cemetery called *Chenaie des Dunes*. In accordance with his desire, the ceremony was conducted without pomp, and in the simplest manner possible. The band of the regiment of Grenadiers stationed in the Hague accompanied the *cortége*, and played the funeral marches of Beethoven, Dunkler, and Mozart. Three discourses were delivered over his tomb—one by M. Riko, an adept of our faith, whom M. Revius had introduced to Spiritualism; one by an ancient companion in arms; and another by an unknown person, a Spiritualist tarrying at the Hague, who, having known the deceased through his writings, came to unbosom his feelings at the grave of a brother, delivering a discourse which deeply moved his hearers. He was the Vice-President of the *Société Veritas* of Amsterdam. He paid grateful homage to the memory of a man characterised as much for

amiability as for integrity. He finished with the assurance of his profound conviction that Spiritualism would progress in spite of all obstacles, and bear abundant fruits for all posterity.

M. Riko is an active and devoted Spiritualist. We believe he will ever remain the worthy disciple of M. Revius, and that he will continue in the work which he has undertaken—that of propagating an earnest Spiritualism in the Netherlands. Such a requirement has already made itself felt. Unhealthy spiritualistic doctrines, hazardous dogmas, and a mode of putting the grand question anything but rational, have already penetrated that country, especially Amsterdam. May the persevering efforts of Major Revius in favour of a school, which is ours, and which is obtaining such immense success in England and America, bear fruit in this country of earnest men. The belief in spirits has many elements hostile to it, but we believe that, in this century of science and research, it has no greater enemies than certain sects which have never ceased to compromise, and which will compromise all the more in proportion as they become numerous.

We were also happy to learn that the *Société Oromase* of the Hague, since the death of M. Revius, its President, has been reconstructed, and carries on its studies and seances with renewed zeal. At the present time it is pursuing its investigations with two mediums, one of which has more than once produced the most remarkable physical phenomena, as, for instance, the levitation of objects without visible contact, music on divers instruments (the Æolian harp, piano, and violin), while the other is distinguished for exceedingly interesting communications and magnetic phenomena (ordinarily this medium is in a magnetic sleep during the seance), and the most remarkable answers are elicited.

We must also mention, as one of our Dutch notables, Dr. Polate, a *savant* known and distinguished for his scientific labours, who continues his investigations with his extra-lucide medium, from whom he has obtained a series of the most surprising communications, with the command, however, to keep the matter secret until the hour of revelation is announced to him. Seeing that several predictions have been made to him which have already been realised; that the events which have recently transpired in France were foretold with accuracy, and that, at the same time, remarkable phenomena were produced, we have every hope of obtaining, by the revelation of the above-mentioned communications, new proofs of the reality of the fundamental principles of our great cause.

At Dortrecht, Utrecht, Hampen, Rotterdam, Arnheim, Middleburg, &c., isolated persons or small societies are devoting themselves to the study of Spiritualism.

A fact worthy of note is the appearance at the end of the year of a book entitled "Christus Redivivus," which contains several narrations of well-attested apparitions, which offer some analogy to the appearance of Christ after his death and before his ascension. This

work is the precursor of a large work specially devoted to apparitions and the life after death. The author is M. Thoden van Velsen, a Protestant clergyman, well known for his intelligence and scientific attainments.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

MUSIC FROM INVISIBLE MUSICIANS.

My friend Mrs. Morris, of Hammersmith, has informed me of a phenomenon in connection with the death of her brother-in-law, the late Bishop Morris, of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. She writes:—

"On the morning of the 18th inst., between four and five o'clock, while lying awake from pain, not having taken any of my morphia for two days, I heard music as of a choir singing a *jubilate*. It was glorious. I heard it as distinctly as I ever heard any music in my life. The words 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' were sung chorally and magnificently. The air was glorious indeed. I noted it down that I might not forget it, having writing materials at my bed-side. When my nurse came to me, at her usual hour, I said to her, 'The poor Bishop has, I am sure, gone to his rest, for I heard the angelic band which awaited him between four and five this morning.' Two hours afterwards a mounted messenger from Roehampton, his residence, brought the intelligence to me that Bishop Morris had passed away at the time I had heard the music. I would notice that there was nothing in common between the Bishop and myself in faith, in thought, or in sentiment. When his brother, my dear husband, died, music was also heard in our house, but on that occasion not by myself. My maid Jenny, who had lived with us a long time, and who had helped much in nursing him, was awakened out of her sleep by music as if from, she said, a fine band. Knowing how much we both loved music, she fancied at the moment that I must have caused a band to come, and rushed into the hall, and then into the library, and so from one part of the house to another, in search of it. No one heard it but herself, but that she heard it I am as sure as that I heard this of yesterday morning. She was a medium, and has since gone to her own rest. This is not my own first experience of the kind. I heard music at the moment of the death of my dear cousin, William C. Stewart (nephew of Robert Owen, the philanthropist). How are such phenomena to be accounted for? How far are they subjective or objective?"

The present writer had once reported to him the phenomenon of such music being heard by more persons than one in a house, in which case it must be inferred that it was objective. It was related

to him by two of the hearers of it—Mr. Mullins and his wife, known as truthful people. Mr. M. was a hairdresser near Rathbone Place, and had for lodgers a carpenter and his wife. The latter was advanced in consumption, and not expected to live. One day Mr. M. while in his back shop heard music as if played at the open street door or in the passage, and, thinking of his sick lodger, came out to put a stop to it, at the same moment his wife, as she was coming up the stairs from the kitchen, called out, 'Do, William, stop that noise; think of poor Mrs. ——.' But now the music seemed to be coming from above, Mr. M. and his wife following it, as they thought stopped at the sick woman's door, which was partly open, and heard the music, as if in her room; entering, they saw that she, lying alone, was also hearkening to the same music. Making a gesture for silence with one hand, with the other she pointed upwards, her eyes fixed in rapt attention; and so she passed away, the music ceasing only as she ceased to breathe.

Perhaps some of your readers may know of other instances of the kind, so interesting to psychologists. J. D.

[We shall be glad to be favoured with any well authenticated instances of this kind. The writer of the above is a medical gentleman long acquainted with psychological phenomena.—Ed. *H. N.*]

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS—A LETTER FROM BARON KIRKUP.

Florence, Lungarno Torrigiani,
Dec. 30, 1871.

My Dear Sir,—In the *Medium* I see it is a subject of regret that the photographs of spirits in England are not so successful as those of America. I have succeeded here four times (one being a repetition with variations). I think it has been owing to this—When I have been visited by spirits in my own house, and with my daughter, who is a medium, I have asked one of them (the spirits) to appear in a portrait of my *daughter* or of *some other medium*, and when they consented *we fixed the time*. The man I have always employed for portraits was objected to, and they chose another—a new one, a Pole—who had been practising at Turin. I went punctually with the medium. The operator was a young man. I had never seen him or any of the others before, and I gave him this warning—If you see any marks in the back-ground of the negative, don't rub them out without my seeing it.

"What," said he, "do you expect there will be spirits?" Yes. "We shall see," he replied: "it has happened to me in Turin," by which I supposed he was a medium, and therefore the spirits had chosen him. He is a Piedmontese, not the master of the establishment.

I believe my success is owing to making *an appointment* with a spirit; and it has this advantage, *identity* of the spirit, if known to you in this life. My test is, that I never mentioned the *age*, *sex*, *height*, or *features*, four points too difficult to be guessed.

I enclose a portrait of my daughter, who is a medium, with the spirit of a boy eight years old, who died at Capua seven years ago. The likeness is perfect, and I had requested him *not* to come in a shroud.

Lately I have been visited by four spirits every evening, all of whom I knew in this world. I have been in daily intercourse with spirits for sixteen years, and have had greater demonstrations than these.—Yours very truly, SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

[The photograph referred to by Baron Kirkup, a copy of which was kindly sent with the above letter, has been inspected by hundreds at the Progressive Library. It is very distinct, and the head of the boy-spirit appears in the midst of a plant which stands on the table before the lady medium. The spirit is dressed like a boy in earth life. Mr. Guppy has succeeded in obtaining spirit photographs in the presence of Mrs. Guppy, who is famous for her powerful physical mediumship. They have been very fully described in the *Medium*, which we hope our readers see weekly. A long letter from Mr. Mumler also appears in the same paper, accompanying which was a package of specimens, which may be seen at this office. Several persons have sent their portraits to Mumler, and been successful in obtaining spirit photographs.]

TAMING A HUMAN WILD BEAST.

IT was in one of the most wretched quarters of Paris that a priest went to visit a rag-woman who was dangerously ill. She was lying on straw so damp that it was fit only for the dung-hill. The visitor had reached the landing-place, and was reflecting how he might best minister to the poor woman's wants, when he heard the cry of another female from the end of a dark corridor, exclaiming, "Help! murder!" He ran towards the spot, and pushing open a door saw two young children crying. Extended on the floor lay the unfortunate woman, while a tall man with a sinister countenance, and clad only in a pair of pantaloons and a ragged shirt, stood over her, kicking her. Her face was already black and blue from his violence. The priest sprang towards the man and said: "Wretch! what are you about? Will you not desist? He did desist, but it was to attack the speaker. He seized him suddenly by the breast, thrust two fingers under his cassock, and then, without uttering a word, lifted him as if he had been an infant, and carried him to an open window. There he angrily told him that he would not have priests intermeddling with his affairs, and disturbing the peace of his household, and that he intended to pitch him out of the window

forthwith. In fact, he was preparing to put the threat into execution; but, as if wishing to gloat over his victim, he continued to glare at him with the eyes of the tiger, holding him all the while as with an arm of steel. The priest was alarmed, but God enabled him not to betray it. He regarded his antagonist calmly, and said almost with a smile, "Gently, my friend; you are much too hasty. Do you really mean to throw me out of the window? Is that the most pressing business on hand? You who are always talking about fraternity and charity; do you know what was taking place while you were beating your wife? Another woman was dying on a dung-heap in your house. I am sure you would be horrified at such a thing. Now, let us both see what we can do on her behalf; for you are by no means such a bad fellow as you wish to appear. I will pay for some clean straw, if you will go and fetch it." Terror, combined with the desire of winning over his assailant, made the priest eloquent, and he had hardly ended his appeal before the lion was tamed. The man's countenance rapidly changed, and he relaxed his hold at once; then taking off his shabby cap, and placing it under his arm, he assumed a respectful attitude, like that of a soldier in presence of a superior officer, and replied: —"If you talk in that style, sir, the case is different. I have always been humane, and will readily help you to assist the poor woman. I will, in fact, do anything you please; for it won't do to let a fellow-creature die in that plight." Thereupon the priest gave him the money, and he went out to purchase two bundles of clean straw. In the meantime the women of the neighbourhood, attracted by the altercation, had rushed to the spot, and on seeing the priest, expostulated with him in these terms:—"What are you about? Do you know where you are? You are in the clutches of the worst man in the quarter. He is so outrageous that even cut-throats are afraid of him, and he has often said that nothing would give him more pleasure than to break a man's neck, especially if that man were a priest." These remonstrances were by no means encouraging; but those who urged them little knew the power of charity. The sturdy fellow soon returned with the bundles on his shoulder. He was calm, and his countenance had become almost honest. On entering the room where the poor woman lay, he took half a bundle of straw, and spread it on the floor. The most touching part of the scene followed. He lifted the sufferer in his arms with the tenderness of a mother, placed her on the clean straw, then made her bed, and finally laid her upon it, just as a mother would her child. A female wished to help him, but he pushed her aside, remarking that he was well able to do a humane act unassisted. The man was in tears, and the priest perceiving that he wished to address him, retired towards the window. But his new acquaintance could not utter a word; emotion choked him. The priest gave him his hand, and the stalwart workman squeezed it as in a vice, in token of his affection. "Well done, my friend," said the priest, "well done; I quite understand you. I knew full well that you

were not as bad as you wanted to make me believe. I knew you were capable of doing a good action." "You have done it all," was the reply; "four men could not master me, and yet you have overcome me with as many words. You must be a true parson." The priest hastened to turn this favourable opportunity to profit, by pleading the cause of the wife, and rejoined:—"But, my friend, you have done something which is not becoming. You have ill-used your wife; and a man does not marry a woman to beat her. I have no doubt she has her failings, and you also have yours. You should bear with one another. Come, promise me that you will never strike her again." At these words his face assumed somewhat of the former sullenness, and dropping the priest's hand, he said frankly, "I am very sorry that I cannot do as you wish. I will not promise, because I should not keep my word." The priest returned to the charge, and among other remarks which made some impression on the man, he was quite brought to bay by the following:—"So you won't promise not to beat your wife? That is simply because you don't reflect. Surely, you who have just done an act of kindness to a strange woman, cannot with any decency continue to beat your own wife." After much hesitation, he pledged his word, backing it with a tremendous oath. Since then he has never been intoxicated, neither has he once struck his wife.—*The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People. By M. L'Abbé Mullois. Translated by the Rev. Percy Badger.*

WHAT MR. VOYSEY TEACHES.

THE following are the principal points in Mr. Voysey's teaching, not arranged in logical sequence, but in the order in which they would be most conveniently taken in opposing the errors of the popular system of religion:—1, *The right and duty of every man to think for himself in matters of religion.* 2, *The absolute unity of God;* involving the denial of the doctrine of the Trinity. 3, *The natural humanity of Jesus;* involving the denial of his miraculous birth and of his having been in any way more than a man. 4, *The Fatherhood of God to all mankind, irrespective of race, creed, or moral difference;* involving the denial of the doctrines of the primæval curse, of the necessity for an atonement, and of all punishment except such as is corrective. 5, *The Hope of an everlasting life of ever-increasing goodness for every human soul;* involving the denial of the doctrine that this life is the only probationary one, and that anyone will be condemned to endless torment. 6, *The paramount duty of brotherly love, and of practising all virtue uninfluenced by fear of punishment or hope of reward here or hereafter;* involving the denial of the orthodox idea of "Salvation by Faith only," and making Religious Belief entirely subordinate to Morality. 7, *The supreme authority of man's reason and conscience;* involving the denial that God has given to man any Revelation which ought to be accepted without question.

8, *The progressive character of our knowledge of God as of all our other knowledge;* involving the denial of finality in Revelation, and declaring it to be incumbent on all men to keep their hearts and minds in constant readiness to receive every fresh ray of light which may lead them to a clearer perception of their duty, their destiny, and their Adorable Creator.

ORTHODOX THEOLOGY.

We give the following from an able article in the *Banner of Light*, entitled, "Who are the Blasphemers? The Orthodox Christians or Spiritualists?" By Thomas R. Hazard:—

I used to think when a boy that an old uncle of mine was a very wicked man, because I heard him remark that, comparatively speaking, there were no really depraved and wicked men outside of the ecclesiastical orders. Since then, I have read and learned so much of the falsehoods and deceptions practised, and the abominations and cruelties that have been heaped upon mankind by the priests and clergy of the various denominations of so-called Christians, that I have come to believe that my uncle was right. The sentiments avowed by Edwards, and others of his sect, similar to those just quoted, confirm my convictions. They seem to me to be too horrible for even demons to entertain, and such as I cannot believe ever originated or found abiding place in the breast of any human fiend on earth, or devil in hell, outside of that blasphemous order of men that even the gentle and all-forgiving Nazarene (who never condemned ordinary criminals) could not allude to but in terms of severest denunciation. Under their formal and soul-killing teachings every drop of the milk of human kindness and goodness becomes turned into gall and wormwood; truth is utterly perverted, and the whole order of the Divine economy is reversed. To suppose that any human being can become so depraved as to enjoy seeing his nearest kin writhing in pain and agony on a sick bed, is too horrible to contemplate. What, then, are we to think of this reverend divine—this *preacher* of the "Word of God"—who thus from the *pulpit* avows that his own heart has become so hardened (yea, beyond that of the nether millstone) that he looks forward to an eternity of happiness, wherein the "relish of his joys and pleasures" will be "greatly increased" by witnessing the eternal torments of his former kin and friends, in comparison with which the worst of earthly sufferings is an unspeakable bliss.

When Jesus of Nazareth was writhing in agony on the cross, we read that his expiring breath was poured out in prayer in behalf of the chief priests and pharisees who had brought him to that cruel death, and were at the very moment deriding his agonies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But if we are to believe Edwards and other Orthodox priests, no sooner is this personification of "Love and good-will to man," including even his

murderers, freed from his body, than his compassionate human nature vanishes, and he is changed into the likeness of the ever-angry, hateful Jehovah. The heaven to which he ascends becomes a terrific pandemonium, where sits the vindictive, wrathful Father, eternally scowling and heaping never-ending torments upon the countless myriads of the "damned," that his "risen son," now the "judge of all the earth," is eternally engaged in pitching into hell; whilst the heavenly host join in dancing, jeering, shouting and yelling with delight as they contemplate the ineffable agonies of such of their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children, as were foreordained of God "as vessels of wrath," on whom it is his good pleasure to execute vengeance for the gratification of his elect, and that all his creatures my be impressed with a livelier sense of his glorious majesty, justice and power.

This is no fancy sketch; on the contrary, it affords but a faint idea of the horrors of the Calvinistic heaven, the torments of the Calvinistic hell, or the abominations of Calvinistic theology, as laid down by Edwards and others of the most venerated fathers of "the church." Nor is it wholly without warrant of scripture, if we admit all that is claimed for the Old Testament by Orthodox divines. To justify Jehovah in his terrible chastisement of *rebels*, Edwards sometimes refers to the punishments that are inflicted on rebellious subjects by earthly potentates. To show the nature of such justification, I will endeavour to illustrate from like premises, thus: Our Southern brethren rebelled against the government of the United States, of which Abraham Lincoln was President and commander-in-chief of its armies. Now let us suppose that when General Sherman went forth on his grand march he had received positive orders from Lincoln to put to death everything that "breathed" in the rebellious cities of *Augusta*, *Savannah*, and *Charlestown*, and to kill every man, woman, and child elsewhere, except the virgins, which should be saved and divided among the soldiers for the gratification of their sexual lust. What think ye would be the voice of Christendom, yea, of the whole world, after the execution of Lincoln's decree? It is needless to say.

The Rev. Edward C. Towne, writing in *The Index*, says he is opposed to modern Spiritualism, but believes in spirits. Of course he does, for every Christian has this faith; but it seems contradictory, or a distinction without any difference. As thus, the spirits in which Christians believe are located over Jordan, doing nothing, and are inaccessible. The spirits of the Spiritualists come to this side of that river, and by their "communications" make themselves useful. Such is the faith of both parties, as they define it. Both believe in spirits. But it is evident that the modern Spiritualists have got the better faith of the two, for they insist upon it that *their* spirits do come back and communicate. Now this is just what is wanted in the premises. Who would know or believe that there is such a city as Timbuctoo, unless somebody had been there

and came back and convinced us of its existence? So of the New Jerusalem and the "Summer-Land." The faith that provides for the return of the travellers from the hitherto supposed "undiscovered country," is certainly to be preferred to the faith that does not allow of their return, but always keeps them *non est inventus*. Don't you think so, Brother Towne?—*Boston Investigator*.

THE ANTI-VACCINATION AGITATION.

THE Anti-compulsory Vaccination League has been re-organised: Secretary, Dr. C. T. Pearce, 16 Great Castle Street, Oxford Street, London, W., to whom all inquiries should be addressed. The following document from Dr. Hitchman speaks eloquently and truthfully. It seems a mystery that the laws compelling vaccination can exist, or that the operation should be performed by any sane individual.

"To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.

"The humble Petition of William Hitchman, of Liverpool, in the county of Lancaster, Doctor of Laws and Letters, Doctor of Physic, Surgeon and Apothecary, sheweth:—

"That during the epidemic of small-pox, now and for some time past extremely prevalent in the said borough, such disease has not proved fatal, in a single instance, to any unvaccinated person, whether man, woman, or child, under his medical care:

"That formerly, both as a Public Vaccinator, and subsequently in private practice, throughout the north of England, he has seen with deep sorrow an increasing number of fatal cases of small-pox after vaccination and re-vaccination, from 1841 to 1871, inclusive:

"That the most recent example which has occurred within the field of his own personal observation, may suffice to illustrate the truth of these statements:—Mr. S., aged 38, a gentleman usually in the enjoyment of excellent health, residing in West Derby Road, well known, moreover, as a literary character in the learned societies of Liverpool, has just died in the eruptive stage of small-pox, after successful vaccination and re-vaccination. His own child, from whom it is supposed he inhaled the disease in a natural way, had not been vaccinated at all, and though only five years of age (a most critically dangerous period for such an attack), recovered perfectly from the severest form of confluent variola. This patient, it is right to remark, had not been afflicted with the poison of cow pox in the usual manner, owing to the painful deaths of other children and relatives, after vaccine inoculation:

"That the last named virulent poison, commonly supposed to be operative for good only, under the misleading terms of "vaccine" or "pure lymph," has destroyed the lives of hundreds of children during the past thirty years, within the limits of his individual

experience; and that such deaths are often registered under various other names—to wit, constitutional syphilis, phlegmonous erysipelas, pyœmia, bronchitis, gangrene of the lungs, consumption of the bowels, and so forth:

"That, on the other hand, during the whole of that time, small-pox has annually appeared, year after year, without previous vaccination, under his own personal supervision, with no fatal result, and not unfrequently attended neither with serious nor protracted impairment of health; in short, pre-existing maladies have never returned:

"Your Petitioner being firmly persuaded, also, that eruptive fevers, like all other diseases, may be essentially modified, if not wholly prevented, by a more intelligent and general adoption of the natural laws of Hygiene, humbly prays your honourable House to refer this, his humble petition, to the Select Committee now sitting on the important national grievance called vaccination:

"Your Petitioner further prays, that, as the Vaccination Acts have proved, in his medical experience, of such questionable benefit, and are at the present moment entirely inimical to the welfare of a large portion of the British public, morally, intellectually, and physically, they may be, at once and for ever, unconditionally repealed. And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.'

IMPORTANT PROSECUTION UNDER THE VACCINATION ACT.

On Thursday Mr. Emery, of Great Portland Street, was summoned at the Marylebone Police Court, before Mr. Mansfield, by the Guardians of Marylebone, for refusing to have his child vaccinated. Mr. Tubbs stated the case, namely, that the defendant was ordered in December to have his child vaccinated within seven days. He was now summoned to show cause why he had disobeyed that order. Mr. Emery said the reason he had not complied with the order was that he was strongly opposed to vaccination, believing it to be a scourge to humanity. He had one child killed by it, and surely that was sufficient proof that vaccination was not only objectionable, but to prevent him from submitting another child to the operation. In his opinion vaccination was one of the greatest frauds ever practised upon the people of this country. It was kept up by the medical profession simply because they derived immense incomes from it. He had proof that diseases of the most fatal character were propagated by vaccination. In fact, more cases of venereal disease were generated by vaccination than by prostitution. Matter was taken from persons suffering from diseases of all descriptions, and introduced into the system of a healthy child, of course that child received the disease that was thus introduced, and then it was given to other children. He was acquainted with two cases at the present time. One child had died through vaccination and the

other was expected to die. He had been to the Local Government Board upon the subject, and they sent down two medical inspectors who stated they were satisfied the death was caused through vaccination. He maintained that vaccination was a delusion, and that the Bill was passed through Parliament by a thin house at two o'clock in the morning; in fact, it could scarcely be called an Act of Parliament, it being an act of the medical profession, for whose benefit it was passed. It cost the country upwards of a million and a quarter of money per annum, besides the fees the medical men received from private cases, and yet the people were asked to support vaccination. He contended that when the upper classes became fully aware of the pernicious effects of it, they would thank the men who had so persistently fought against it. Mr. Mansfield inflicted a fine of 20s. and costs.—*Marylebone Mercury.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The boy medium, Charles Swan, of Aylesbury, a long account of whose mediumship appeared in our last number, is still progressing with his trance drawings and paintings. We hope to give further particulars, and perhaps a lithographed specimen next month.

The most recent surprise caused by the spirits in London, has been the carrying of Miss Lottie Fowler, the well-known test-medium, from an omnibus in Oxford Street to a seance sitting with locked doors, at the rooms of Messrs Herne & Williams, 69 Lamb's Conduit Street. The event has been discussed at great length in our contemporaries.

The Vienna International Exhibition of 1873.—With reference to the International Exhibition which is to take place at Vienna next year, we beg to call the attention of Spiritualists to the fact that an estimable confrere and correspondent, Melchior de Schickh, is desirous of making his residence a rendezvous of Spiritualists during the period of the Exhibition. His knowledge of languages and general information will enable him to be of immense assistance to intending visitors. He would also be glad to put himself in correspondence with persons who have inventions to exhibit. A good opportunity is thus afforded for the exhibition of inventions, paintings, designs, works, etc., received from the spirits, and it might be well for those who have anything of such a nature worthy of being exhibited, to make application to M. de Schickh as soon as possible, in order that he may make proper arrangements. His address is No. 30 Brühl, Mödling bei Vienna.

The Death of Mazzini is reported in the newspapers. A writer thus characterises the mainspring of action in the departed reformer:—"His whole political and religious creed rests on the theory of human progress. To explain more clearly, its foundation is

this:—That God has decreed that His design or idea, which is incarnated in humanity, shall be continuously and progressively developed by humanity's own efforts. Hence, to aid in this development, to work for human progress, is to identify oneself with His design, to do His will on earth, and the aspiration towards the infinite which sustains the spirit here in suffering and self-sacrifice is, in effect, according to this doctrine, a sense in the individual being that its own progress, its own movement towards God, which will take place elsewhere than here, is to be advanced its first step by aiding, while here, in the improvement and progress of the collective being—humanity, the scene of whose development must always be on earth."

Cairo, Egypt.—A Society of Spiritualists has recently been founded in this city by a Russian lady, from whom we have received a very kind and encouraging letter. In a country of ignorance and superstition, she is meeting with much difficulty and opposition, and it is not an easy matter to maintain an association in such a state of society. She expresses herself as greatly in want of mediums to demonstrate the existence of spiritual beings, and says that any physical medium, such as Messrs. Herne and Williams, would meet with a cordial reception. She would give such a medium board and lodging in her own house, free from all expense, as long as he might choose. This lady's address is:—Madame Blawatsky, Societé Spirite, Rue d'Abdin, Cairo, Egypt. A postscript contains the following:—"I should like to subscribe for your valuable publication, *The Medium*. Please to let me know what the price of subscription will be. If you should chance to see Mr. D. Home, medium, please tell him that a friend of his late wife "Sacha"—a St. Petersburg friend of past years—sends him her best compliments, and wishes him prosperity."

The Illness of Mr. Jackson.—The readers of *Human Nature* will learn with regret that their favourite writer, Mr. J. W. Jackson is prostrated by disease, and oppressed by embarrassment consequent thereon. For half a lifetime Mr. Jackson has devoted every energy to the promulgation of progressive truths, by tongue and by pen. He has laboured in a sphere far in advance of public opinion, and though his efforts may have wonderfully promoted human enlightenment, yet they have prematurely exhausted his constitution, without making adequate provision for his personal wants. The consequence is that, the author of "God and Creation," at the present moment, lies in a state of great debility, the result of excessive brain-work, with nothing in the exchequer to meet the liabilities consequent upon sickness, and a small family. Ordinary workers can have no estimate of the amount of brain-power consumed in producing such eloquent and profound articles as have appeared in recent numbers of *Human Nature*. Everyone who has read them must have been impressed with the striking fact that they stand unparalleled in the present range of literature.

The more is the pity, then, to see the noble brain which produced them, utterly paralysed by these gigantic efforts, and the remorseless cares which surround all those who work for humanity and the truth rather than for themselves. Had Mr. Jackson devoted his splendid talents to some professional sphere which stands well in public estimation, he might, at the present moment, have occupied an important social position, and been surrounded by affluence and popularity. It is for those who have profited by his self-denial and devotion to come to his rescue now, and see that he does not pay too much in rendering them such marked service. It will certainly be a disgrace, nay, even a crime, if the readers of *Human Nature* allow their most talented teacher to suffer from want of the paltry tribute which they could well spare, in exchange for his generosity of genius. A subscription has been opened at the Progressive Library, to which several of the readers of the *Medium* have already contributed; but the most hearty support is naturally expected from the patrons of *Human Nature*. It is also reported that the members of the Anthropological Institute are exerting themselves in the same field, and we hope a noble rivalry will exist between them and the spiritualists, as to who will act most handsomely in this matter.

MISCELLANEA.

Secretiveness.—The other day, while reading "Memoirs of a Diplomatist of the Last Century," by M. Dutens, I came across the following point of character, which shows a remarkable development and action of the organ of Secretiveness. The anecdote is of the Count de Viry, an old diplomat of the Piedmontese Court:—"No man could boast of getting at the secrets of this old official, hidden as they were behind the impenetrable embrasure of his countenance. His reserve was carried to an extreme point, and he even kept it up in his own household establishment; the merest message with which a servant was charged was made to appear a matter of mystery. If the ambassador was indisposed, the matter was considered as important as a State secret. He once suffered with a bad leg. A particular surgeon was sent for to doctor it. Meanwhile, the complaint having extended to the other limb, he ordered another surgeon to attend it separately. So there were two surgeons at the same time doctoring the same man, each having a limb to his own care, and must not trouble himself about the state of the other. Neither of the Count de Viry's legs—as medical science, thus singularly divided, would have it—got well, and the Count's eccentricity was the cause of his death. Even on his death-bed, some one coming into the chamber to inquire the Count's state, his secretary replied, 'Hush, he is dead! but he bid me with his last breath not to let any one know it.'"—G. Dawson.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.—How many would, if they thought it possible, call upon the rocks to fall upon them, and hide them from the wrath of God. We are plainly told we are sinners, and that we may continue sinning and doing all manner of wickedness till the last moment of our lives, so long as we say a few mystic words at that moment, the only incitement to immediate repentance being the uncertainty of our lives. When carefully examined, this reason does not stand so prominent as many would have us believe; every sin committed is done on the strength that the sinner will live a while longer. Let us, then, find a better incentive to the abandonment of evil-doing than the one presented by the above motive. Let us *know* that every sin committed is not a sin only against God or our neighbour, but a sin against ourselves; let us know that *every* sin bears with it its punishment, which sets in the very moment that sin is committed, and continues throughout eternity, gathering strength with time, and sharpness with our development; let us know also that every act of goodness bears with it a joy and reward in exact degree that evil bears a punishment. Away wrapt in our mind lies the table of memory on which every act, every experience of our life, is written, and written with letters which burn into our souls, and are reflected back to the universe of causation. Every action of our life is a string added to our heart, some producing notes of golden, mellow harmony, others of silvery sweetness, of brazen booming, or of jarring, discordant sounds; and ever as experience shall pass her finger over our heart, shall the issuing sounds be of harmony or discord, which shall be heard, or shall find an effect throughout the spheres of immensity. Let every man know that he is a child of God in reality—that he is made of God, in the image of God—that God is *all* in *all*—that everything is God, and God is everything; then let him know that he is an epitome of the universe—that everything created or uncreated finds a place in him, then he will readily understand that the rocks cannot hide him from his God—that he cannot hide from himself; that his own conscience is his judge. Let him also know (and this knowledge will have most effect) that in committing a sin, he sins against all—that justice to himself is justice to all; then will he understand that in justice to himself he should "go and sin no more."

An Eastern paper has in it that a poor little Sunday school scholar in Winconsin was deluded into learning 3,720 verses of the Bible in four weeks by a promise of a book. They gave him "Hitchcock's Analysis of the Bible." He swapped it for a three-bladed knife and a peck of hickory nuts.

SWAN SPIRIT MEDIUM WHILE ENTRANCED

BURNS

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

MAY, 1872.

THE LATE MR. J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I., &c.

It is with a peculiar feeling of regret, in which every reader of *Human Nature* will sincerely participate, that we perform the painful duty of recording the decease of our leading contributor, Mr. J. W. Jackson. Last month it was announced in these pages that our friend was in a state of great suffering, and that his circumstances were otherwise in an urgent condition. To the latter intimation many of our readers have made an immediate and hearty response, but the state of the sufferer's health gradually assumed a more serious aspect, ending in physical dissolution on Tuesday morning, April 2, at 9 o'clock.

In presenting this short and fragmentary tribute to the memory of our richly endowed and much respected co-worker, our apology for its deficiencies must be the great difficulty in obtaining materials to do justice to the subject or give satisfaction to our own feelings. With that beautiful spirit of self-abnegation so characteristic of truly great minds, Mr. Jackson always, with a rare delicacy, kept his personal history and even necessities entirely in reserve. His mind was so pre-occupied with impersonal considerations and questions of general interest that even his nearest and dearest friends enjoyed but few opportunities of learning anything of his personal career or pedigree. Indeed, when he did refer to himself it was for the most part in scientific phraseology, and he consequently dwelt more upon his ethnological extraction and organic tendencies than on his family connections and early acts. All who have read his "Myths of Antiquity" in this magazine will have observed how deeply the writer revered the existing fragments of ancient Scandinavian philosophy. It was his conviction that he was descended from Scandinavian ancestry, and that the family name

was originally "Jukesen." In common with Mr. Luke Burke and other eminent anthropologists, our friend contended that the Aryan civilisations of Asia proceeded in the first place from the north of Europe, the returning wave colonising Greece and onwards to the west, giving us the existing Indo-Germanic nationalities. This is very distant information with which to commence a memoir, but it is nearly the whole of what we possess. Most of Mr. Jackson's papers and records of life-work are at present completely out of reach, being left in the care of friends at a distance or otherwise inaccessible. With this introduction to our faulty performance, we express the hope that at some future time, in connection with an uniform re-issue of his works, an appropriate biography of the author may be given to the world.

As intimated by Mr. Jackson in one of his contributions to this magazine about twelve months ago, he was a native of Bristol, of which city his progenitors on both sides of the family were prominent and influential residents. A very near relation of his was an eminent journalist in the city, and successfully established one of the leading newspapers of the West of England. Mr. Jackson was an only son, and with the prospects of inheriting an independency, his education was suited to the sphere of a gentleman. He was a lad of great aptness of mind, energy, and physical activity, but when fourteen years of age it was his misfortune to meet with an accident which not only confined him to bed for a number of years, but lamed him for life, though not so as to interfere very materially with his locomotion. This forced incarceration was not by any means time lost. The recumbent position which had for a long time to be maintained diverted the energies of his organism into the brain; and his singularly clear and comprehensive mind was not at all prevented from revelling in those treasures of knowledge and literature which it so dearly loved. Before he was twenty years of age he had exhausted all the libraries in the city, and ransacked every available source from whence it was likely he could obtain a book which he had not seen before. It will be readily conceded that, even at that age, Mr. Jackson must have been possessed of a well-matured mind, enriched by a course of reading perhaps unequalled by any of his contemporaries of even much riper years. This early study laid the foundation of that surprising erudition which characterised our friend's writings and conversation. His richness of classical allusion and profound historical knowledge were only exceeded by his exact and comprehensive acquaintance with the sciences, with the whole of which he seemed equally familiar. In short, he was at home on any subject; and when it is also

observed that he was conversant with literature of all classes, politics and contemporaneous history, some idea may be formed of the resources of his mind.

But he did not confine his education merely to books and indoor studies. He was more especially acquainted with the great Book of Nature to which his literary acquirements were simply accessory. After he regained the use of his limbs he spent some years in pedestrian tours, thereby invigorating his body after such long confinement and gaining much useful knowledge of the world. With his knapsack on his back and a few pounds in his pocket the young student of Humanity would leave home and continue his wanderings till his necessary resources were exhausted, when he would return home and, in due course, prepare for another journey. In this way, it is said, he visited every county in England with the exception of one. These travels were not undertaken from mere caprice or to kill time,—with his excellent powers of thought and observation, and a mind enlarged with knowledge of all kinds, the studious pedestrian found the face of nature and its varied products a rich library, supplying that which could not be obtained from books. He had some previous knowledge of almost every place he visited and was therefore ready to observe with advantage. He noted the condition, peculiarities, and wants of the people, which accounts for the accuracy and intelligence with which he always referred to educational, social, and anthropological subjects.

After his father's death he came to London with his mother to reside, which circumstance afforded him enlarged opportunities for gratifying his insatiable desire for knowledge. He became a frequenter of the library of the British Museum, and diligently availed himself of the rare gems of literature only to be met with in the national collection.

The impression must not be allowed to possess the reader's mind that Mr. Jackson was an intellectual gourmand, with insatiable appetite, eagerly devouring every literary product that came within his reach and giving nothing in return. The very opposite was the fact, and few men have wielded such a versatile and prolific pen as him of whom we write; we have no data as to when he commenced his literary labours, or what form his first essays at authorship assumed. Strange as it may seem in connection with his matter-of-fact acquirements Mr. Jackson was a poet of a high order, even beyond the appreciation of the form of thought which prevailed in his time. His poetical works are characterised by deep thought and instructive scintillations of an over-reaching philosophy. His other writings, historical, biographical, philosophical, and scientific, are indeed, prose poems—grand, original, and richly imaginative, but what

is of transcendent value, always true to nature and in keeping with the logical deductions of the most advanced science. This was the charm of our late friend as an author; while he entertained and led on the reader by his brilliant vivacity, elevated and refined by his dress, reverence, lofty thought, and poetic expression, he always supplied useful and solid information—valuable food for thought.

We have often heard Mr. Jackson say that in these youthful days he was on intimate terms with the leading publishers in London, with many of whose back parlours he was quite familiar. He submitted for publication an epic poem of 40,000 lines which the literary caterers of that day did not place in the hands of the public. A great quantity of his early writings have been lost, a large box of MS. having been confided to the care of Mr. John Grabham of the British Museum, of the fate of which no one at present knows anything; besides these, there is in the possession of Mrs. Jackson an untold host of writings which testify to the diligence of their author. Our friend's susceptible brain and active temperament would never allow him to be for one moment idle, and being blessed with that unfailing characteristic of genius—the inspirational faculty—he gave expresssion to many valuable thoughts not only with perfect ease but with positive pleasure. It is evident that his early ambition was to serve the world as a literary man, and from his independent social position devote his whole time to the development of the fruits of his genius and their diffusion amongst the people. But a cloud came between him and the realisation of his favourite dreams. Some pecuniary disaster swept away these budding hopes of independency and consequent usefulness to the world, and a course of life had to be chosen which would afford a source of livelihood and, at the same time, carry out the schemes of the youthful philosopher. The path chosen was that of the public lecturer—the popular teacher on the rostrum where, face to face with humanity, after the manner of the famous Greeks whose manners he loved to study, Mr. Jackson could dispense the bread of thought and enlightenment to the public at large. We have before us now a copy of these lecturing arrangements presenting a very extensive and varied bill of fare.* How long Mr.

* The following are some of the subjects enumerated:—"Italy and the Italians, Ancient and Modern.—Character and Mission of the Bonaparte Dynasty.—Napoleon I. and the Duke of Wellington; a Parallel and a Contrast.—India, Ancient and Modern.—The Character and Mission of the Roman Empire, with some Remarks on the Influence of Ancient Civilisation on the Intellect of Modern Europe.—Character and Tendencies of Modern Civilisation, with some Remarks upon the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.—The Genius of Shakespeare, with some Remarks on Dramatic Literature.—The Character and Genius of Milton, with some Remarks on Epic Poetry.—The Genius and Writings of Lord Byron, with some Remarks on his Age and Contemporaries.—The Phrenological

Jackson occupied this position or the success he achieved in it we do not know, but that he was an esteemed favourite wherever he became known we may imply from an acquaintance with his subsequent career.

The culmination of this lecturing experience was the most eventful crisis in Mr. Jackson's life. At a meeting held at the Progressive Library a few months ago he gave an account of his labours in connection with Mesmerism, which movement found its champion already on the platform, cultured in public speaking, and wearing the peculiar harness necessary to give momentum to the car of Psychological Science. We learn that our lecturer was fulfilling a lengthened engagement at Bridport or some other town in Dorset, when the subject of Mesmerism was first brought before his notice. A crucial experiment at once satisfied his clear and penetrating intellect that there was a mine of intellectual wealth to be derived from a philosophical study of the subject. Soon after, he met with Mr. Davey, and it was suggested that the two might operate with advantage in concert. This line of action was finally adopted and the couple set out through the West of England and into Wales. We have spoken in towns where these pioneers opened up the ground 20 years previously, and have met with many who mention their names with more than ordinary respect. At that time it was a bold heart and clear head which dared to face the rough opposition which the ambassadors of Psychological Science had to encounter. Medical men, clergymen, and others made organised attempts to put the lecturers down, and when intellectual weapons would not prevail the two apostles were sometimes confronted by more substantial arguments. But they endured it all and triumphed, and now, the most ultra phenomena of Spiritualism are listened to with more patience than were the less astounding experiments of Mesmerism 20 years ago. And for this progressive change in public opinion let us pause and thank those who had the courage and talent to undertake the ungrateful task of thus mellowing and subduing the intellectual wilderness.

From South Wales the two friends passed into North Wales,

Development and Mental Characteristics of Robert Burns.—The Genius and Writings of Sir Walter Scott, with some Remarks on Fiction.—Lord Bacon and the Experimental Philosophy.—Race in History.—The Anglo-Saxon Race and their Destiny.—The Beard, in its Moral and Physiological Aspects.—The Gorilla. Illustrated by a Cast of the Cranium and Brain Case, from the Collection of M. Du Chaillu.—The Imperative Duty of Acquiring and Diffusing Knowledge, with some Remarks on Elocution and Conversation.—Principles of Phrenology.—Phrenology in its Application to Education.—Phrenology as Indicative of Man's Adaptation to his Moral and Physical Environment.—The Influence of Phrenological Development on Health, Disease, and Longevity.—Phrenology as an Aid to the Metaphysician."

and from thence as a desperate speculation, and almost fool-hardy step, they essayed to try their fortune in the City of Dublin. The attempt was in the highest degree successful. For nine months Mr. Jackson lectured nightly in the Rotundo, which fact of itself, will convey some idea of the resources of his mind. The whole population became electrified by the brilliant oratory of Mr. Jackson, and the equally captivating experiments of Mr. Davey. The result was, that a most influential association was formed, with no less a personage than Archbishop Whately as its president. The association did a vast amount of good, over and above the labours of the two strangers, in spreading a popular knowledge of the science of man, and in relieving by mesmeric treatment many sufferers from painful diseases. Nor has the effect of this mission been effaced to this day. Mr. Iver MacDonnell still retains the all important function of Honorary Secretary, and, as Executive Officer, is a society in himself. On the occasions of Mr. Fowler's visits to Dublin, Mr. MacDonnell and his latent machinery have been of great use in promoting the objects of the lecturer; and to the emissaries of Spiritualism, as opportunity offers, he affords a like helping hand. We are glad in being able to present the following peep at Messrs. Davey and Jackson, sketched from "real life," by the pen of Mr. MacDonnell:—

"In the summer of 1851, two human curiosities appeared in the Streets of Dublin; they were supposed to be foreign Jews, simply because they wore their beards full, such a practice being unknown in those days. They were a powerful combination of physique and brain, under the title of Messrs. Davey and Jackson; the former being a Mesmerist of immense battery; and the latter, his partner, whose eloquent advocacy of Mesmerism, Phrenology, and kindred subjects, established these studies as true sciences in the leading towns of the Three Kingdoms. Neither before nor since, has any professor appeared to equal Mr. Jackson as a lecturer on these topics, bringing to the platform all that education, reflection, sound reasoning, eloquence, and refined taste could supply. His addresses were of a character rarely met with—at once he assumed an elevated plane of thought, and by a certain felicity of expression united to richness and dignity of language, he poured forth a flood of thought which carried away his hearers by the simplicity and soundness of his reasoning, as well as by the charming eloquence at his command. When opposed, he was perfectly overwhelming with his facts, and rose to oratory. Nor were his labours in vain. Immediately after his visit to Dublin, a Mesmeric Society was formed, to which was attached an Infirmary, over which the late Archbishop Whately presided; and subsequently a Phrenological Society was formed and sustained by his pupils. Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, must remember his versatile powers—full of fun and

humour, he could instantly change to profound philosophy, or practical science. When a young man he had a low fever, and a "consultation" being deemed advisable, an eminent medical gentleman was called in to confer with his doctor. On being told that little hope could be held out, did he receive the intelligence with becoming resignation? No such thing;—leaning up in the bed he roared out, 'No! I'll not die for you,—I've work to do yet in the world, and I'll bury you both—begone!' And so he recovered rapidly and did the work, and it may be presumed buried his gravediggers.

"Mr. J. W. Jackson was the greatest mind the writer ever met with, and most fortunately he possesses a life-size portrait of him in oil, which he will never part with, though he would be happy to lend it to serve any useful purpose. His intellectual and moral developments were enormous."

From Ireland the partners went to Edinburgh in 1853, where lectures on Mesmerism were given, classes taught, patients treated, and the Scottish Curative Mesmeric Association formed. Mr. Davey died during Mr. Jackson's stay in Edinburgh. A lasting impression was left on that city, and many ardent admirers of these teachers yet revere their memory; and look upon them as their greatest benefactors. After Mr. Jackson's removal to Glasgow in 1862, it was his custom to visit Edinburgh occasionally, more particularly at the annual meetings of the Phrenological Association, where the friends of that science were accustomed to look upon his familiar face in that spot which had been in previous years so often graced with the presence of George Combe.

Mr. Jackson's mission in Glasgow was similar to that which had occupied the previous twelve years of his life. He formed a Mesmeric association, the members of which treated the sick gratuitously, and recorded the most note-worthy cases in an annual report. He also practised phrenology, and in his intercourse with his pupils he exercised a most powerful and beneficial influence over their minds. Mr. Jackson was no mere impirical teacher, limiting his instructions to any one idea, but his effort was to call out the man in his native power and independence. In this he succeeded in not a few instances, so that his works will exist after him in the minds he so successfully influenced to grapple with the problems of life. The Glasgow Mesmeric Society possessed a most valuable library, and habits of thought were carefully inculcated. Mr. Jackson used also to take frequent lecturing tours into the country districts, so that his influence was not confined either to one theme or one place.

All this time he was extremely busy with his pen, though his labours in this respect were entirely unproductive as far as bringing him in a livelihood was concerned. He was one of

those rare men who write for principle, not for pay. While in Edinburgh, he occupied an important literary position in connection with an influential newspaper. The editor adopted a time-serving political policy which would trim Mr. Jackson's articles to suit its unprincipled expediencies. This Mr. Jackson would not, for one moment, submit to; and rather than belie the truth, he chose to give up his bread. Such were the principles that actuated our friend, and what wonder is it that at last he succumbed to crushing want?

Besides publishing a series of *Lectures on Mesmerism*, Mr. Jackson published a work entitled, *Mesmerism in Connection with Popular Superstitions*, explaining, by well known psychical principles, many of the ghostly tales and beliefs in charms, omens, and the like, which prevail amongst the people. His work *Extatics of Genius* was a profound investigation into another realm of psychological mystery. Taking the cases of Pythagoras, Socrates, Apollonius, and others, he showed that their peculiar power and genius resulted from their ability to assume an extatic condition—a state of natural lucidity or inspiration. This original and novel application of the higher phenomena of Mesmerism attracted the attention of the leading minds of that day in connection with the subject. Mr. Jackson's contributions to the *Zoist* were highly esteemed by Dr. Elliotson, and it may with truth be said that the radiance which the genius of our friend threw around the subject transformed Mesmerism into a new and more extended plane of investigation, from which the normal phenomena of mental action might be better understood and appreciated.

From Mr. Jackson's early reading, we must infer that no one theme, however grand, could absorb his attention. Forty years ago we find him eagerly making the acquaintance of that new luminary, Thomas Carlyle, through "Sartor Resartus," which was then appearing in *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. James Gowans of Edinburgh, one of Mr. Jackson's most intimate friends, informs us that the writers he esteemed most, and who had exercised the greatest amount of influence over him, were Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and James Elishama Smith, so well known as the founder of the *Family Herald*, but more particularly, to Mr. Jackson, as the author of the *Divine Drama of History, The Shepherd*, &c. Mr. Jackson maintained a fraternal correspondence with Mr. Smith to his death, after which event he suggested a plan for republishing a selection of "Shepherd Smith's" miscellaneous essays, with a biography. That this regard for Mr. Smith, one of Mr. Jackson's noblest contemporaries, was of a lasting description, may be inferred from the warm and generous way in which Mr. Jackson alluded to him

in a recent issue of this magazine when reviewing a number of *Freelight*.

During recent years Mr. Jackson also enjoyed the familiar friendship of Mr. Gillespie of Torbanehill, author of the *Argument a Priori*, in connection with whom he contributed to the *Journal of Sacred Literature* some papers on Pantheism in Thought, or some such title. They were reprinted for private circulation, and formed the basis for an able article by William Maccall, which appeared in *The English Leader*. Mr. Jackson enthusiastically admired Maccall's "National Missions."

During his residence in Scotland, Mr. Jackson published a series of *Lectures on Phrenology*, which were soon out of print; also, *Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Historian*, a work which has been justly admired by men of the highest ability. Following close upon these efforts was the formation of the Anthropological Society of London, of which Mr. Jackson was an eminent Fellow, and special friend of the founder, the lamented Dr. Hunt, whose death was so similar to that which closed our friend's career. Though Mr. Jackson could not be present at the meetings of the Society and take part in its work at head-quarters, yet, under the diploma of a local secretaryship, he rendered most efficient aid in introducing the subject of Anthropology to his wide circle of acquaintances, but more particularly did he serve the new science with his powerful and ready pen. From the commencement of the *Anthropological Review*, up to its cessation, we constantly meet with the name of our friend attached to the most elaborate, profound, and lengthy articles which *The Review* contains. The following list will give some idea of Mr. Jackson's services in this department, all done free and for nothing, not even receiving that which would pay the postage on the bulky packages of MS. continually being forwarded. Some of these articles are really works in themselves, and the whole taken together would form the respectable produce of a lifetime:—

Ethnology and Phrenology as an Aid to the Biographer. February, 1864.
Buchner's Force and Matter. February, 1865.
Race in History. October, 1865.
Psychonomy of the Hand. October, 1865.
The Roman and the Teuton. January, 1866.
Race in Legislation and Political Economy. April, 1866.
Race in Religion. October, 1866.
Art in Relation to Comparative Anthropology. January, 1867.
On the Value of Phrenology in Anthropological Investigations. January, 1867.
On the Theory of Development. July and October, 1867.

Iran and Turan. April and July, 1868.
The Race Question in Ireland. January, 1869.
The Aryan and the Semite. October, 1869.
The Antiquity of Civilisation, in the *Journal of Anthropology* for October, 1870.

Such were Mr. Jackson's pastimes during these years, his active life being to gain a precarious living by teaching classes, lecturing, Mesmerising, and examining heads. While he might have been eking out the means of existence in seeking profitable employment for his pen, he was thus overtaxing his energies for the benefit of humanity and science. His crowning enthusiasm was for Anthropology. He considered it the fitting term under which to include all inquiries respecting the nature of man, theoretical, scientific, or practical. Phrenology, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Ethnology, &c., he regarded as so many distinct, yet interrelated departments of anthropological research. During the Russian war he wrote and published an ethnological solution entitled, "The People of Europe and the War in the East;" and his last contribution to the Anthropological Society was a similar paper on "Race in Connection with the Present Franco-Prussian War."

It is now in order that we should notice Mr. Jackson's connection with *Human Nature*, at the commencement of which we had not the pleasure of enjoying that gentleman's acquaintance, though we were familiar with his labours. Being frequently in Mr. Nisbet's office he had seen proofs of our prospectus, and suggested some verbal alterations therein. This was the first indication of that which bore such ripe fruit in after years. After our first number appeared, some copies of the *Progressionist*, a magazine which had existed for a few months under the editorship of the Rev. G. B. Porteous, were forwarded to know if the "Myths of Antiquity" contained therein would be suitable as contributions to *Human Nature*. We gratefully accepted the proffered kindness, and almost imperceptibly Mr. Jackson's papers became a regular feature in our pages. We have never been able to make out how much we are indebted to Mr. Nisbet's thoughtfulness towards us on the one hand, and Mr. Jackson's spontaneity on the other, for the regular continuance of these favours. When one series of papers were finished another was quietly introduced, and Mr. Jackson and Mr. Nisbet had the management of the whole left in their hands. This is a wonderful illustration of Mr. Jackson's true character. He sympathised with the scope and object of *Human Nature*, saw that it had mighty difficulties to encounter in order to maintain its ground, and though there was no prospect of its being able to remunerate either writers or editor, Mr. Jackson gladly lent it

his aid. He had also beside him much valuable matter which was too far advanced to find acceptance in the ordinary literary market, and so it was generously given to appear in this magazine. Our friends know well that *Human Nature* has been considerable of a burden from the first, and the peculiar circumstances of privation and difficulty under which it has been carried on prevented any remuneration being afforded to either editor or contributors. However, we gladly accorded to Mr. Jackson what kindness it was in our power to bestow, and when he purposed to visit London, the Progressive Library became his head-quarters, and every means were adopted to introduce him into new circles of society and promote his mission in every possibly way.

Mr. Jackson has been heard repeatedly to observe that he gained more popularity and recognition from the readers of *Human Nature* than from any other class for whom he laboured. This may be understood when we state that however burdensome the sustenance of *Human Nature* may have been, yet it is by far the most widely circulated of any anthropological periodical which has been contemporary with it; and however much Spiritualism may be despised as a department of anthropological research, yet it claims a list of supporters which would certainly not disgrace the Fellowship of any learned body associating in this country. Such being the case, *Human Nature* introduced Mr. Jackson to the most liberal and intelligent Spiritual Anthropologists throughout the world; and the leading friends of the movement in our colonies, America, France, Germany, Russia, and other places, from time to time expressed a warm interest in their favourite writer, which has assumed a very practical and unmistakeable form since his death. Andrew Jackson Davis has repeatedly expressed his deep interest in Mr. Jackson's contributions; and Epes Sargent, in his recent work on Spiritualism, "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," quotes freely Mr. Jackson's opinions and views. In a letter, dated Boston, April 4, 1872, he refers to having seen the paragraph in the *Medium* which first announced the state of Mr. Jackson's circumstances. In a letter to a friend in London Mr. Sargent thus speaks of Mr. Jackson:—

"The enclosed printed paragraph will give you some idea of a man in London to whom I want to send two pounds sterling. The Mr. Jackson referred to is a man of remarkable culture in the departments of anthropology and metaphysics; he is a poet, too, of no mean ability, and above all, I am told, a very good fellow, though I have never seen him. But the last ten years I have been in the habit of reading his contributions, and have formed a high estimate of his abilities. He has not been a Spiritualist until very

recently, when certain remarkable phenomena converted him. He had before that been an opponent. It is not through any sympathy with him on this account that I send him my mite, but simply because I believe him to be a worthy man in distress."

Our readers well know that though Mr. Jackson had witnessed some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, he explained them by reference to Mesmerism. A paper which he read at the opening of the Glasgow Psychological Society, and which was printed in these pages, gave his views on that subject. It may with safety be stated that Mr. Jackson was much more of a Spiritualist in his feelings than in his intellect. At any rate, he used quite familiarly the phraseology of Spiritualists in his intercourse with them, and always listened to facts or witnessed phenomena with a courteous deference and unprejudiced interest. On his arrival in London we took every opportunity of introducing him into select circles at which the most famous mediums were in the habit of sitting. Here Mr. Jackson witnessed the phenomena in all its phases, and his experiences, more particularly at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, were given in the *Medium* from week to week as they transpired. These reports are perhaps the most intelligent and scientific records of spiritual phenomena that have ever been given to the public.

An extract from a letter, written by Mr. Jackson shortly after his arrival in London, gives in his own words his position in respect to Spiritualism:—

"London, March 6th, 1871.

"You will have seen by *Human Nature* and the *Medium*, that the Spiritualists have received me very warmly, and have done some rather wonderful things in my presence, to which I have borne my testimony. I never feared the face of man in the matter of Mesmerism and Phrenology; neither shall I shrink from bearing witness to any *facts* I may see in connection with the so-called Spiritualism. On their value and bearing in reference to Psychology, I have yet to decide. There is a general desire expressed that I should settle in London. 'The spirits' say I am the right man at the right time, so do the anthropos, but as yet 'clouds and darkness rest upon it.'"

Shortly after his arrival in London, Mr. Jackson made the acquaintance of Mr. Slater and his family, including the Misses Dixon. At their family circle spiritual communications intimated that he was to write a book on Man, this he assiduously laboured at, and in connection with his reports of spiritual seances, it was his last literary effort. Two parts have already been published, the third is in the hands of the printer, and the fourth is said to be all but completed. The strain brought upon his brain by this imposed work, and the pressure of circumstances, brought on the final crisis.

Being located in London, Mr. Jackson lost no time or opportunity in prosecuting his life work. He attended the meetings of the Anthropological Institute, and took part in the discussions: eagerly investigated Spiritualism, practised Phrenology, and Mesmerism, and otherwise occupied every spare moment: but his grand idea was to establish a Mesmeric Institution in London, similar to what had resulted from his labours in other cities of the empire. Of his views and prospects at that time the following extracts from letters written to a correspondent will give some idea:—

"London, Dec. 7th, 1871.

"I am working hard to establish a Mesmeric Association in London, and am rather weary with the labours it imposes. I addressed an audience at the Spiritual Institution last night on the subject."

"London, Feb. 7th, 1872.

"I have to make a thousand apologies for not having acknowledged the receipt of the books from Mr. —— and yourself, together with the kind letter that accompanied them, but the truth is I was so busy as to be practically overworked."

Such was the progress of events when disease crushed the hopeful aspirant. An acute state of phrenitis supervened, which rendered the sufferer harmlessly delirious for several weeks, which was followed by low wasting fever, till he shrank away to a shadow, and died of inanition. In his lucid moments he understood his case exactly. The state of his body was such that he could take no food, and it may be said that he fasted almost absolutely from the commencement of the attack. He felt quite resigned to the approaching end, his sole grief being for the survivors—Mrs. Jackson and the little boy and girl. Though his case was not by any means a hopeful one, it was not expected to terminate fatally till near the end. He traced his collapse to the thirty years of intense activity and toil which he had undergone, in which every effort of his nature had been called into action to stimulate him onwards. But the last two years had been characterised by severe privations, which were all the more painful because they had to be carefully shielded from the gaze of the world.

Mr. Jackson's state, and the manner in which his case was taken up by the Spiritualists, is well expressed in the following paragraph from the *Medium*:—

"We are sorry to be under the necessity of reporting that Mr. J. W. Jackson has not yet recovered from the serious illness we referred to a fortnight ago. The intense state of mental activity which then prevailed has now subsided, but he still lies in a very weak state. His illness is the result of many years of incessant brain-

work and activity, coupled with much hardship and anxiety. For nearly thirty years our friend has devoted every effort of his life to the cause of humanity, teaching from time to time the highest truths of which he became cognisant. Since his arrival in London, and, indeed, some time previous, he has devoted his attention to Spiritualism with great assiduity. Indeed, before the dawn of modern Spiritualism, Mr. Jackson discussed similar phenomena in the light of mesmerism and psychology. He has latterly brought his vast experience and powerful intellect to bear upon the spiritual phenomena; and before his coming to London, and since then, he has given his attention to these manifestations with unwearying industry. The readers of the *Medium* are indebted to his pen for the numerous intelligent and graphic reports of seances, held chiefly at Mrs. Makdougall Gregory's, in the presence of the most distinguished mediums of the time. As contributions to the scientific testimony respecting these phenomena, Mr. Jackson's papers stand second to none, and have been of great use in establishing in many minds the nature and reliability of these manifestations. And now that powerful intellect lies prostrate, overwhelmed by unremitting toil and many cares which have been from year to year set aside that humanity might be served. It is indeed a sad sight to see a life thus spent, at such a crisis surrounded by little ones for whom there is no provision during their parent's incapacity for his professional duties. Under such circumstances, Mr. Jackson's recovery must be protracted and difficult; but remove the load of care from his shoulders, and the best medicine would be administered which the case demands. Mr. Jackson is in a strange city, but should not be without friends if genius and devotion are any bond between souls. We hope all our readers will feel their indebtedness, and promptly rally round their suffering friend with such aid and comforts as they may feel able to bestow, as some have already done. Messages may be left at our office."

This appeal brought ready help to the suffering family, and tested in a significant manner the great esteem in which the sufferer was held. Ample means came in from all quarters, more particularly from his late friends in Glasgow through the hands of Mr. Nisbet. The readers of *Human Nature* in distant parts—those who had never seen his face, but had known him simply from his contributions—came forward with handsome sums. Mr. Chinnery of Paris moved the Anthropologists, seconded by Dr. King and Mr. Harris, and they promise to do something handsome for the survivors.

Thus were the means acquired to perform the last sad services to the deceased with due decency. Mr. Burns, who had been so closely associated with the friend whose loss was so severely felt, undertook the part of a son, and in every way aided Mrs. Jackson in all the necessary arrangements. The interment took place on Saturday, April 6, at Kensal Green Cemetery, where a

family grave has been purchased, upon which we hope to see placed some suitable monument to the memory of the departed Anthropologist. His former friend, the Rev. G. B. Porteous, attended and performed the funeral service, and thus was conveyed to a comparatively premature grave our friend and fellow-worker, at the age of sixty-one.

In passing a concluding glance at Mr. Jackson's literary career, we must not overlook to mention a series of papers contributed to Mr. Luke Burke's philosophical periodical, *The Future*. He also issued a small volume of miscellaneous poems entitled, *Echoes of My Youth*, and a poetical work in four parts, *The Seer of Sinai*, in which Moses is depicted as a typical personage. It is a poem of considerable merit, characterised by deep insight and a large poetical purpose. We have heard it said that this poem was only an instalment of a much larger work, of which the succeeding section was to be devoted to Christ, and go on to discuss man's future spiritual developments. This our friend has to some extent accomplished in the grand portraitures of the future man, given recently in these pages. Mr. Jackson entertained some peculiar notions as to the necessity for the advent of some grand personage in whom the ripened excellencies of the new age would culminate, and who would be the illuminated leader and redeemer of mankind, and elevate the race into a higher phase of spiritual life. Though not openly expressed, his friends gathered that Mr. Jackson entertained the idea that he had some mission in connection with this exalted purpose.

Physically, Mr. Jackson was a man of pure blood and fine build. The osseous structure was fine and symmetrically moulded, and covered by a delicate muscular system, light, tendinous, and enduring. The thoracic region predominated very largely over the abdominal. Hence his circulation was free and rapid, endowing him with sanguine feelings, great activity, and an aspiring unselfish tendency of character. The brain was large and beautifully formed; and, in connection with a highly susceptible nervous system, and the conditions just named, we have an organism of a very high type. Mr. Jackson was strictly temperate and philosophical in his habits, so that his thoughts flowed with a power and normal purity of rare occurrence. The habitual elevation of his mind may be inferred from the fact that, for upwards of twelve years, he contributed weekly to the *Christian News* of Glasgow "Sands of Thought," replete with the noblest fruits of intellect. To such a mind, the careless expression of such exalted sentiments was a pleasurable pastime.

It was the same with his "Myths of Antiquity," which flowed from the pen with all the ease and sweetness of the feelings of a lover. His literary habits were correct and dignified as the

tone of his mind. He uniformly chose large-sized paper of the finest make and purest colour, and his manuscript was so uniformly fair and accurate that the proof required but little revision. He could sit down and pen the most elaborate of his treatises, embodying facts from numberless sources without consulting any books, re-writing, or altering the plan of his work. In short, his mind was a library in itself, from which he could draw at will the wisdom of past and present ages, with many glorious flashes anticipating the higher light of the future.

Personally, Mr. Jackson was a man of the most commanding aspect. A bust of him left behind is a noble memento of human development. His beard hung in tangled ringlets nearly to his waist, reminding the beholder of the manly gnarled beards shown on the bas-reliefs from Nineveh. His nose was finely formed and his eye positive and controlling, and surmounted by a massive forehead and finely moulded dome, he presented an aspect calculated to command admiration and respect. Manifestly his one mental infirmity was an over active state of approbativeness, which, with his sanguine temperament, tended to lead his naturally prophetic mind to undue conceptions of personal efforts and duty. But it was a most amiable weakness—one which always clothed the possessor with a polite deference to all, and urged onward in the race which finally exhausted the once powerful runner.

The reader may now conceive of the wreck which such a mind would sustain when the keenest sense of honour could no longer hide the difficulties which surrounded it, when the very worst confronted it with menacing attitude, and when the once giant wrestler with fortune would have to give up the conflict before the triumph so long cherished had been achieved. O, what a hard retribution to such a meritorious struggle! All would have been well if the world had been more keenly alive to the toiler's deserts, or if his activities had exerted themselves on a more selfish plane. But a brighter destiny—a higher achievement—broke in upon the dying man's vision. His first sad feeling was, as he succumbed in the midst of the fight, "I shall never do another shilling's worth of work." "It is all vanity." The old ambition was relinquished with a deep, heartfelt sigh, which every true worker can appreciate, but the noble man and true philosopher calmly, though in deep agony of mind and body, awaited the brighter distinction which Father God and Mother Nature were about to confer upon him, and like a trusting child allowed his better self to be torn away from the once loved but worn out tenement.

Since Mr. Jackson's decease the utmost interest has been manifested in the survivors. This has already been hinted at.

The Rev. S. E. Bengough, M.A. (S.E.B. of *Human Nature*), kindly took charge of the boy, who is a lad of great promise. An effort is being made to afford him a first-rate education, as an act which would confer the greatest satisfaction upon the translated father. Mrs. Jackson and the little baby girl are not being uncared for. It is hoped that something handsome may be done on their behalf. We cordially call upon our readers far and near who have read so eagerly after the pen of him who has passed away, not to forget those who have been left destitute because of the devotion of their provider to the interests of humanity. Any kindness exerted to the family either now or months hence may be sent to the publisher of *Human Nature*.

The last work our friend did was on "Man," now in course of publication. He said to Mrs. Jackson it was all done but four pages, but he would add no more, observing, "There, I have finished Man, and Man has finished me."

"THE SECRET DRAMA OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS, BY GERALD MASSEY."

AND what special interest may the reader of *Human Nature* be supposed to take in "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets"? Much every way. As the works of Shakespeare form a sort of text-book of humanity, anything which throws additional light upon his life and poetry possesses a claim on the attention of all intelligent minds. Then Gerald Massey's way of thought is such, that he can write nothing which does not savour of far-reaching intuition, or of generous feeling. But in this particular case, his task demanded the very highest powers, and he has performed it in a fashion worthy of himself and of his theme. Remembering the biography of Mr. Massey prefixed to his earlier poems, and then observing the finished culture indicated by this work, we are fairly astonished at the author's vigour of mind. For this is not a production which could have been the result of any amount of mere reading and simple power of imagination. It evinces critical acumen, refinement of moral feeling, and patient study of Elizabethan literature, of which the most recluse scholar might well be proud; and it reminds us of the apothegm, that "genius is the faculty of taking infinite pains."

Peculiar circumstances, which attended the writing of this secret drama, must invest it with no common interest in the eyes of spiritualists. We heard from Mr. Massey himself some account of the assistance which he received in his labours from the unseen world, but it would be unbecoming to anticipate in

any measure that full history of the matter which has been partly promised by the author. Suffice it to say here, that any aid received from occult sources, does not detract from his merit as an independent investigator and critic of the most mysterious portion of Shakespeare's works. He had nearly finished an article for the *Quarterly*, which embodied his theory on the subject before any assistance was offered him.

Almost every one has experienced on reading the sonnets of Shakespeare a feeling of disappointment and perplexity. Together with much of exquisite beauty, we encounter there a number of poems that tend to destroy that loyal honour and reverence we would fain retain and cherish for the greatest poet of the world. We do not want to think of him as a strait-laced moralist, yet anything which makes us lose our perfect respect for the man, William Shakespeare, should be, and is offensive. Such is undoubtedly the character of some of these same sonnets, and no scheme of interpretation has hitherto succeeded in freeing the fair fame of our great dramatist from sundry awkward inferences which have seemed inevitable to the most charitable readers. One of the chief delights and blessings which a man can enjoy is the satisfaction of boundless admiration. This was almost impossible to the worshippers of Shakespeare, as long as the existence of these poems remained an unsolved problem. Mr. Massey maintains, apparently with good reason, that he has found the key to the solution.

"The reading of Shakespeare's Sonnets," he says, "now presented, affords the only theory yet adventured that is not full of perplexity and bewilderment. It is the only one that surmounts the obstacles, disentangles the complications, resolves the discords, and out of various voices draws the one harmony. It is utter folly to talk of a self-revelation made by Shakespeare so inward that we cannot reach it. There are fifty plain facts to be met—facts of outer life, of character, of sex—on the surface of the sonnets, all opposed to the Autobiographic view, before any one need have dived into the deeps of their own subjectivity for the supposed dreadful secrets of the Poet's heart. Nor will the theory work which holds that the sonnets are mere fantastic exercises of ingenuity, having no root in reality—no relation to Shakespeare's own life. They are intensely real from first to last, through a wide range of varying feelings, whatsoever their meaning. The wisest readers have been content to rest with Mr. Dyce in his declaration, that, after repeated perusals, he was convinced that the greater number of them was composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, and probably at the suggestion of the author's intimate associates. And having cracked the nut, as I think, we

find this to be the very kernel of it; only, my theory unmasks the characters assumed, unfolds the nature of the various subjects, traces the different times at which they were composed, and identifies those intimate associates of Shakespeare who supplied him both suggestions and subjects. The present theory, which is really an appeal to common sense on behalf of the most practical of men and poets, alone enables us to see how it is that Shakespeare can be at the same time the friend who loves and is blessed, and the lover who doats and is disconsolate; how the great calm man of the sweetest blood, the smoothest temper, the most cheery soul, can be the anxious, jealous, fretful wooer, who has been pursued by the 'stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' and driven about the world as a wanderer, who, in his weakness, has said and done things for which he prays forgiveness. Here we can see how the Poet has been the Player still in his 'idle hours,' and how he can personate a passion to the life, and disfigure his face past our recognition, and change the dramatic mask at will for the amusement of his 'private friends.'"

A reference to the table of contents will throw as much light upon the nature of this theory as a detailed explanation. It will be seen there that the sonnets are divided into several series—

1. Those addressed by Shakespeare himself to the Earl of Southampton, wishing him to marry; in praise of his personnl beauty; concerning a rival poet, adjudged to be Marlowe, &c.

2. Dramatic Sonnets: Including some written for the Earl of Southampton to Elizabeth Vernon; and some from her to the Earl.

3. Sonnets expressing William Herbert's passion for Lady Rich (the dark lady of the latter sonnets).

It would be presumption for any but a profoundly erudite Shakesperian scholar to give an opinion upon the truthfulness or otherwise of this explanation. But we gladly accept it as removing a difficulty in the way of our unqualified reverence for Shakespeare. We doubt not thousands will do the same, and feel grateful to Mr. Massey for his eloquent vindication of the poet's fame. The following notice in the *Fortnightly Review*, by the late Robert Bell, will show how this book has been appreciated by critics of repute:—"Whatever may be the ultimate reception of Mr. Massey's interpretation of the Sonnets, nobody can deny that it is the most elaborate and circumstantial that has been yet attempted. Mr. Armitage Brown's essay—close, subtle, and ingenious as it is—recedes into utter insignificance before the bolder outlines, the richer colouring, and the more daring flight of Mr. Massey. What was dim and shapeless before, here grows distinct and tangible; broken gleams of light

become massed, and pour upon us in a flood; mere speculation, timid and uncertain hitherto, here becomes loud and confident, and assumes the air of ascertained history. It has been reserved for Mr. Massey to build up a complete narrative, and of materials which furnished others with nothing more than bold hints, and bits and scraps of suggestions."

Let not our readers suppose that this work is made up only of elaborate analysis of evidence, and stirring of antiquarian husks. It breathes throughout a poet's warmth of feeling—a power of imagination which reanimates the past, and throws a vivid light upon the rich court-life of the days of Queen Elizabeth. Above all, it evinces a reverent appreciation of the genius, heart, and mind of Shakespeare, as deep and genuine, perhaps, as any which exists, expressed in English words. In proof of this assertion, we shall not scruple to cite a page or two from the beautiful and comprehensive chapter, entitled "The Man Shakespeare":—

"It is impossible to commune with the spirit of Shakespeare in his works and not feel that he was essentially a cheerful man, and full of healthy gladness; that his royal soul was magnificently lodged in a fine physique, and looked out on life with a large contentment; that his conscience was clear, and his spiritual pulse sober. It is shown in his hearty and continuous way of working. It is proved by his great delight in common human nature, and his full satisfaction in the world as he found it. A most profound and perennial cheerfulness of soul he must have had to bring so bright a smile to the surface, and so pleasurable a colour into the face of human life; he who so well knew what an infinite of sorrow may brood beneath; what sunless depths of sadness, and lonely, leafless wastes of misery; who felt so intimately its old heartache and pain; its mystery of evil, and all the pathetic pangs, with which Nature gives birth to good. The dramatic mood could be troubled, contemplative, melancholy, according to his purpose; but the man himself was of a happy temperament. A melancholy man must have been more self-conscious, and shut up within limits indefinitely narrower. He has infinite pity for the suffering, and struggling, and wounded by the way. The most powerful and pathetic pleadings on behalf of Christian charity out of the New Testament have been spoken by Shakespeare. He takes to his large warm heart much that the world usually casts out to perish in the cold. There is nothing too poor or too mean to be embraced within the circle of his sympathies. He sees the germ of good in that which looks all evil to the careless passers-by, for his eyes are large with love, and have its 'precious seeing.' If there be only the least little redeeming touch in the most abandoned character, he is sure to point it out; he recognises the slightest glimpse of the

Divine Image in the rudest human clay-cast. We may also find in our Poet an appalling sense of the supernatural, the nearness of the spirit-world, and its power to break in on the world of flesh, when nature prays for help, or darkly conspires to let it in. His working pastime was the world of human life. His was the sphere of humanity, the real work-a-day world. As a dramatist, he had to give that life a palpable embodiment in flesh and blood, and endow it with speech and action. But he knew that human nature was made of spirit as well as flesh, and that it is under the 'skiey influences.' Divine laws over-ride our human wishes. The innocent suffer alike with the guilty, and things do not come about as they were forecast. Thus it is in life! And so it is in Shakespeare. This makes the tragedy. He knew that there was a 'Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' He feels that this human life is all very wonderful in its play of passions, its pleasures, and its pains, with all their crossing and conflicting lights and shadows; and he does what he can to shed a little light on the vast mystery. But he feels how small is this little island of our human life, set in the surrounding ocean of eternity, and how limited is the light that he can throw upon it, and upon the darkness that hems us in. The more we study the works of Shakespeare, the more we shall feel how natural piety made a large part of the cheerful sunshine that smile out in his philosophy of life. And, in great emergencies, we may see the flash of a religious feeling large enough for life, and deep enough for death. How frank and bold, for example, is that expression of his in the Divine, when Banquo, encompassed by dangers, exclaims, 'In the great hand of God I stand;' and when the fatal presentiment, which Shakespeare so often recognises, comes upon Hamlet, what does he say? 'Thou knowest, Horatio, how ill all is here about my heart: BUT there is a special Providence, even in the fall of a sparrow.' Frequent and fervent is the appeal to the world hereafter that is to make the 'odds' of this all 'even,' and to Him who is the top of justice, and his eternal justicers. Reverence he calls 'that angel of the world.'

"But it is not in hints and allusions like these that I would seek for evidence of Shakespeare's religious feeling, so much as in his dumb appeal to such feelings as are left vibrating when some great tragedy of his are over. It plainly appears to me that, amidst all the storms of life in which humanity may be wrecked, the horror of great darkness in which the powers of evil prevail—the misery and madness, and midnight homelessness of poor, witless, white-headed old Lear, with his blindness of trust, and broken-heartedness of love, Shakespeare knew right well where there is peace beyond the tempest—he knew of all

the love in the hearts of father and child, which would take an eternity to fully unfold; and where could he pillow it with more infinite suggestiveness than beside the grave. It is for us to see what is dimly visible through that dark window of the other world! He has said his say, let the rest be told in silence! And the soul must be dull indeed whose sight has not been purged and feeling purified in the loftier vision on the spiritual stage. Our interest does not cease when the drama is ended. 'To be continued,' is plainly written at the close of its fifth act. The heartache which he has given us demands and draws the other world near for very pity and comfort. You cannot help looking up from amid the shadows of the dark valley to where the light is breaking overhead, and feel a touch of those immortal relationships which live beyond the human. Let no one suppose that Shakespeare's genius, being of such a stature as it was, could not rise up and 'take the morning' that lies beyond this night of time, where bewildered souls so often get beclouded, It was not Shakespeare's place as a writer of tragedy to frighten us, and then say something for our comfort. He points no moral —winds up with no sermon. It is his work to create interest, to quicken sympathy, and enlarge life; the rest follows. He knew how much Nature will work for her favourites, and he was her own best favourite, so he has only to set her well at work, and quietly steal away, leaving Nature to finish. In this respect his negative power is as great and surprising as the positive capacity: what he does not do is often as remarkable and effective as what he does."

S. E. B.

SOME OF THE CONDITIONS OF PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP.*

THE connection between organic conditions and the manifestation of the mental and physical powers is recognised in ordinary life. No one expects the invalid, the emaciated, the tender young, the delicate, or the aged, to exhibit great physical strength. Nor are high intellectual or moral endowments to be looked for in the starved and hungry, the glutton and the intemperate, the dissipated and diseased subjects of humanity. More particularly are we in the habit of associating moral endowments with physical states and tendencies. Improper habits and physical unrighteousness of many kinds are frequently found associated with great intellectual power and the ability to acquire and

* A Paper read by J. Burns at the Spiritual Institution, Wednesday evening, April 12, 1872.

administer a large amount of technical knowledge, but purity of motive, goodness, and truthfulness are incompatible with such a defective state.

Every organism is furnished with a certain definite amount of power which is affected by a variety of circumstances. If this power has been exhausted by exercise, it must be recuperated by rest before the person is able to resume an effective activity again. After a full meal the vital powers are engaged in the work of digestion, and violent exercise of body and mind is not only prejudicial, but the work cannot be so well done. We are familar with the disabilities incurred by disease. The vital powers are then engaged in expelling the morbid admixture from the vital domain. During convalescence after an illness the organic forces are all necessary to repair the body and restore its depleted condition. Those who waste themselves in dissipated habits and by want of rest and vicious courses, exhaust the stock of power with which they are furnished, and cannot so well acquit themselves in the race of life as their better regulated fellows.

These facts lead us to the recognition of a general principle which runs through the constitution of the whole universe, but is more evidently seen in the phenomena attending human life. I say universal principle, for all principles are such. There are no exceptions in the laws of the universe. This principle teaches us that the body is not the man, neither are the forces which animate the body, the man; but these are simply conditions necessary to the manifestation of the man in the physical sphere. It would be absurd to suppose that because a philosopher is prostrated by disease, starvation, or exhausted by severe labours, that he is therefore transformed into a fool or an ignoramus, because he has not for the time the physical means at his disposal for the expression of his wisdom. And when he does recover, are we to infer that he has derived a new supply of wisdom from the food he has eaten, air he has breathed, and the other agencies which have contributed to his recovery? Any person of ordinary penetration can at a glance see the absurdity of such a view, and hence the whole superstructure of materialism falls to the ground. The philosophy of the philosopher lies deeper than the organisation and its forces, these being only the agencies whereby it obtains play and expression. The conclusion to which such argument tends is, that life and the manifestation of mental phenomena are really a spiritual manifestation, which is conditioned and its kind determined by the peculiar arrangement of organic elements which enter into the composition of the individual's body. The various groups of physiological and phrenological organs give a different expression to that

combination of spiritual principles called man, and hence the great diversities of character and capability amongst us. Each of these groups of organs also give off a peculiar quality of magnetism laden with the characteristics of the individual, and thus the tone and tendencies of the spirit circle partake of the characteristics of those persons who compose it, both as to their natural disposition and the peculiar state in which they may for the time be.

Some persons emit a magnetic sphere strongly permeated with intellectual or brain forces. They are termed positive-minded and non-mediums. Their presence in society excites intellectuality, and in the circle favours the manifestation of the intellectual phenomena much more than the physical, to which the presence of such persons is generally obnoxious. Then there are those who give off an emanation only slightly charged with cerebral forces, but partaking of the bland, pliable, and receptive elements of the physical structure. When their physical emanations are of such a negative quality as to be easily controlled by the will-power of spirits in the body or out of the body, then high class physical manifestations may be expected.

We often meet in ordinary life, jolly, young, sportive people, whose boisterous vitality is greater than their will-power, and if the organisation is of a low type, the excess of animal power will partake of vicious characteristics; but if the tone of the body is of a higher order, the ebullitions of vitality will be more or less vivacious and playful, without unpleasant tendencies. The same law operates in the spirit circle. If too strong a combination of mediumistic power of the physical kind is present it becomes too energetic for the cerebral powers to control, and hence the spirits being supplied with such materials for their manifestation, have to deport themselves accordingly.

Mrs. Berry, in her practical and instructive paper, referred to this fact, and she has privately communicated to me much from her experience on this point. She has been obliged to desist from associating in the circle too many powerful mediums because of the uncontrollability and destructive and violent results which followed. Much of this kind of thing which is attributed to "evil spirits" is no doubt due to the composition of the circles, and it is quite possible that the presence of so much of the physical element may attract the attendance of spirits of a more gross and unscrupulous tone of character.

A very striking illustration of the relations existing between mind and body is presented in the familiar state of intoxication. We cannot say that the spirit of the inebriate is affected by the alcohol imbibed, but the physical conditions through which that spirit manifests itself are rendered unfit for the process. By

giving some attention to the phenomena of intoxication, and contrasting them with the normal state of the human organism, we may arrive at some useful information in respect to the relations between spirit and matter.

In life and health the human subject exhibits two distinct forces. First there is the involuntary action of the organic economy, maintaining the processes of life and producing that energy which gives basis and efficiency to character and performs the duties of existence. Then there is will power, originating in the brain, modified by its various organs, and balancing and directing the forces of the body. This voluntary power represents the true man—the spirit; and through the brain and nervous system he uses and controls that complex machine—the body. Thus we see that man lives on two planes of existence at the same time, and possesses a duality of life. The vegetative life of the body, with its blind, boisterous forces, and the spiritual life of the mind, positive, directing, and restraining. By taking into account the proportion in which these respective elements enter into the constitution of individuals, the many shades of character may be in a great measure determined. In youth and robust health we see the physical forces predominating, and the character is more marked by impulse than by thoughtful action. The great work of life, indeed, is to bring the whole organism and the material world around it as much under the control of the will as possible. Education is literally a leading out of the interior qualities into the physical avenues that are destined to receive them and display their functions. The cultivated man is one in whom this interblending of the spiritual with the physical has taken place in a large degree, and he has all the functions of his being at the control of his judgment.

How is this everyday form of spirit manifestation effected? We see that the system is permeated by connective fluids of which the blood in its two states and the lymphatic secretions are the prominent examples. The predominance of arterial blood gives positiveness to the character, the venous blood receptivity, and lymph and adipose tissue inertia. A fine blending of the nutritive and secretive elements of the organism in a negative state give us the physical medium. The body is usually full, giving force; the bones generally prominent, giving a mechanical tendency, while the blood is more venous than arterial, and the nervous system predominates over the brain, giving a receptive secretive type of character, rather than a philosophical and energetic one. Here, then, we have the elements of physical force finely blended and in a negative state, ready to be operated upon by the will-power of a controlling intelligence, either within the man or outside of him.

We shall next consider the means whereby the will controls the physical forces. For this purpose we perceive another series of fluids, which hold the same relations to the nerves as the blood and lymph does to the vessels of the body. These nerves are the vehicles of nerve aura. But is that fluid of a simple homogeneous kind, or is it varied and complex in its character as the more material fluids of the body are? I incline to the latter supposition, and would suggest that a different modification of the fluid proceeds from each group of phrenological organs and inferior nerve centres. These brain fluids, uniting with the more physical emanations peculiar to the various organic structures of the body give us at once the clue to the great diversity of temperament which exists, and the readiness with which a psychometric medium can read character from coming in contact with a person, or any article he has handled.

Now, the great secret of power and mental development is to keep the body in such a state that all the fluids may be readily subjected to the master fluid, which proceeds from the very apex of the organism—from the gates of the spiritual world, so to speak. This fine and subtile spiritual element, interfusing itself into every tissue of the body, gives that higher condition of being which makes a man appear as if he were mind all over.

Now, what are the phenomena of intoxication? In the first place, the animal forces and mental energies seem to be exhilarated, while the controlling power is weakened. A further stage nullifies the controlling element altogether, and the powers of the individual manifest themselves in reckless impropriety. Then the power of using the various organs of the body gradually ceases until coma and death supervene. What is the cause of this series of changes? Why does alcohol intoxicate? We have seen that the control of the body is effected by a semi-spiritual element proceeding from the spirit within the organism to the various portions of the body. Pure healthy blood, sustained by healthy conditions, produces that peculiar nerve aura, which enables this spiritual principle to be diffused. But no sooner is alcohol received into the stomach than it is absorbed into the blood and quickly becomes volatilised and disperses itself through all parts of the system. It is conveyed more particularly to the brain, the centre of the nervous system, and those who have died of inordinate drinking have had the ventricles of the brain filled with almost pure alcohol on their skulls being opened after death. I submit, then, that this volatilised alcohol becomes mingled with the nerve aura, and thus dilutes it, and to a certain extent takes its place, thus destroying the conditions for the spiritual element to transfuse the body. The will power being thus retarded in its action occasions that bois-

terousness of the lower forces which characterises the first stages of intoxication. These not being balanced by a due proportion of the will-power, assume the ascendency, and maintain it until the nerve channels become so far depreciated by the presence of the intoxicating element that even the cruder magnetisms of the lower nervous centres cannot circulate in them. Then the last stage of inebriety thus culminates in death. Habitual drinking interferes with the due action of the spirit on the body by the impure condition in which it renders the blood. It is well known to physiologists that the presence of alcohol in the vital fluid deoxygenises it and devitalises it by destroying the corpuscles which are the basis of life. This renders the blood more negative, destroys energy and aspiration, and makes a person less susceptible of being regulated by his own judgment and will-power, and more liable to be influenced by habits or surrounding circumstances. To confirm this, it is a notorious fact that the intemperate have very little power of self-denial, and are more or less dissolute and untrustworthy in all the relations of life.

I now proceed to the application of the subject to the control of spirits over mediums. I maintain that spirits operate on the physical universe in accordance with the natural laws of the universe and of the human spirit. These laws we see in daily operation in man, and therefore I infer that if we thoroughly understand the manner in which the human spirit controls the body, we shall know the conditions whereby spirits control the bodies of men in the flesh and inanimate objects. We know that spirits require a nerve aura, or magnetism derived from the medium and circle before they can manifest themselves, just the same as a man requires this element to be in his organism before his mind can control his body. It is also reasonable to suppose that the quality of this magnetism will modify the manifestations of the spirit, just the same as the state of the man's health, and consequent purity of nerve aura, will interfere with the manifestation of his intelligence. Take a man when he is clear-headed and hearty. He will display brilliancy of mind, loftiness of aspiration, and force of character. If he were manifesting himself through the body of another we should say he was a good spirit, an exalted spirit, and so on. Exhaust him by severe labours and weariness of body and his brilliancy and force of character would be no longer visible, and still he would be the same spirit. Visit him next in the delirium of a fever or intoxication, and the Rev. Mr. Jones, and theologians of that class, would at once pronounce him a demon, and yet he was the same spirit all the while, but simply supplied with different conditions. I am not aware that the phenomena of delirium or intoxication

has been philosophically explained, but I think that the solution of the matter is to be found in the fact that the blood and fluids of the body become impure, on account of foreign matters being mixed amongst them; and are thus rendered unable to become the vehicles of intelligence.

We see, then, that bodily health and integrity produce a physical element necessary to successful spirit control either in the normal state or from a departed spirit. But there are mental diseases as well as bodily ailments, perversions of the mental faculties, by vice, ignorance, and superstition vitiating the aura that proceeds from the brain faculties, just as impure air, food, or intemperance vitiate the physical magnetism. Such being the facts of the case, need we wonder that there are so many failures in the attempt to elicit spiritual phenomena? The wonder rather is that it can take place at all, for where can we point to a single human being absolutely sound and healthy in mind and body? If such a person could be found, and in a state of full development, then he would be God, the spirit, fully manifest in the flesh—and spiritual conditions and principles would be as real to him as the commonest affairs of mundane life. To produce this result is the great work of spiritualism, so that it is the greatest of all reforms.

Where then has our investigation led us? To the assumption that mediumship should be based on absolute morality and health of body. This is the great lesson to be impressed on spiritualists—that the more spotless and meritorious they and their mediums are the grander will be the results of their intercourse with the spirit world.

I have endeavoured to show that the conclusions thus advanced are based upon physiological law, but I have not been an indifferent observer of facts witnessed in the spirit circle.

[A number of illustrations were given from the experience of the most popular mediums to substantiate the principles herein advanced, but we have not space for them this month.—Ed. *H. N.*]

SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.—MAZZINI A SPIRITUALIST.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

Sir,—In *Human Nature*, of April, 1871, you gave your readers Mazzini's religious creed, informing them, at the same time, that you took it from the *Fortnightly Review* for March of that year. I do not know if your article was a condensation of a more extensive one in that *Review*, or whether that *Review* (which I have not seen) was abridged from a pamphlet from the pen of the great patriot, which appeared in Italy early that year; or, lastly, whether Mazzini himself condensed his ideas to make them more

suitable for the *Fortnightly Review*. Certain it is, that the Italian version consists in a pamphlet of some twenty pages, embodying the ideas given in *Human Nature*, but containing besides the proof, that the great martyr, who has just left our sphere, was an adept in the grand philosophy of the day; and in order that there may be no mistake on the subject, let me translate literally from the text that part containing that proof:—

"The new formula of life and its law, revealed in our own day by the knowledge of the tradition of mankind, confirmed by the voice of conscience, by the intuition of genius, or the grand results of scientific investigation, may be epitomised in the single word *progress*. A sacred word this, which sums up the dogma of the future, but which, though uttered by every school, has ever been misunderstood by the majority. Materialists have usurped the use of it, to designate man's increasing power over the forces of the earth; and men of science, to indicate that accumulation of facts, discovered and submitted to analysis, which has led us to a better knowledge of secondary causes. Few understand it as the expression of a Providential Conception or Design, inseparable from our human nature, and the foundation of our moral law. We now know progress to be by Divine decree, the inherent tendency of man, whether manifested in the individual or the collective being, and destined sooner or later, but inevitably, to be evolved in time and space.

"The logical consequences of the new formula are: The substitution of the idea of a *law*, for the idea of a *mediator;* of a continuous educational revelation, for that of an immediate, arbitrary revelation; the apostolate of genius and virtue, and of the grand collective intuitions of the peoples, when roused to enthusiastic action in the service of truth, for the privilege of a priestly task; the sanctity of tradition, as the depository of the progress already achieved, or the sanctity of individual conscience, as alike the pledge and the means of all future progress; works sanctified by faith, substituted for mere faith alone, as the criterion of merit and means of salvation.

"The new formula of life cancels the dogma of grace, which is the negation of that capacity of perfectibility granted to all men, as well as that of predestination, which is the negation of free will; and that of eternity of punishment, which is the negation of the Divine element existing in every human soul.

"The new formula substitutes the conception of the slow, continuous progress of the human ego throughout an indefinite series of existences for the idea of an impossible perfection, to be achieved in the course of one brief existence; it presents an absolutely new view of the mission of man upon earth, and puts an end to the antagonism between earth and heaven, by teaching us that this

world is an abode given to man, wherein he is bound to merit salvation by his own works, and hence enforces the necessity of endeavouring by thought, action, and abnegation, to transform the world; the duty of realising our ideal here below, as far as in us lies, for the benefit of future generations, and of reducing to an earthly fact the conception of God."

In the presence of this explicit declaration, there can be no doubt of Mazzini's profession of Spiritualism, and his being a follower of the doctrine of Re-incarnation—a doctrine not to be set aside with a sneer of contempt by any spiritualist, considering that we scarcely know the first rudiments of a science which appertains to infinity.

Mazzini, then, was a spiritualist, and any one who was acquainted with the breadth of his mind, would have been surprised to have found him indifferent to the great fact, which forms the most memorable epoch in the history of the world. He embraced Spiritualism, because of its being an advanced, a progressive, and a humanitarian idea. His ideas were prophetic: when he declared that Italy would shake off seven tyrants, and become one united free country, all the world declared him mad; but events have proved that the world was wrong, and he was right. His brain was not one half honeycombed with fossilised shibboleths of science so-called, and the other half addled with the things that are possible and those that are impossible in the realms of nature. He knew that out of mathematics the word *impossible* is synonymous with nonsense. Science, falsely so-called, did not impair his clear judgment; he would not have fed for years on (Lay)cock's broth, and then mounting the dung-hill of his own ignorance and prejudices, been so loud in his crowing for the amusement of the wise in his generation, and of posterity at large. Alas! that of these men, for whom we had yesterday the greatest respect, we must now say, as Dante did, when speaking of the cowards, who would never take any interest or part in the affairs of their country—

> " . . . . Fame of them the world hath none,
> Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
> Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."

I am happy to tell you that we have here in Naples a medium of most extraordinary and varied powers. Her name is Sapia Padalino, a poor girl of sixteen, without parents or friends. She is a medium for almost every kind of spiritual telegraphy known, one of which however is peculiarly her own, and consists in writing with her finger, and leaving behind marks as of a lead pencil, while no such article is in her possession, or even in the room. She will also take hold of the hand of the sitters, and cause the same pheno-

menon of leaving traces as of lead pencil under their fingers. In her presence discharges are heard as from pistols; lights are seen across the room like the tail of a comet. She is a seer, a clairaudient, and an impressional medium. She is, however, far from being developed, and a few investigators sit with her three times a-week for the purpose of development. A peculiar and disagreeable bent of her mediumship, however, is the disappearance of objects from the room where the seances are held, and which causes often great inconvenience to the investigators. For instance, a gentleman is sent home in a cold night without his hat, another without his pocket-book containing money; a lady is robbed of her mantle; another lady has been deprived of her watch; the medium herself has her boots taken and carried away during the seance; and all this is done by one of the spirits, who boldly asserts his being John King; but I fear he is a compound of Thomas Castro and Jack Sheppard, and wants himself a deal of educational development. We are trying to wean that spirit of his disagreeable propensities, which are quite superfluous as a means of inducing to belief, and may cause suspicion of the honesty of the poor, simple medium. I do not doubt we shall soon have in Sapia a test-medium, that will convince thousands of the truth of spiritual intercourse.

During the two months that eight gentlemen besides myself have been sitting regularly with Sapia, two—Signor Viscatale, an author, and Serafini, a lawyer—have developed, the former into a writing, the latter into a writing and trance-medium. Signor Viscatale, until yesterday a through and through positivist, who was writing a work on the philosophy of Comte, has been so much impressed with the fact of his automatic writing, that he declared the other day he would give the phenomena his undivided attention for a twelvemonth, and if, after due investigation, he found that disembodied intelligences had anything to do with it, he would devote his pen to the service of Spiritualism as long as he breathed. But then the poor Signor has only received a classical education, and knows as much of the sciences as they have taught him at the university—in short, he is not an *advanced*, or he would have found out ere this, that the raps on the table conveying intelligent messages are nothing more than borborygm; that the ray of light we beheld across the room for a quarter of an hour, was nothing but unconscious muscular action; that the score of discharges as from a pistol, which were heard by the people of the next house, and the rising of the table two feet from the floor, were simply the effects of unconscious cerebration; and that when Sapia wrote with her white finger black characters on the wristband of his shirt, in the presence of a dozen people, *ante prandium*, it was all collective delusion,

mental aberration, and roguery. And should Signor Viscatale ever betake himself to abstract reasoning and become a pink—a jewel amongst philosophers, he may then find out that I have dragged him before the altar, and in the very midst of "*the liturgy of sea-apes.*"

From what I see and hear, the subject of Spiritualism is getting so thoroughly ventilated through the Italic peninsula, that, in a time not far distant, only boors and philosophers will ignore it.—Yours, very truly,

G. DAMIANI.

Naples, March 31, 1872.

MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.*

My first introduction to Spiritualism occurred in the year 1864, when I made the acquaintance of Miss R——, a lady of great talent, and who with her brother was engaged in literary pursuits. I had just returned from Vichy, where I had been staying some time for the benefit of my health. She called to see me about a poor woman she had taken great interest in, who, she said, was a splendid clairvoyant. The next day, by appointment, I went to this lady's house, to see the woman. I should here, perhaps, state that I had never seen, or scarcely heard of a clairvoyant. I sat chatting a few minutes with my friend, when a servant announced that the mesmeriser and her subject were ready to receive me. When I entered the room I was silently motioned to a seat, a chair being placed for me close to the clairvoyant. The latter sat on a sofa opposite to her magnetiser, who then asked me to put some questions to the clairv ant. This I declined to do, preferring to wait the result. The woman appeared to be suffering great agony; her face became very much distorted, and altogether it was a most painful exhibition; but I had no pity. I felt convinced that she was an impostor, and it was on this account that I would not put a question to her, determining to give her no loop-hole to creep out at. After sitting and witnessing her antics, for so I then called them, for some time, I rose and left the room. I saw Miss R—— as I came out, and cautioned her from compromising herself with such a woman.

The next day Miss R—— again called upon me to tell me of the scene that took place after I left. The woman was so ill and so deeply entranced, that no means employed could bring her to her normal condition. At last they were obliged to send her home in a cab, her mesmeriser going with her. I heard all this, but I was then so satisfied that the woman was an impostor, that had Miss R—— told me that she had died there and then, I should not have altered my opinion, but that it was all assumed. And now let me

* A paper by Mrs. Berry, read at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, London, on Wednesday evening, March 27, 1872.

pause and offer an apology to that woman for the wrong I did her, unknown at that time by me, but sorely felt by her. It appears, and this is from my after experience, that my presence exercised a very powerful influence over her, and the two magnetisms—that of her magnetiser and mine—were the cause of the failure and her being made so ill. I never saw her again, but should I meet her now, I should act very differently towards her.

I now return to Miss R——. She was about to leave me, and taking my hand to say "Good-bye," she remarked—

"I should think you are a *medium;* there is something peculiar in the touch of your hand."

"Medium!" I said, "what is a medium?"

"What! have you never heard of table-turning?" she asked.

I answered: "I cannot say I never heard of such a thing; if it has been referred to in my presence at all, it has only been in ridicule. Surely a woman of your talent and abilities could never put faith in such an absurdity. It is something of fortune-telling, is it not?"

"No," she said, still keeping my hand; "I believe in it, and I think if you were to see what I have seen, you would be a believer also, and a greater one than I am."

Still thinking of the poor clairvoyant, I said—"I hope no more deception. But do tell me what a medium is?"

She replied, "I cannot tell you more than that I think you are one; and I should not wonder if you became queen of the tribe."

After this I had no alternative but to know for myself, and it was arranged that on the morrow I should accompany her to witness the phenomena.

It was one day in the autumn of 1864, at 2 P.M., that I found myself in King Street, Bloomsbury, following my leader through a cabinetmaker's shop, up a flight of stairs, and without any ceremony, entering a small back-room. I must confess appearances did not give me much faith. But I had come fully armed, determined to find out any deception, be it what it might. There was no one in the room when we entered, and before I took a chair, Miss R—— requested me to examine the table—a small round one—also to look at the carpet, to see if any machinery was hidden under it, and so forth. Presently in came a very stout woman, walking rather lame, but with a kind, good-natured expression on her face. She began talking to Miss R—— and appeared to know her very well. To me she only imparted the information that she did not sit at tables, she only spoke through the spirit, and then gave a few instances of her power, which were really amusing; but being advised not to repeat them here, I sacrifice half the charm of my first introduction to this extraordinary woman, who, I need not say, was the celebrated Mrs. Marshall.

Just then her niece and husband entered. They looked at me very hard, seeing I was a stranger, sat down at the table, and asked if I would join them. I was directed to place my hands

upon it as they were doing. I soon felt the table vibrating, and heard some gentle raps. I was now told that spirits were present, and that I might question them. I must say that I experienced a peculiar solemnity of which I had never been conscious before, and hesitatingly, and with trembling, put the question—

"Is there a spirit here that knows me?"

Three raps came in response, which, as it appeared, signified "Yes."

"Will you give me your name?"

One of the party then took the alphabet and a sheet of paper, writing down the letters as they were given, and in less than twenty minutes I was as strong a believer in this manifestation as a disbeliever of that exhibited before me a few days previously.

Two names were given, so uncommon that no one could have guessed them; a verse of a favourite poem repeated; many events related—so that the identity was placed beyond a doubt. I felt I was now in the presence of that being from whom I had parted in grief and sorrow, with the full assurance that in this sphere we should never meet again. From that time to the present my faith has remained unchanged. I am as firm a believer in what are called "miracles" as were the disciples of old; and I have yet to understand how men and women, who place such faith in miracles recorded in a byegone age, should refuse to accept those of the present day. I believe that the power was, and is, and will be; and if others will only do as I have done—take every opportunity of investigating, I am sure they will not be disappointed. All may not be able to accept so readily as I did, but all and every one will be rewarded with the full certainty that those who have lived in this sphere and passed away, can return and communicate with us, and are ever ready to come again amongst us. I do not say all spirits can; my idea is, that there are mediums in the spirit sphere as well as here. Spirits who have not mediumistic power cannot communicate, and this is the reason why we do not always get those spirits around us that we wish for, and our nearest and dearest friends are kept away while strangers take their place. I believe also that many who have inhabited this sphere were, while upon it, so spiritualised, that after leaving this life our earth's magnetism cannot attract them; and it is only when they arrive in higher spheres that they find the telegraph at work between the two worlds. Some spirits will come and stay a short time, clinging to an object they have left behind. I have had them come to inform us when they were leaving one sphere for another; and on one or two occasions they have given the precise time, and asked us to sit in silence. Many also have come to ask for our prayers, and I always find, however low the development of spirits be, if you receive them kindly they will appreciate it; but it does not do to speak kindly *to* them, and think unkindly *of* them. I could, had I the time, give some very interesting experiences on this subject. On some other occasion I may be able to do so.

Such, then, was my first introduction to Spiritualism, and ever since I have faithfully clung to it. Indeed, life to me without it would be a dark and dreary shadow. Spiritualism is the beacon that lights me on. From that time I made it a rule to attend a seance at Mrs. Marshall's once a-week. I cannot tell you how I looked forward to those days; and I ever look back upon them as some of the brightest I have passed.

Saturday evening was selected by Mrs. Marshall to receive me, and any of my friends who wished to investigate with me came. We had some interesting seances, at which physical manifestations were witnessed. I have seen a table coming from the far end of the room, rushing upon us with great force, but never touching us. I have seen sticks and umbrellas come out of corners where they had been placed by their owners. I have seen ladies' chairs turn completely round while the ladies have been sitting upon them. I have seen a bell taken off the table by a hand, certainly not belonging to one of those present. I have heard this bell ringing under the table; and after, by request, I have had it put into my hand. I have placed the rings off my finger on to the ground, putting a tumbler beside them, and have heard the rings dropped into it, one by one. I have repeatedly had my boot taken off; but never could induce the spirits *to put it on again*, for they generally threw it to the far end of the room. I have heard the banjo played, the guitar played, the keys of the piano struck; and this not in a dark room, but either by daylight or gaslight.

Soon after I knew the Marshalls, my power began to develop itself. I have seen a dozen persons all under my influence—some affected one way, some another. At this time I was developed for spirit-drawings. I also developed Mr. Marshall as a drawing medium. But here I would remark that, as in everything connected with spiritual manifestations, each medium possesses his or her own identity. His drawings were totally different from mine; I believe if the productions of all drawing mediums were brought together and examined, they would all exhibit single links in one great chain; and I am sorry that such a collection has not taken place, and should be glad to give my assistance to such an object.

At this time I was developing as a healing medium.* In these

* It is to be hoped that on some future occasion Mrs. Berry will dwell more lengthily upon her own individual powers and experiences. The following letter from Mr. William Overton, dated October 16, 1866, and addressed to Mrs. Berry, gives some idea of the nature of that lady's powers as a spiritual healer:—"At a sitting with a few friends a communication was given, that if you were to magnetise a medium then present, and who has become deaf through magnetising others, she would be cured. I was selected by the 'intelligence' at the time to write to you, and the reason why I did not do so sooner was, that I did not know your address; but I remembered that you were in the habit of visiting Mrs. Marshall, and calling there I obtained it. I once sat at the table with you about three months since, and was thrown on the floor by your power, and which I have no doubt you will remember. Mr. Avery was present. Please reply to me or to the medium, Mrs. Clark." We desire to refer very briefly to what Mrs. Berry calls *her* power, which is illustrated in a very characteristic manner in the

cases I exhibited no will of my own—no electro-biology. I was simply a passive instrument in the hands of the spirits.

In 1866 I was first introduced to Miss Nichol, now Mrs. Guppy. The first evening she came she was entranced, described a home scene very faithfully, which was afterwards corroborated by her father.

That year I was also introduced to Mr. Champernowne and his nephew, Master Turketine. The latter and I went into the back drawing-room, to try the experiment with rope-tying. But it was not very successful, although there was something done.

I was likewise introduced to Mrs. Powell. Her Indian spirit gave us some interesting manifestations. I held many seances in 1866, but nothing very extraordinary occurred.

In 1867 I went through a severe illness. I was holding seances at the time, but by order I had to give them up. I had sent out invitations for a seance; Miss Nichol was one of the ladies invited. When she received my letter, she and the lady with whom she was staying, and who had developed her, went to the table to get a message. The spirit requested her to come to me directly, and told her not to leave me until she was impressed to do so, which she did. A pretty manifestation took place directly she entered

---

letter now quoted. Mrs. Berry has the power of causing persons with a mediumistic temperament to fall down, or reel about, by the simple motion of her hand. At times, in her hands, a stick becomes a "magic wand," causing objects to move in a surprising manner. We have sat with her in our office while Messrs. Herne and Williams were holding a dark seance overhead, and the instant before each thump of the table on the floor, Mrs. Berry would exclaim, "There it is!—there it is!" and give other indications of her knowledge that a physical manifestation was about to take place. She felt the power leaving her like a jerk, or discharge of some pent-up force. This, no doubt, accounts for the fact that the manifestations take place with greater force in Mrs. Berry's presence than with most persons. Those of an opposite temperament, and who are not successful in their attempts at witnessing these manifestations, think that the accounts of what takes place in the presence of Mrs. Berry are exaggerated. Such a charge cannot be sustained. In Mrs. Berry's presence, and more particularly in her own room, and accompanied only by those mediums who are in the habit of sitting with her, the manifestations occur with a force of which ordinary investigators can have no idea. After sitting with Mrs. Berry, a medium has more power to cause the phenomena at any other circle he may have to attend. Messrs. Herne and Williams have been known to visit this lady for the purpose of getting a supply of power when they had a special seance to give. Mrs. Berry is therefore successful in developing mediums, and has conferred the spirit-voice manifestation, as well as other gifts, upon several mediums. In a public meeting, a speaker or trance medium is benefitted by having Mrs. Berry sitting near him. These facts have not been arrived at hastily, but after years of patient investigation. Mrs. Berry elsewhere observes, "I am sure I am speaking within bounds when I say that I have witnessed more than 200 physical, and other manifestations, and no two were ever alike. I certainly try the spirits to see what they can do, and if they give me a new manifestation, I never ask them to repeat it, but request them to do something else; for I think they are very like ourselves—never know what they can do till they try." Aided by such power, and guided by the motives just stated, Mrs. Berry witnesses at her sittings an immense variety of marvels, such as are seldom reproduced elsewhere. We have taken the liberty of supplementing these remarks, seeing that the author of the paper has almost neglected to mention this most eventful part of her subject.—Ed. *H. N.*

the breakfast room where I was sitting; a flower was seen to fall from the ceiling upon me. After this I was informed by the servant that a magnificent bouquet of flowers had been placed on my dressing table. It could not have been Miss Nichol, as she never, to my knowledge, had been in my bedroom, nor did she know where it was situated. At the same time, I believe it was done through her power. This was on a Tuesday. I will now pass on to the Sunday following. About 8 a.m. I was impressed to send for her to my room, and tell her that she was to go to the Serpentine, that she was to walk there and back as fast as she could, to speak to no one on her way either going or coming, and when she returned she was to throw off her bonnet and cloak outside my door, then to come in and stand by my bedside. All this she implicitly did, and I was impressed to take one of her hands and draw the magnetism from her. About an hour after this I was again impressed that she was to come and sit with me and to put her chair two feet from the bed, on the side where I was lying; she was to cross her hands over her breast and not to speak. I then partly closed my eyes, but I could see that she sat motionless. In a few minutes I gave a faint scream, for I felt something had fallen upon me, appearing to come from the canopy of the bed or the ceiling; and upon the attendant coming in, which she immediately did on hearing me scream, there was my pillow and part of my bed covered with white camelias. A few days after this the spirits told Miss Nichol that her work was done; she was wanted at home and must leave me.

For some time after this I held no more seances. When I began again the manifestations were very powerful. On one occasion a large party was invited to be present. Miss Nichol was impressed that she and I were to walk the room an hour before they arrived; the room was then to be shut up until the company came. As many as could took their seats round a large table. Another circle was then made. After this the lights were extinguished, and a shower of flowers came on the table and with them a shower of water. The quantity of flowers was so great that every lady took away as many as she could carry in her hand, and yet there appeared as many left behind. After a few minutes we again sat, the lights being extinguished, and in the far corner of the room, where my easel was standing with a spirit picture upon it, and no person being near it, three lights burst forth from the three points like small lamps. These lights remained nearly the whole evening. Previous to this a number of articles were brought from different parts of the room and placed on the table; and a number of other manifestations took place.

At another seance, a party of eight being present, we were desired before we commenced, to sit close to each other and to pin our dresses together, and we were not to be disturbed should anything fall upon the table. Here again we had flowers,—the iris, water lilies, geraniums, pinks, and ferns. The lily was desired

to be given to a lady named by the spirits. A bird came fluttering and chirping—one present saw it. A lady who had been impressed to put something in her pocket before she came to the seance was now told to put it on the table. In a few minutes the phial which she brought empty was found on the table full, and the message was given that she was to drink it at once. It had the perfume of otto of roses. One of the party and myself had our hands on a roll of paper that had been placed on the table by direction. We both distinctly felt the spirit-hand removing it from us. This the spirits made a trumpet with, as one of the ladies had just come from the Marshalls, where the spirit voice had been heard for the first time. We certainly heard sounds but could get no words. The spirit was now asked to walk across the room, which we heard it do. We were then desired to sing, and the spirits accompanied us, playing on what appeared to be glasses, but there were no glasses in the room.

On another occasion, five persons being present, when the dessert was on the table, not thinking of a manifestation, the table rose from the ground, certainly two feet, and literally floated, going to each person as I gave the name. Mr. Nichol, who was a great sceptic, was present, but he confessed it would have been an impossibility for any one present to have moved it, it being a large oak dining table, weighing, he thought, 300 pounds. Unfortunately we cannot command these manifestations, so much depends upon the conditions. More than likely, had a stranger been present, we should not have had this manifestation; for I have often found where the mediums desire the most they get the least result. I had many more of this class of manifestation take place, but it is needless to mention them.

The latter end of that year I was introduced to Miss Price. She was a trance-medium. I had seances with her all the winter. I remember on one or two occasions she gave evidence that she was under strong foretelling power. She told a friend of mine much of his future life, nearly all of which has come to pass. I gave this medium the spirit-voice, that is, the power the spirits could use to speak audibly without using the medium's vocal organs. On the first occasion a very interesting little boy-spirit came. He represented himself as being the child of a slave, and gave his name Ambo. He gave an account of the cruelty he had to suffer on this sphere; but the details were so painful that I sent him away, for which I was afterwards very sorry. He came back after a few seances, and is now the constant attendant of his medium; and here I will remark that I find the spirits out of the flesh much more faithful and constant than those who are in the flesh. The former never appear to leave their mediums when once they are able to speak through them; and at a seance I held only a few weeks since, a spirit came and cried bitterly, wanting to know why his medium was not there, and reproached me for my unkindness in not having him, at the same time saying he did not like the

medium he was now speaking through, which appeared to be reciprocal from the reply. This little spirit once brought me a a beautiful shell, which unfortunately was sometime afterwards broken. I had not seen his medium for some time. She therefore knew nothing of it. But he told me of it in her presence, much to her surprise. That year Mrs. Everitt frequently came to my house. Her spirit, John Watt, manifested and talked very freely in the direct spirit-voice, although she had not long been developed for this manifestation. It would be quite impossible for me to enumerate all the spirits I have heard talking, every one keeping his or her identity, so that no matter where I am or what medium I have with me, I can always distinguish the spirit who speaks. To some here this will appear hardly credible. These I ask to go back with me to my first introduction to Spiritualism. They will see that I was quite as unprepared for anything that afterwards took place as any one here can be. If what I have stated be not accepted as truth, I do not blame, for as in bygone ages there was one Thomas, so in the present I am prepared to find many.

I was called upon to give you my experience in Spiritualism. To give you the whole of it would take a volume. I have, however, given as much as I could for the short time allowed me. What I have here stated is not hearsay; it is not a belief; but it is a knowledge. I *know* the manifestations that I have here spoken of did take place, and the reason why I know it is that they took place in my presence. I have not really given the grandest manifestations I have had. The time would not allow of my doing so. To give an idea of the seances I have been holding for the last two years I must refer investigators to the *Medium*. I generally send an account to that publication for insertion, thinking they may interest some of its readers. Between the time referred to in the foregoing narrative and the publication of any of my seances in the *Medium* I had some wonderful manifestations, more striking than any I have herein recorded. Yet I think I have related quite enough to encourage those who are desirous of investigating this great and mighty power.

At the conclusion of the paper, the meeting expressed an eager desire to hear an account of some of Mrs. Berry's special manifestations. A number of instances were given, of which the following are selections:—

PAINTED FACES.

A large party present. After sitting round a table and having fruits of every kind desired given by the spirit, a proposition was made that the company should go into the cabinet. This cabinet was really a corridor, but the opposite entrance being closed, it answered the purpose very well. I had placed my easel, brushes, paints, and pictures in it, not thinking it would be required for that evening. Accordingly, as many as could, went in, but came out much quicker! I can only compare their appearance to so many wild Indians. Their faces were literally tatooed with the paint. They laughed with astonishment, but I was vexed, and determined to go in myself to ask why the spirits had treated my guests so rudely; but before I had time to speak, a brush, filled with paint, came into my face, and made my eye smart fearfully. I can only account for it in this way, that the

party who first went in was rather excited and boisterous, and this produced a powerful magnetism, and the spirits lost their control, as in no single instance have they ever treated me before or since so roughly.

Since the above occurrence, another such manifestation took place, about six months ago, but not quite so violent. Mr. Benjamin Coleman had his head painted in a most extraordinary manner. He, unknown to anyone, had asked the spirits to paint him something. This, we concluded, was the fulfilment of his request. Mrs. Guppy, also, one evening had her face painted, and really done very artistically.

FLOWER (FLOUR) MANIFESTATION.

At another seance, some ladies came with their heads highly dressed with flowers. I suppose it was very bad taste, but I did not admire the style, and, on the following evening, I asked the spirits if they would decorate my head with flowers, asking them to let me see how much prettier they could do it than those I was thinking of. I had only one medium with me, and he is a reverend gentleman, and one of the finest physical mediums I ever sat with. Presently we both exclaimed, at the same time, "They are pouring something on my head; now, they are putting some dust on me; oh, it is powder!" And when a light was struck, there we sat in full powdered hair, fit to have gone to a masquerade.

FRUIT CUTTING, &c.

At another seance, the spirits brought, at the request of a lady, a pear, but they put it into my hand. I was offering it to her, when my arm was drawn back, and presently I felt a piece of the pear in my hand. Candles were lighted. when it was found cut into the number of pieces there were persons at the table, and though every piece was cut through, the knife never touched my hand to hurt me. On another occasion, an apple was brought, and this was cut so geometrically that Mr. B. Coleman, who was present, took it away with him, promising to have it modelled; but I have not heard of it since. On still another occasion, I saw coming from the ceiling, at the extreme end of the room, the branch of a tree about three feet in length. At the end was a large bunch of white blossoms. This was, I think, in the month of November. A gentleman present took it the next day to either the Botanical or Horticultural Gardens, but they could give him no opinion about it, except that they did not think it was grown in England. I should perhaps say it appeared, in descending, like a flash of lightning. At this period of my mediumship, I always saw a blue light upon the table, before anything was produced by the spirits.

PICTURES CARRIED.

On another occasion I had given Miss Nicholl, at her request, a pair of my pictures. They were in oils. I had them framed, and sent them to her. A few days afterwards she came to tell me that those pictures were a serious trouble to her. The spirits had taken them out of their frames, and were putting them in all kinds of unlikely places. That morning she had found them at the foot of her bed.

"Well," I said, "I dare say the spirits do not wish you to have them, so send them back."

"Oh, no," she replied, "that is not at all likely, if the spirits want them, they must fetch them!"

On the following Saturday evening I was sitting for a manifestation, when we heard something fall heavily upon the table; light being struck, there were the pictures, but without the frames. At the same time a message was spelled out—"You must not give them away; they are not to be scattered!"

FRUIT—THE WAGER.

On another occasion a friend of mine, Captain Musgrave Watson, late of the 7th Fusiliers—I have no objection to mention his name, as he is in a position not to care for it. He was a most fearful sceptic, although he had witnessed a great number of manifestations. He still thought it was all deception, and that I was being made the dupe. So one day I determined he should

not sit at the table with me again, as this opposition affected my magnetism. He was not pleased at this, and consequently made a proposition, and offered to lay a very large wager that such and such things, telling me what they were, would not be done. I said—"If I had not more respect for you than you have for the mediums, I would take your bet; but as I know it can be done, I will only take the bet of a pair of the best gloves that can be produced, and these you shall present to Miss Nichol after she has won them, and which I know she will do." The conditions were these:—He was to go into the cabinet and see that it was quite clear of everything; he was then to lock it up, and take the key with him; in the evening he was to be there to receive Miss Nichol; he was then to open the door and put a small table in; then to take the lady by both her hands and walk her in backwards; I was to lock the door after them. If then anything came, he would become a convert. He carried this plan out to the letter; but I had scarcely locked the door, when he called out and begged me to open it again, saying that something had fallen on the table. I did so, and there he was, still holding the hands of Miss Nicholl, and on the table was a large bunch of grapes, certainly weighing a pound. He was never again a sceptic, and were he here to-night, would stand up and acknowledge it.

FRUITS, BIRDS, AND BUTTERFLIES.

Miss Nichol generally held a seance at her house once a-week. I have been present at a party of twenty, when, at a suggestion of Miss Nichol that we should all ask for fruit, we have each had, without any exception, the fruit we have asked for, either placed in our hands or on the table before us. In this way I had a bird fly to me, and I kept it afterwards for some days. They say it had been taken too young from its nest. I have been present when a shower of butterflies came, and went home with certainly a dozen about my head and shoulders, and the next morning they were flying about in my room. I have sat with a party of seven, when each lady was requested to put her handkerchief on the table. My little niece had forgotten to take one, although I believe this was so arranged purposely by the spirits, for she remembered having it in her hand only a few minutes before she left home; but when the lights came every lady had her handkerchief before her, and the little girl was not forgotten. She had one, and where it came from no one had any notion, as it did not belong to any one of the party. The handkerchiefs were tied in very pretty forms. Mine, which I kept for some time under a glass shade, in which I have many gifts from my spirit friends, was in the form of a lady with her train. The handkerchief being trimmed with deep lace, I have no doubt suggested the idea. The face was the most perfect thing I ever saw. How it was managed in so short a space of time, there having been seven tied up at the same time, I cannot imagine. At nearly every seance, we had perfume showered upon us. On one of these occasions, after a large party had left, Mr. Guppy, Miss Nichol, her sister, and myself, went into a small cabinet, and the spirits began to magnetise me with such force that it sounded, at every pass they made, like the explosion of a percussion cap. They then took a fan away which I held in my hand. Nothing was seen or heard of it for some time. I then had a letter from Mr. Guppy, to say that while he and his wife (formerly Miss Nichol) were going to an evening party, the fan was put between their arms.

On another occasion, we were at a seance given by Miss Nichol, when the guitar was asked to be placed on the table, whereupon the spirits began playing it, when a severe blow was struck at one of the party, and the blood flowed from the temple. The gentleman, one of the most eminent naturalists, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, said "It was my own fault entirely, I broke the conditions—the orders were to join hands; and I was very curious to know what sort of hand was playing the guitar, and that was the cause of the blow." We again sat, and saw no more of the wound, the spirits having used their endeavours to heal it.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

One evening I was sitting alone, when some friends came in, all of whom were endowed with mediumistic power, and we sat at the table. It presently began rolling in a most extraordinary manner, so that we could scarcely keep it down.

We asked what was the matter, and it spelled out—"We have buoyed the cable, and shall be home in three days." We did not know what this meant. Some one suggested that we should ask the name, which it gave. A gentleman then present at once said: "Are you Alfred." Answer: "Yes." "Then you're on board the Great Eastern?"—"Yes." "Then you are all safe?"—"Yes." At this time, I should say, the vessel had not been heard of for ten days or a fortnight; and exactly at the end of the three days the vessel arrived. This spirit, "Alfred," was in the flesh at the time, and is now; and though he has been questioned; he has no knowledge of the circumstance, or of having desired to send us such a communication.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CLERGYMAN.

[The following correspondence was read with much *éclat*. It presents a very graphic and well-attested description of physical phenomena, particularly those witnessed at Mrs. Berry's seances. The reverend correspondent resides in the most aristocratic district of the west end of London; and the rev. gentleman to whom he refers was the medium through whom the phenomena took place.]

DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your request, that I will relate the phenomena which were produced by your visit to myself and sisters on Tuesday last, I have to say that our party consisted of eight persons, viz., yourself, myself, the Rev. Mr. ————, curate of this parish, and five ladies, relatives of my own; that we sat during nearly two hours in a small library; that as soon as we had put out the lights a variety of strange phenomena began, and continued with hardly any intermission during the whole time; bread was produced and thrown about in fragments; water was sprinkled over my hair; powder scattered all over the room; a chair, a candlestick, and book placed without noise on the table; blows given in every direction, not slightly, but with great force; and a child's voice heard to sing, and to keep up a long continued conversation with us. That these phenomena were not done by myself I am as certain as of my own existence. That they were not done by my relatives I have that degree of certainty which so closely approximates to demonstration that it is accepted for it in all human affairs. That they were not done by you I believe, because many of them took place whilst I held both your hands. And that they were not done by the Rev. Mr. ————, I infer both from his position as curate of this parish, and from the impossibility as it seems to me of any one person carrying on so many operations without his motions being detected by the others sitting close to him. That there was no one besides our eight selves in the room I am certain, because it was previously searched; and after we entered it servants were placed outside the doors to prevent their being opened. Nor indeed could they be opened without my observation, in as much as they abutted on a lighted hall.

I will only add that the house in which all this happened, and from which I write, is not mine. It is my sister's. But it is the one in which I am now living, and which I have known thoroughly from childhood. And that all the servants who were in it on that evening have lived in the family many years, and of a character which cannot be suspected of collusion.

My sisters beg to unite with me in compliments and many thanks for the agreeable evening you afforded us. And trusting that as time passes some clearer light will be afforded as to the cause of such wonderful and increasing manifestations taking place, I remain yours faithfully, ———.

Feb. 11, 1870.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter of this morning. But I want more. I want the particulars of what took place at the *supper table*, when the lamps were on the table and sideboard, and men-servants waiting. Whether you believe it was I, or Rev. Mr. ———— that took so much trouble to amuse you, is not the question. I simply want from you the statement of what did take place in the dining room, and witnessed by all present.—Yours faithfully,

CATH. BERRY.

DEAR MADAM,—I was prevented calling on you this morning; but I intended to do so in order to express my regret at not having mentioned in my former

letter the facts which took place at the supper table, which are of course all the more remarkable owing to their having taken place in the light.

The same voice which had been heard previously in the dark library was heard again from the corner of the lighted supper room; the long table was turned and shaken, and continued raps heard under it; and from a tray of provisions comprising an orange, an apple, a ramequin, and a glass of wine, the orange and the ramequin had disappeared when we looked at it a minute afterwards.

Several of my friends are very anxious themselves to witness what I have told them. Would it be too much to ask you to fix another day to repeat them? My sister begs me to make this request. Any day but Monday would suit her for that purpose. For these marvels fill all minds with astonishment and reflection. And with our united compliments, I remain, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

Feb. 11, 1870. ———.

Dear Sir,—Your second letter is more satisfactory, and I thank you for it. With regard to your invitation for an evening to "repeat" the manifestation at your sister's residence, I must call your attention to this fact, that neither myself nor Rev. Mr. ——— have it in our power, either to repeat or call forth a manifestation. We are simply passive instruments in the hands of some intelligent and mighty power, consequently of ourselves can do nothing. If you will look in the *Morning Post* of to-day you will see the departure of the Rev. Mr. ———; when he returns it is possible that we may be induced to visit you under certain conditions. But I do not make this a promise. With kind compliments to your sisters, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

Cath. Berry.

I shall be very happy to give the names of persons who were present on these occasions, if required. I have not introduced my experience in spirit drawings, as they belong to a class of manifestations not presenting the same kind of evidence as those I have related.

At the conclusion of the meeting some of Mrs. Berry's spirit paintings were shown, and elicited much interest. Another paper was read from the pen of a lady who did not give her name. It appears in the *Spiritual Magazine* for this month.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

THE AYLESBURY MEDIUM ARTIST.

The account of the mediumship of Charles Swan which appeared in our March number, and the illustrations of Spirit autographs accompanying it, have produced a very marked degree of interest in the public mind. Several of the autographs have been identified as authentic; but this department of the subject has not received that degree of careful investigation which it merits.

A number of Spiritualists have been induced to make a pilgrimage to Aylesbury in order to see the paintings and drawings, and the astonishment thus produced in their minds has been very much greater than the effect of our article and illustrations.

The painting manifestations still continue, the most recent attempt being a picture thirty inches by twenty-five, a pastoral piece, said to be under the influence of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Hogarth is engaged in painting his own portrait, accompanied by his favourite dog "Trump." Hogarth seems to be the ruling influ-

ence at present; and this month we give a heliotype fac-simile of a drawing done by the boy under the control of that artist. Our copy is not so large as the original drawing, which was exhibited for some time in our office. During that period it was seen by Mr. Ellis, Mr. Pearson, Mr. Childs, and other artists, all of whom pronounced it very correct and artistic in drawing, and decidedly Hogarthian.

We are not at all acquainted with the details of Hogarth's works, but Mr. Childs informs us that this particular picture is one of a series which Hogarth sketched in illustration of electoral manners in his day. Mr. Childs also says that the picture has been engraved in various styles and is well known. We can only say that we have never met with it, and several eminent artists with whom we have conversed on the subject are not aware as to whether such a picture has appeared in Hogarth's works. We mention this to show that it is not at all an unlikely plea for Mr. Wilson to state that neither himself nor the boy had any knowledge of such a picture until it was produced through the hands of Charles Swan in the trance.

The Spirit of Hogarth, in his communications respecting this picture, states that it is a copy and that the original is in existence, its whereabouts being well known to the Spirit himself. But he does not think proper to give information respecting it, preferring to rely on the curiosity of those who may come into possession of the heliotype fac-similes to find out for themselves. If the work has been engraved,* however, copies will be extant in many places. There are, however, no grounds for supposing that Mr. Wilson possesses any of Hogarth's works for the purpose of supplying the lad with copies to imitate.

On our visit to Mr. Wilson, we were struck with the almost entire absence of artistic furnishings about the house, except those done by the boy during the last twelve months. Even if the lad had seen copies of all the works he produces on passing along the streets, or in collections he has visited, the wonder still remains of his being able to reproduce them with so much spirit and correctness.

The Voter of the Seventeenth Century is a case in point. Any one at all acquainted with art will at once perceive that the work is quite as characteristic of Hogarth as his original pictures. It represents, in a very truthful manner, the customs prevailing in

---

* Since the above was written, Mr. Childs has called with a number of Hogarth's works published perhaps forty years ago. One of the engravings therein contains the subject as given through the mediumship of Charles Swan. The Spirit has selected the central group—the Voter and conflicting Canvassers; but in the engraving the scene is extended so as to include the public houses on each side of the street and other accessories. In the engraving the face of the Voter wears a humorous roguish expression, while in the Spirit drawing he seems stupidly perplexed, but passively overcome by the larger sum of money. The power of expression in the drawing through the hand of the medium is very much superior to that in the engraving to which we refer, but this may be due to the fact that the figures are much smaller in the engraving than in the Spirit drawing.

those good old times when bribery was done publicly and openly. We have Big-wig on one side, with his personal prestige and heavy purse, inclining the attention of the Voter very considerably to his side of the scene; while the more earnest, and, it may be, talented, yet poorer Canvasser is evidently in a weak position when opposed by the more weighty eloquence of his antagonist's guineas.

Hogarth desires to state, in answer to any one who may criticise these productions, as not being so elaborate and finished as those done by him when on earth, that the difficult conditions under which these latter are produced must account for their inferiority, as, it must be remembered, the hands of two individuals are engaged in the operation—the one the hand of the Spirit, guiding the hand of the medium. It is also stated that the picture, although not done for quickness, was finished in less than an hour.

Our fac-simile, produced by the heliotype process, gives a very truthful representation of the work as it came from the hand of the medium. Mr. Wilson sends us a humorous account of the very peculiar way in which the Spirit of Hogarth introduced himself on his first visit. It occurred on the 28th of January last. Mr. Wilson writes—

"After having put Charlie to sleep at nine o'clock in the evening, and said good night, in answer to the signals of the various Spirits, namely, light taps from my sister Mary, louder ones from my brother William, and tremendous thuds from John, I heard a rat-tat-tat, quite new and strange, followed by a shrill tone on a tin whistle, snatches of old tunes on the same instrument, and then a succession of heavy sounds, as though the easel were suddenly thrown down. After this, I heard crash after crash as of every moveable thing in the room being thrown about, as if several persons were engaged in a continuous jolly tumult. The chairs were thrown about, the tin box struck heavily several times, then there was a noise as though the poker was being drawn across it, making a dull sawing sound. After carrying on this confusion for about an hour, the concertina struck up with a loud tune—'The Death of Nelson,' I think it was. Then the tin whistle was played, and the whole stock of portable things was thrown, one after another, against my bedroom door; and so the din continued, sometimes varied by tunes on the tin whistle and then on the concertina, followed by striking and sawing on the box, until nearly two o'clock in the morning, at which time I dropped asleep. In the morning, on reading the MS. book containing messages from the Spirits written in the night, I found a long communication from my sister Mary, describing the 'jollification' of the previous night. She said it was the work of Mr. Hogarth, assisted by my brother John, who, she says, was quite in his element. The whole finished up with a little poetry improvised by Hogarth for the occasion."

We understand that this "brother John" was very fond of fun and frolic when in the flesh, and one can well understand that Hogarth was brimful of humour; and it would appear that when such con-

genial Spirits get into the earth-sphere again all their old physical tendencies are revived with energy.

These occurrences took place while the boy was in the unconscious trance, and locked up in the room by himself. Next morning he was quite ignorant of what had occurred, and of course it is impossible to determine whether these actions were done through his organisation, or independently by the Spirits.

Charles Swan, the medium, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, his uncle, visited London a few days ago, thus giving us an opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with the personal characteristics of this wonderful lad. He is exceedingly nervous, timid, and, we might say, mercurial in his temperament, and creates a very contrary impression to that of his being able to carry on these manifestations for the purpose of deception. Indeed, it requires any sensible person merely to become acquainted with the facts to see that trickery on his part is impossible. Even were he so highly gifted with artistic genius as to be able to produce a picture as he does, something unaccountable would still remain, seeing that he paints and draws without any copy whatever to work from, and even without any proof existing as to his having ever seen copies of the works he so accurately reproduces.

Though these considerations have great weight in establishing the genuineness of this boy's mediumship, yet we must admit that the matter would be placed absolutely beyond doubt if the medium could work in the presence of others, or under test-conditions, such as being put by a committee into a room where it was ascertained no means of copying existed, and there, under guard, produce his pictures. That the lad has no pictures to copy from we are firmly convinced, and the committee under whose control he works is composed of one person, Mr. Wilson, his uncle. Mr. Wilson's testimony is to the effect that the boy's mediumship, from the very commencement, has been entirely unexpected in its results. That gentleman was astonished to witness the drawings and paintings found in the morning after the boy had been in the trance during the night, and could not be convinced that they were the works described by the Spirits till he visited the National Gallery and satisfied himself. Mr. Wilson gives every facility to visitors to make themselves acquainted with the conditions under which the medium works, and no doubt, as time passes on, the development may assume a form which will admit of the medium working in the presence of witnesses, or under the supervision of a committee. At present no person has undertaken the task of thus investigating the merits of Charlie's mediumship, so that it cannot be said Mr. Wilson has raised any objection to such a proceeding. In fact Mr. Wilson has always seemed anxious that visitors should be made acquainted in the fullest manner with the circumstances.

We shall feel grateful if any of our readers will take some trouble to discover whether the autographs given in our March number are correct, and communicate to us the result of their investigations.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY, 1872.*

This favourite publication is even more solid and instructive this year than usual, yet without detracting from its entertaining agreeableness. Almost every page is relieved by very well executed engravings, the most noticeable being that of Mother Ann Lee, the founder of the Order of Shakers. Her head is not only a phrenological but a psychological study. It is enormously developed in the coronal regions, presenting a phase of character which but few people are in a position to appreciate. We are aware that many of our readers take some interest in Shaker literature, but this simple illustration in the *Annual* will be of more interest to the students of Phrenology and Spiritualism than much written matter. We need not occupy space with an account of the great variety of topics which crowd Mr. Wells' *Annual*, but may remark that it contains "The First Principles of Phrenology," illustrated by forty-two portraits. The published price is 1s., but the *Annual* is offered to the readers of *Human Nature* this month at 6d.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

The dispute amongst Spiritualists respecting this lady continues with unabated fury in the United States, and has even made itself felt amongst some of our readers. We desire to observe impartially and record facts, but prefer to be identified with no party. We have to do with principles alone, and though the administration of them cannot be disconnected with personal character, yet the phase which discussion is apt to assume is far from profitable and elevating. Our friend Hudson Tuttle has been heartily abused, and as he has shown his position is not without grounds, he certainly has claims to be heard impartially. However erroneous Mrs. Woodhull may be in the presentment of some of her views, and however much her character may fall short of perfection, she is in these respects perhaps no worse than the bulk of her very respectable fellows, and her agitation will no doubt do good in calling the attention of society to the anomalies which exist in it. Some of our correspondents warmly impugn Theodore Tilton's Biography as only telling part of the truth, and they allude to the intrigues of "Madame Holland," and other incidents in Mrs. Woodhull's career. Again, other equally veracious and intelligent correspondents are ready to affirm that Mrs. Woodhull is an earnest, pure-minded woman. So much for both sides, and our hope is that Mrs. Woodhull, as well as all our other brothers and sisters of the

---

New York: S. R. Wells; London: J. Burns.

Human Family may be as good as we can wish them. While we do not desire to throw mud, we should be equally careful not to seek a muddy foundation for the fair edifice of human progress.

We have had a letter from Mrs. Woodhull intimating her intention of visiting London this season, when she will probably deliver a lecture if asked to do so. As many as 7,200 people have been present at one of her lectures, and her weekly paper, she says, enjoys a circulation of 38,000 copies weekly.

GERALD MASSEY'S LECTURES.

This favourite Poet of Progress is engaged by an influential committee to give a series of lectures on Spiritualism, on Sunday afternoons, in St. George's Hall, the particulars of which may be found on a page in the advertising department. This step is one of the most significant that has occurred in the history of Spiritualism, and shows that literary men of the highest standing may identify themselves with this movement without incurring social ruin. Any man of genius and power may now become an advocate of Spiritualism with perfect safety to his interests; for if popular opinion throw him off, spiritual opinion is powerful enough to take him on. Since it was announced that Mr. Massey would lecture in London as above stated, a number of other places have caught up the idea, and flooded our table with inquiries as to whether Mr. Massey would visit them on the same mission. We do not take it upon ourselves to answer for Mr. Massey, but would recommend all to write to him at Ward's Hurst, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. He is a lecturer by profession; and for years has been notorious for his allusions to Spiritualism in his public duties on the platform. We think there is a grand field open for lecturers on the subject of Spiritualism, and it would give us infinite pleasure to know that Gerald Massey had entered it.

As many of our readers as possible, both metropolitan and provincial, should endeavour to be present at the lectures and promote them as much as possible. It is usual for country people to visit London to attend the May Meetings, and at this season the party of progress have an excellent excuse to follow the usual custom, and participate in Mr. Massey's lectures.

Epes Sargent writes from Boston:—"I am glad to see that none of you seem to be annihilated by Dr. Carpenter's attack. I think you are handling him without gloves. Strange that he couldn't have made out a stronger case! I read the *Medium* with much interest. Light seems to be breaking from all points." English Spiritualists will be glad to hear from the above that our worthy friend has not succumbed to the ill-health under which he laboured during his visit to Europe.—*The Medium.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JUNE, 1872.

REMARKS ON MISS ANNA BLACKWELL'S PAPERS ON REINCARNATION.*

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I., &c., &c.

REINCARNATION is a most important subject. As a doctrine, it has constituted an article of faith in many ancient religions, more notably in India, Egypt, and Druidical Britain; while as an idea, it has been interwoven with the principles of many systems of philosophy, and more especially the Pythagorian, of which it constituted in a sense the corner-stone. Like many other of the more profound and subtle elements of ancient culture, it was overwhelmed, and disappeared for a time from the western world, at the general submergence of civilisation which accompanied the fall of the Roman Empire. As always more or less an esoteric doctrine in the schools of Europe, and perhaps of Western Asia, it constituted no part of the directly esoteric teachings of Christianity, save, perhaps, in connection with the expected return of its founder. Its reappearance in modern times, and more especially in the present generation, is a part of that "restitution of all things" which was promised from of old in the great schools of seerdom, both Jewish and Gentile, as an accompaniment and characteristic of "the latter days," that is, the ages terminating that great cycle of religious and intellectual culture, and, we may say, of political and social organisation which, although in full vigour in Egypt, Chaldea, and Palestine, as well as in Greece and Rome, is only now

* This paper was prepared upwards of eighteen months ago, but the author always spoke as if he had some addition or revision to make. He repeatedly intimated that he would hand over the MS. for publication, but never did so. To Mrs. Jackson we are indebted for the privilege of presenting our readers with these views on Reincarnation.

approaching its inevitable conclusion, in the death of the old and the birth of a new order of things.

A doctrine so ancient, and which, despite the almost studied silence of our sacred records on the subject, has nevertheless reappeared at a stage of more advanced development in our midst, after the lapse of so many centuries, must be based in some permanent elements in human nature, and so may be legitimately regarded as the expression and embodiment of profound and ineradicable tendencies and aspirations which, although susceptible of temporary repression, are nevertheless inextinguishable, and, like our belief in God and immortality, cannot fail to undergo a resurrection, whenever circumstances occur, adequately favourable to their restoration, as among the authorised dogmata of our accepted faith. But although we may thus admit the importance or even the fundamental truthfulness of the idea involved in the great doctrine of reincarnation, it does not by any means necessarily follow that we are thereby bound to accept the tuition of any particular school on the subject. Reincarnation may be a sublime veracity, but this will prove no safeguard against the mingling of many fallacies with the details of its specification, by any particular class of teachers. It would, indeed, be unwise to expect freedom from error in the early exposition of so grave a matter. As a root idea, it has budded and blossomed afresh, after a severe and prolonged winter, and we must be contented to wait, while the showers of spring and the suns of summer gradually ripen its luscious fruit for the richer autumn of a more matured and, perhaps in a sense, more fortunate generation than ourselves.

As expounded by the Allan Kardec school, reincarnation is avowedly a spiritual revelation, rather than a logical conclusion from psychological data. It is taught on the authority of the spirits. Its utterances are based on their oracular responses, hence, strictly speaking, it is a branch of religion rather than a philosophy. Not that it is the worse or has less claims on our respectful attention on this account, for nearly all the great religious movements of humanity were originated in a similar way. But while we do not object to its source, we must claim our right to "try the spirits," that is, to subject their teachings to the examination of reason. Without this, indeed, every asserted religious revelation becomes the groundwork of a grovelling superstition, which, so far from expanding and elevating the mind of its votaries, contracts their intellects, and in the end vitiates their sentiments.

Strictly speaking, indeed, we perhaps go too far in speaking of the Allan Kardec school as *originating* from spiritual communications. The doctrine of reincarnation was known, and had

many respectable and zealous adherents, both in France and Germany, before his day, and his spiritual conferences did but confirm and enlarge ideas previously existing in the minds of his more informed cotemporaries. This also is a feature in the religious development of humanity not yet adequately explained and illustrated. Thus, for example, there is no doubt that both Judaism and Christianity are veritable revelations, and this too of a very high order, as we may know from incontestible evidence, both external and internal, that is from the effects which they have produced, and also from the character of their tuitions. And yet there is no doubt that the former was largely based on the laws and learning of Egypt, while the teachings of the latter bear obvious traces of the philosophy of Greece, to say nothing of a yet remoter theosophy from India, and of a ritual and vestments palpably borrowed from the Buddhists. This again is due to the fact, that humanity advances from stage to stage by a process of natural growth and normal evolution, and not by sudden leaps or spasmodic efforts, so that for every stage of advancement there is a preparation in that which preceded it, next year's shoot being developed from last year's bud in the true order of nature.

But our more immediate subject matter for inquiry here is the Kardec philosophy and its teachings, however the system may have originated. And our first objection is to its theosophy. It places the Creator at too great a distance from the creature. It separates the Divine Father as by an impassable gulph from his weak and consequently erring children, and as a logical sequence to this, not only virtually and by implication, but directly and avowedly, denies his true PARENTAL relationship to all the several orders of being included in his creation, not excepting even "men and angels." As a consequence of this, it exalts the great spiritual intelligences of the universe to a quasi divine position of power, and converts them into *demiurgi* or sub-creators, who stand between us and the divine fountain of universal life. It is here that we detect its essentially "*Gentile*" character, or, to use the more definite phraseology of modern science, its essentially Aryan features. If it does not make the creation everything and the Creator nothing in theory and abstract principle, it at all events *practically* brings the former into the foreground, and relegates the latter to a remoteness which, if not infinite, at least renders him altogether unapproachable. He does everything by delegation, and is altogether unavailable as the great consoler, the profound sympathiser, and the ever-present and all-sufficient helper in time of our sorest need. To us sinning, suffering, and repenting men, such a God is altogether useless, he being simply an impersonation of the laws of nature, hrough which alone he acts on us, and conversely, through

which alone we are connected with him. This is simply Nature worship, that is, the virtual adoration of and reliance on the creature, whatever forms this Proteus may take under the plastic power of our fond belief, thinly veiled by a formal profession of theism. And as an inevitable result of this cardinal error, it is very obvious that the Kardec system ever tends to confound the moral with the physical relationships of the universe, affirming in effect that the interactions of the former are limited by the possibilities of the latter. It is an error arising like so many others, in even orthodox theology, from an inadequate conception of Deity, as the one central and solely self-subsistent being of beings, whose omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence, place him in *immediate* and CONTINUOUS connection, not only with every individuality, but we may say every atom of his universe, which as the divine organism is, despite the apparent multiplicity of its manifold forms, a sublime UNITY, pervaded by the life, and animated by the spirit of its Creator.

It is here that we see the inadequacy of the Kardec conception of being, which is obviously contemplated by him and his disciples from the creational stand-point of multiplicity rather than the divine centre of unity. But the very symbolism of nature herself is against them. The higher forms are all constituted of various members, discharging manifold functions, and yet making an organic integer, pervaded by one distinctly individualised life, and contributing through diverse and multitudinous sensations to the growth and experience of one centralised consciousness. This is a reflection, of course faint and feeble, of the universe whereof it constitutes a part. Every animal is an individual, segregated as such from every other, but each is an organ of the earth, whose larger life employs them all as subordinate yet constituent parts of its vital structure, through which its varied functions are discharged, and its general well-being is maintained; the earth in a similar manner constituting an integral part of the solar system, as it is an integral portion of that yet larger whole, the one sublime unity of created being. And all this the disciples of Allan Kardec would no doubt willingly admit, but they forget that to carry out this absolute unity, morally and spiritually, it is necessary that this mighty universe, with all its manifold provinces of being, should be intimately pervaded by ONE spirit, and be maintained in the most profound and intimate union with ONE consciousness. Now this union in the so-called inorganic, and perhaps even in the vegetable or animal sphere, may imply only cognition of conditions on the part of the Supreme, but it is otherwise in the moral sphere, where a far profounder form of interaction must be maintained, if the virtual unity of being is to be sustained. God here must be present in

the consciousness of every individual, holding as direct intercourse with him as he can do with himself, being indeed in the profoundest sense, his *alter* and his superior *ego*, the substance of which he is the shadow, the cause of which he is the effect, or if other figures be preferred, the rootground of his whole existence, at once the fountain whence he sprang, and the ocean to which he will return. Hence, indeed, the vast possibilities of prayer, and the sublime realities of soul communion with the Infinite; not that we can rise to his greatness, but that he can condescend to our low estate. And is not this what the yearning heart of man demands, and the higher inspiration of all religions has affirmed? And can we not conceive of its possibility, and even perceive its inevitability, as a result of the sublime attribute of omnipresence; the conclusions of philosophy thus coinciding with the highest utterances of seerdom, and both combining to confirm the noblest aspirations and purest desires of universal man, whether as to the spiritual nearness or the all-sufficing and all-sustaining love of our heavenly Father.

This imperfection in its theosophy, though a very grave defect in the Kardec system of reincarnation, and profoundly indicative of a radical incapacity for true humanitarian leadership on the part of its founders, is not, however, necessarily demonstrative of the fallacy of all its other propositions. Many of these may yet be true, though its conception of Deity be proved inadequate; and if the scheme is to be thoroughly examined, these minor propositions must be considered seriatim. Its idea, then, that "psychic substance," or shall we say spiritual force, pervades the universe both in its organic and inorganic realms, is a sublime veracity, but when it affirms that this is not individualised, even in the animal sphere, we must pause ere accepting so improbable a conclusion. Here, again, the symbolism of nature is against Kardec and his followers. Animals are individualised physically, indicative of the profounder fact, that they are also individualised psychically. Nor is their psychology opposed to this, on the contrary it confirms it, especially in that grade with which alone we can readily hold anything like direct and frequent communication, we mean brutes, more especially those which have been domesticated. Will any man at all familiar with dogs and horses, deny that they have a distinctly pronounced individuality, and if so, then it must assuredly attach to other, and we may say to all, divisions of the mammalia. And if to these, then how can it be fairly and reasonably denied to inferior types of sentient being, down even to the monad? The question is, does it *begin* even here? Is it not at least general, even as we have already remarked elsewhere, in the leaves, blossoms, and fruit of the vegetable sphere?

We are here indeed brought to that profound question, what is a spiritual entity? involving those other deep queries, what is its origin, nature, and destiny? And here we have no hesitation in saying, that it is a child of the Supreme, that its nature is divine, and that its destiny is a return to and reabsorption in the divine unity, this implying not a loss but an intensification of its individuality, not however as a self-seeking and so devilish, but as a self-sacrificing and all-loving, that is, in theological language, an angelic creature. The Kardec scheme for originating, or as it is phrased, individualising immortal intelligences in the sphere of time and through material agencies, scarcely commends itself to a metaphysical mind. The true *immortal* must be ETERNAL. You cannot *begin* a life of endless duration under the conditions of time and space. A veritable child of the divine is not *made*, but BEGOTTEN—that is, he proceeds directly from the heavenly Father, partaking of his nature, and being one in substance with him. Here again the Kardec scheme confounds creation with the Creator, and we may say, time with eternity. It is not satisfied with regarding the material universe as an instrumentality for clothing, and a sphere for educating the children of God—shall we say as a nursery and a school—but converts it into the actual parent of its divine charge. This, however, is in perfect harmony with its relegation of the Deity to so great a moral distance from his intelligent offspring, and his entrusting the development of their powers and the formation of their character wholly to subordinate agencies.

We have not yet, however, quite concluded our rather ungracious task of framing objections to the Kardec scheme of reincarnation. After affirming that psychic substance is not individualised until after it has passed through the animal stage, we are told that, when undergoing normal development, it is not subjected to incarnation in a human frame, save as the result of a fall from a condition of comparative purity in a higher sphere. We must object to this on many grounds. In the first place it postulates the possibility of *spiritual* retrogression—a most stupendous demand, as the profoundest students of psychology will be the most ready to admit. Secondly, it violates all the known laws of *gradual* evolution and development, man, so far as this earth is concerned, standing next to the animals, and constituting the immediately, or shall we say approximately, superior plane of sentient and conscious being. And lastly, as a result of affirming this stupendous *saltus* from animality, with its brutal instincts and grovelling propensities, its merely perceptive intellect and germal sentiments, to a condition of psychic purity and lucidity, implying the possession of intellectual faculties and moral sentiments, immeasurably superior to those of

man, as he is at present constituted, even in the very highest races, it is compelled to regard humanity as something almost abnormal in the scheme of material creation, in place of being its crowning glory, as it really is, contemplated from the telluric stand-point.

These, we admit, are rather heavy charges, and if supported, would be alone sufficient to ensure the revision of a system characterised by such errors. Not perhaps that we have any right to expect such revision from its present promulgators. They have received their ideas through spiritual revelations, and perhaps very properly they may not feel called upon to modify them by the exercise of their own reason. But it is otherwise with the outside world, for whom we write. Here reincarnation is a doctrine that must be carefully examined before it can be accepted. Nor ought this examination to terminate with an investigation of the grounds on which it should be accepted or rejected. On the contrary, it should extend to the minutest detail of its teaching, every portion of which ought to be subjected to the severest metaphysical and psychological investigation. This, then, must be our apology for trespassing yet a little longer on the reader's attention, with a few remarks on some of the subjects alluded to in previous paragraphs.

Is not all retrogression *apparent* rather than real—the fall of a child in learning to walk, the error of a boy in the attempted acquisition of his task—in other words, an unavoidable part of the process of growth and improvement, and as such not predicable of the true *spiritual* degree as a fall, this latter phase being simply its *temporal* aspect. Have we not here, indeed, the key to much which seems so erroneous in the Kardec system? Does it not contemplate existence, almost solely from the *temporal* and natural stand-point, and hence its doctrines bear traces of that maia or delusion of the time-spirit, in virtue of which we are surrounded with appearances rather than realities, all higher truths being attainable not through the senses, but by the reason?

We have already said that a spiritual entity, which is to be immortal, must be eternal. Strictly speaking, it must be a projection from and an organ of the one central spirit, partaking of his life, and constituting an instrumentality through which he acts, the material being in this the analogue and copy, or shall we say the reflection of the spiritual sphere. Now at present we have no data for deciding when, where, or how, such a divine emanation would impinge on the material sphere. We only know by the facts of consciousness that it exists in man, but whether it be also present, though largely latent, in the organic

and sentient forms beneath him, is yet mere matter for speculation, and this too of the vaguest kind, seeing that we as yet know so very little of the psychology of animals, whether directly, through observation of their habits, or mediately, by an examination of their structure, contemplated in the light of a true cerebral physiology. But granting, for the sake of argument, that this celestial visitant, this prince of the eternity, this veritable child of God, does, in the varied processes of temporal experience, inhabit organic forms inferior to that of man, we cannot conceive of his return to the celestial sphere directly from the brute plane, without undergoing the much wider and deeper experience obtainable through a life in time under human conditions. So far, indeed, from the psychic element existent in brutes being qualified for an immediate transference to a plane of being superior to that of incarnate humanity, our great difficulty is in conceiving how the consciousness of the highest brute can leap the gulph to the lowest man. So great indeed is this difficulty, that many believers in the doctrine of reincarnation limit it to the human plane, regarding brutes as a type of being separated by a discrete degree from humanity; and we must say that for this opinion there is much warrant, though we would not be understood as thoroughly homologating it.

But the Kardec system is not content with affirming that spirit, progressing in the right line of evolution, advances from the inorganic to the organic sphere, and then, having attained to the development of the brute, leaps over man to a plane of being immeasurably superior to him, but it even affirms that the spirits thus trained, without the varied experiences of human incarnation, are very superior to those who have passed through it. We may here almost say, psychological absurdity could no farther go. It ignores all that is involved in that profound saying, "perfected by suffering." Why, its "ready made angels," advancing so smoothly and delightfully to "the sidereal degree," would, at the maximum of their power and intelligence, be mere children in real knowledge and experience, as compared with those more deeply tried spirits who had undergone successive incarnations, whether on one planet or on many. Most assuredly if incarnation be a process of schooling for the spirit subjected to such an experience, the dwelling in a human temple must provide a training immeasurably more varied and expansive than anything to be undergone or acquired through the life of a brute; and if we acquiesce in the necessity of the latter as a basis, we must postulate the former for the completion of the superstructure of psychic development, in so far as this can be accomplished on the earth plane.

But in all these inquiries, so far removed from the sphere of

the senses, we should interrogate nature, and see, if on her material plane, we can discover any organic or other facts calculated to guide us by analogy in our search after the moral truths of a higher realm. Now nature is directly opposed to the Kardec system, in its monstrous supposition that man is to be regarded as a species of afterthought in the scheme of organic being, the compensatory supplement to spiritual lapses in another sphere. On the contrary, whether we regard him through the medium of zoology, anthropology, or comparative anatomy, he is obviously an integral part of the great scheme of organic existence, superior to, yet connected with, the lower types of being by successive links, that relate him not merely to the animal and vegetable, but also to the mineral realm, and yet containing in himself and his antecedents the promise of far higher developments yet to come. Now to affirm of such a being that he is simply the continent of a fallen spirit, and his life an agency for its restoration, while the organic and inorganic realms beneath him are the continents of "psychic substance," in a state of normal development and proper progression, involves such a violation of probability, and we may add, such a denial of the "verisimilitudes" of Nature, that is of her analogical indications and her symbolism, that we cannot permit it to pass unnoticed; while at the same time we may be quite sure that such assertions, so utterly unsupported by the facts of existence around us, will not be generally accepted by men of science, to say nothing of metaphysicians and psychologists, who also may justly claim to have a voice in the attempted settlement of so important a question.

But the Kardec scheme though, as we have remarked, radically and essentially a revelation, does nevertheless occasionally condescend to *reason*, thus we fear unwisely losing the high vantage ground of *authority*, where, within at least the magic circle of its own believers, it was comparatively safe, because, strictly speaking, unassailable by analytical criticism. Now it may sound severe, but we must say that to us, while its revelations seem doubtful, its reasonings are, beyond all question, fallacious. They proceed on false assumptions, and, as a necessary result, arrive at altogether untenable conclusions. We have already instanced its almost ludicrous misconception as to man's zoological relationship to the inferior forms of sentient being, namely, that he is something abnormal, in short, an "excrescence" in the plan of organic existence; whereas he is in reality the fulfilment thus far of its prophecies of further development, the completion up to his own stage, of its processes of evolution and specialisation. To deny indeed that man was included, among other forms, in the divine idea of creation, is to say that we should have the grass of the field but not the flowers, that

we should have the leaf of the tree but not its blossom or its fruit. So far, indeed, is the Kardec idea from being true, that it may be said the entire province of telluric creation groaned and travailed in successive birth-pangs, till the divine advent of its prophet, priest, and king, through whom alone it offers willing sacrifice to, and maintains conscious and prayerful intercourse with, its Infinite and Eternal Author. In place of man being dissevered from or constituting anything exceptional in the gradational plan of sentient and organic being, his proximity is so close and his relationship to all other forms of life is so near, that our great danger, in the absence of any generally recognised system of cerebral physiology, is lest some of our more advanced zoologists, in their clear perception of the features of resemblance, should overlook those by which humanity is differentiated from the brute sphere.

But not only does the Kardec scheme thus postulate an exceptional organic position for man, which no competent zoologist would sanction, but it also demands an interpretation of his moral discipline, for which we fear there is as little warrant. It regards human life, with its labours and sorrows, as essentially and solely punitive and purgatorial. And it does so with the avowal, that man is the only earthly being, in any measure or degree, thus most miserably and unfortunately circumstanced. It seems that the mineral strata may be molten by fire, or subjected to attrition in water, that vegetables may be trodden on and crushed, devoured by beasts, nipped by frost or withered by blight, and that animals may suffer the pangs of hunger and disease, be subjected to the cruelties of man, or the wanton torture they inflict on each other, without exciting the slightest suspicion that a transmigrational Nemesis is being thus wrought out. But so peculiar is the case of man, that because he has to labour for his food, clothing, and shelter, is subjected to grief for the past and care for the future, and has, in short, to make good his position, in place of finding it ready made for him, like a tree or a stone, we must conclude that his condition is exceptional; so that while all other things are steadily advancing on the right line of progress, and through their properly arranged and duly sequential phases of evolution, he is only, with infinite pain of body and vexation of spirit, recovering some little of his lost way. Lost, alas! so hopelessly, that "the psychic substance," enclosed in yonder cat or cabbage, should it continue to behave with its accustomed respectability and propriety, may not only hope to attain to "the sidereal degree" in a far more facile and pleasurable manner than is now possible to unhappy man; but it may also legitimately hope when thus exalted, to exercise a degree of authority and influence that will never be conferred

on one who has sinned so deeply as to have deserved incarnation in that "outward and visible sign" of spiritual depravation, a "putrescible" human body!

Alas! say we, for a philosophy of life that regards a stone as more happily circumstanced, because more spontaneously provided for than a plant, and a plant for the same reason more happily circumstanced than an animal, and an animal as more happily circumstanced than a man, because less subjected to the necessity for conscious effort in the performance of its functions, and the discharge of its duties. Why, if this be true, we had better at once become Buddhistic Nihilists, and declaring existence a curse, seek for Nirwana, or eternal annihilation as the supreme good, because the only condition under which it is possible to obtain everlasting repose for the outworn and over-wearied soul, vexed with the shows and tortured with the delusions of time.

Let not the spirit of these remarks be misunderstood. For the doctrine of reincarnation in the abstract, we have the greatest respect, and we might almost say reverence, as the possible adumbration of a sublime veracity, which has again and again loomed out on the deeper thinkers, not only of many generations, but also of many successive phases of culture and civilisation, and which is therefore worthy of our profoundest regard, not only for its venerable antiquity, but also in consideration of the truly great and illustrious men of various ages and countries, who have accepted and promulgated it. But we must not permit our respect for the doctrine to blind us to the misapprehensions of its advocates; rather it should render us the more careful in sifting their statements and testing their reasonings, lest their crudities and misconceptions should damage the very cause which they so injudiciously support. We have endeavoured to do this in reference to some of the specialties of the Kardec school; not that we would have it supposed that we regard all its innovations on and expansions of the old doctrine as necessarily erroneous. On the contrary, many of these new ideas, as being in accordance with the astronomical and other discoveries of modern times, are obviously a movement in the right direction, and as such, will doubtless contribute to the permanent development of the doctrine of transmigration, whatever this may be worth in the great scheme of human progress. But while we have thought it necessary to be thus rather severe on the *school*, we have only unqualified praise to bestow on Miss Blackwell's papers, as a lucid exposition of its doctrines. Such a series of communications has come most opportunely to enlighten the rather slow moving English public, as to the characteristics of a doctrinal development on the continent, of which we had often

heard vague rumours, but of which the latest form is now presented for our most searching investigation. Such an exposition, so carefully elaborated, could scarcely have been prepared, save by a fully initiated disciple, perfectly familiar with the system she was expounding, and thoroughly persuaded of the absolute truth of all her enunciations. A firm believer alone would have been thus faithful and minute, and yet without this laboured exposition of detail, we might have remained in ignorance of much which it was most desirable should be known, and without which, indeed, our insight would have been imperfect, consequently our opinions uncertain, and our judgment invaluable. It will thus then be readily understood, that our criticism, in so far as it has been antagonistic, extends only to the system, and has no reference to the very clear and able statement of its principles, with which we have been favoured by Miss Blackwell, who will we trust, at no distant date, be induced to embody her very valuable and instructive papers in a separate volume, for the advantage of those inquirers who missed the privilege of perusing them in the pages of *Human Nature.*

[The concluding sentence refers to a series of papers by Miss Blackwell, which appeared in the last two volumes of *Human Nature.*]

A MAD WORLD.

AN individual who is under the influence of some fearful delusion, fraught with misery to himself and danger to his neighbours—what we call a madman—is a most melancholy spectacle. But how much more lamentable is it to behold that of thousands, whole nations even, possessed by some terrible mania, utterly setting at naught the dictates of reason and common sense, perpetrating the most hideous cruelties, and themselves victims to a degrading insanity of mind and heart. Yet such things have been seen. History affords us too many instances of the madness of crowds; Crusades, Holy Wars, Inquisitions, Massacres of St. Bartholomew, and such like. There is one supreme instance of epidemic madness, which has no parallel in many of its features. It is commonly ignored in the pages of universal history to make way for the detailed policy of statesmen, and the records of campaigns or court intrigues; and yet we know of no phenomenon which throws more light upon the action of the human mind in relation to a large class of subjects. It is, moreover, a phenomenon of which the modern Spiritualist can least of all afford to be ignorant—we mean the one universal faith in witchcraft, and its horrible results.

Every one has heard that, some centuries ago, numbers of innocent persons, named witches, were done to death in various ways on absurd charges of practising forbidden rites, and injuring their neighbours either in body or goods—and that, we suppose, is the sum total of what most persons know about the matter. We shall not scruple, therefore, to give a condensed account of the rise, progress, and consequences of this frightful superstition. Our facts are mainly derived from the best treatise we have read upon the subject—Memoirs of Popular Delusions, by Dr. Mackay.

It may be as well to consider first of all the absurd impersonation of the evil principle formed by the monks in their legends. The popular notion of the devil was that he was a large, ill-formed, hairy sprite, with horns, a long tail, cloven feet, and dragon's wings. In this shape he was continually brought on the stage by the monks in their early Miracle Plays and Mysteries. In these exhibitions he was an important personage, and answered the purpose of the clown in the modern pantomime. All the stories circulated and believed about him represented him as an ugly, mischievous spirit, who rejoiced in playing off all manner of fantastic tricks upon poor humanity. It was believed that he endeavoured to trip people up by laying his long invisible tail in their way, and giving it a sudden whisk when their legs went over it—that he used to get drunk, to swear like a trooper, and be so mischievous in his cups as to raise tempests and earthquakes to destroy the fruits of the earth, and the barns and homesteads of true believers. Besides this chief personage, there was an infinite number of inferior demons who played conspicuous parts in the creed of witchcraft. The bodies of these subordinate spirits were supposed to be of thin air, and they could pass through the hardest substances with the greatest ease. They had no fixed residence or abiding place, but were tossed to and fro in the immensity of space. When thrown together in great multitudes, they excited whirlwinds in the air and tempests in the waters, and took delight in destroying the beauty of nature and the monuments of the industry of man. Although they increased among themselves like ordinary creatures, their numbers were supposed to be daily augmented by the souls of wicked men, of children still-born, and of persons killed in duels. The whole air was considered to be full of them, and many unfortunate men and women drew them by thousands into their mouths and nostrils at every inspiration, being afterwards tormented with pains and diseases of every kind.

All these demons were at the command of any individual who would give up his immortal soul to the Prince of Evil for the

privilege of enjoying their services for a stated period. The wizard or witch could send them to execute the most difficult missions; whatever the witch commanded was performed, unless it was a good action, in which case the order was disobeyed, and evil worked upon herself instead. At intervals, according to the pleasure of Satan, there was a general meeting of the demons and all the witches. This meeting was called the Sabbath, from its taking place on the Saturday or immediately after midnight on Fridays. In France and England the witches were supposed to ride uniformly on broomsticks; but in Italy and Spain, the devil himself, in the shape of a goat, used to transport them on his back, which lengthened or shortened according to the number of witches he was desirous of accommodating. No witch, when proceeding to the Sabbath, could get out by a door or window were she to try ever so much. Their general mode of ingress was by the keyhole, and of egress by the chimney, up which they flew, broom and all, with the greatest ease. When all the wizards and witches had arrived at the place of rendezvous, the infernal ceremonies of the Sabbath began. Satan having assumed his favourite shape of a large he-goat, with a face in front and another in his haunches, took his seat upon a throne; and all present, in succession, paid their respects to him, and kissed him in his face behind. This ceremony having been followed by a variety of grotesque and disgusting rites, terminated by feasting and dancing. When the devil wished to be particularly amused, he made the witches strip off their clothes and dance before him, each with a cat tied round her neck, and another dangling from her body in form of a tail. When the cock crew they all disappeared, and the Sabbath was ended. This is a very brief summary of the belief which prevailed for many centuries nearly all over Europe, and which is far from eradicated even at this day. It varied in some respects in several countries, but the main points were the same in France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Spain, and the far North of Europe.

Edicts were issued against sorcery and witchcraft then as early as Charlemagne, and after the tenth century prosecutions for witchcraft are continually mentioned, especially by the French historians. It was a crime imputed with so much ease, and repelled with so much difficulty, that the powerful, whenever they wanted to ruin the weak and could fix no other imputation upon them, had only to accuse them of witchcraft to ensure their destruction. As the fear of witchcraft increased, the Catholic clergy strove to fix the imputation of it upon those religious sects who were the pioneers of the Reformation, especially the Waldenses. But though in the first instance

accusations were chiefly directed against heretics, in after times we find that the Lutherans and Calvinists became even greater witch-burners than ever the Romanists had been, so deeply was the prejudice rooted. Every other point of belief was in dispute, but that was considered by every sect to be as well established as the authenticity of the Scriptures, or the existence of a God.

In 1485 a formidable manifesto was issued by Pope Innocent VIII., by which he called the nations of Europe to the rescue of the Church of Christ upon earth, imperilled by the arts of Satan, and he appointed inquisitors in every country armed with the apostolic power to convict and punish. It was now that the *Witch Mania*, properly so called, may be said to have fairly commenced, and it lasted two hundred years. A class of men sprang up in Europe who made it the sole business of their lives to discover and burn the witches. Sprenger, in Germany, was the most celebrated of these national scourges. He laid down a regular form of trial, and appointed a course of examination by which the inquisitors in other countries might best discover the guilty. The questions, which were always enforced by torture, were of the most absurd and disgusting nature. The great resemblance between the confessions of the unhappy victims was regarded as a new proof of the existence of the crime. The same questions being put to them all, torture seldom failed to educe the answer required by the inquisitor. Numbers of people, whose imaginations were filled with these horrors, went further in the way of confession than even their tormentors anticipated, in the hope that they would thereby be saved from the rack, and put out of their misery at once.

For fear the zeal of the enemies of Satan should cool, successive popes, appointed new commissions. One was appointed by Alexander VI. in 1494, another by Leo X. in 1521, and a third by Adrian VI. in 1522. They were all armed with the same powers to hunt out and destroy, and executed their fearful functions but too rapidly. In Geneva alone 500 persons were burned in the years 1515 and 1516 under the title of Protestant witches. It would appear that their chief crime was heresy, and their witchcraft merely an aggravation. No less than *one thousand persons* suffered death for witchcraft in the district of Como *in the year* 1524, and for several years afterwards the average number of victims exceeded a hundred annually. One inquisitor, Remigius, took great credit to himself for having, during fifteen years, convicted and burned nine hundred.

In France, about the year 1520, fires for the execution of witches blazed in almost every town. So deep was the thraldom of the human mind, that the friends and relatives of the accused parties looked on and approved. The wife and sister of a mur-

derer might sympathise in his fate, but the wives and husbands of sorcerers and witches had no pity. The truth is, that pity was dangerous, for it was thought no one could have compassion on the sufferings of a witch, who was not a dabbler in sorcery; to have wept for a witch would have insured the stake. In some districts, however, the exasperation of the people broke out in spite of superstition. The inquisitor of a rural township in Piedmont burned the victims so plentifully and so fast, that there was not a family in the place which did not lose a member. The people at last arose, and the inquisitor was but too happy to escape from the country with whole limbs. The archbishop of the diocese proceeded afterwards to the trial of such as the inquisitor had left in prison.

France, Germany, and Switzerland, were the countries which suffered most from the epidemic. We have been speaking hitherto of the 16th century, but during the earlier part of the 17th century the number of victims was so great, especially in Germany, that, were they not to be found in the official records of the tribunals, it would be almost impossible to believe that mankind could ever have been so maddened and deluded. To use the words of the learned Horst, "The world seemed to be like a large madhouse for witches and devils to play their antics in." Satan was believed to be at everybody's call, to raise the whirlwind, draw down the lightning, blight the productions of the earth, or destroy the health and paralyse the limbs of man. The mode of trial for witchcraft was very different from other legal prosecutions. A mere suspicion was held to justify the immediate arrest and torture of the suspected person. The evidence of the child was taken against its parent. If the prisoner muttered, looked on the ground, and did not shed any tears, all these were proofs positive of guilt. When such were the universally received opinions of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, who can wonder that *hundreds of thousands* of hapless persons should be brought to the stake; that Cologne should for many years burn its 300 witches annually, the district of Romberg its 400, Nuremberg, Geneva, Paris, Toulouse, 1000 victims a-year amongst them?

It must not be supposed that those who suffered death on the charge of witchcraft were only poor and aged women. No age, sex, or condition of life was secure from accusation. Thus, for example, in the village of Mohra in the province of Dalcarlia, in Sweden, so late as the year 1669, seventy persons were condemned to death at one time. Twenty-three of them were burned together in one fire in the village of Mohra in the presence of thousands of delighted spectators. On the following day fifteen children were murdered in the same manner, offered up

in sacrifice to the bloody Moloch of superstition. The remaining thirty-two were executed at the neighbouring town of Fahluna. Besides these, *fifty-six children* were found guilty of witchcraft in a minor degree, and sentenced to various punishments, such as running the gauntlet, imprisonment, and public whipping once a-week for a twelvemonth.

Of all the records of the witch-trials, preserved for the wonder of succeeding ages, that of Würzburg, from 1627 to 1629, is the most frightful. Hauber, who has preserved this list in his "Acta et Scripta Magica," says in a note at the end, that it is far from complete, and that there were a great many other burnings too numerous to specify. This record, which relates to the city only, and not to the province of Würzburg, contains the names of 157 persons who were burned in two years, in twenty-nine burnings, averaging five or six at a time. The list comprises three play-actors, four innkeepers, three common councilmen of Würzburg, fourteen vicars of the cathedral, the burgomaster's lady, two choristers of the cathedral, Göbel Babelin, the prettiest girl in the town, and the wife, the two little sons, and the daughter of the Councillor Stolzenburg. The number of children on the list is horrible to think upon. The thirteenth and fourteenth burnings comprised four persons—a little girl aged nine, one still younger, their mother, and a young woman of twenty-four. At the nineteenth, the young heir of the noble house Rotenhahe, aged nine, and two other boys—one aged ten, and the other twelve. Among other entries appear the name of Steinscher, the richest burgher of Würzburg. What tended to keep up the delusion in this unhappy city, and indeed, all over Europe, was the number of hypochondriac and diseased persons who came voluntarily forward and made confession of witchcraft.

We have as yet said nothing of the degree in which this witch-mania prevailed in Great Britain; and from the way in which the matter is ignored by ordinary historians, we might well suppose that England was an instance of exceptional sanity. Not one educated person in a hundred is aware of the real state of the case. The statute of Elizabeth in 1562 was the first which recognised witchcraft as a distinct crime of the highest magnitude. From that date the persecution may be fairly said to have commenced in England. It raged with frightful violence both in this country and in Scotland.

During the forty years preceding the accession of James to the throne of England, the average number of executions for witchcraft in Scotland alone was more than 400 annually, or 17,000 altogether! During the whole of James's reign, amid the civil war of his successor, the sway of the Long Parliament and Cromwell, and the reign of Charles II., the persecution continued.

Dr. Zachary Grey, the editor of an edition of "Hudibras," informs us in a note to that work, that he himself perused a list of 3000 witches, who were executed in the time of the Long Parliament alone. During the forty-eight years of the seventeenth century, the number executed has been estimated at 500 annually, making the frightful total of 40,000 victims. So strong was the popular feeling, that one accused of witchcraft was scarcely ever acquitted. At least, acquittals did not average one in a hundred trials. Witch-finding, or witch-pricking became a trade; and a set of mercenary vagabonds roamed about the country, provided with long pins to run into the flesh of supposed criminals. It is no unusual thing that in aged persons there should be some spot on the body totally devoid of feeling. It was the object of the witch-pricker to discover this spot, and the unhappy wight who did not bleed when pricked upon it, was doomed to the death. The last judicial execution in England took place in 1716, when a woman and her daughter—the latter only nine years of age—were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap. The absurdity of this last charge leads one to notice the almost inconceivable extravagance of credulity which prevailed in connection with this subject.

The temporary change of men into wolves, called lycanthropy, was once deemed quite a feasible proceeding. Grave and learned doctors of divinity openly sustained the possibility of these transformations, relying mainly upon the history of Nebuchadnezzar. They could not imagine why, if he had been an ox, modern men could not become wolves by divine permission and the power of the devil. They also contended that if men should confess, it was evidence enough if there had been no other. Delrio mentions that one gentleman accused of lycanthropy was put to the torture no less than twenty times, but still he would not confess. An intoxicating draught was then given him, and under its influence he confessed that he was a weir-wolf. Delrio cites this to show the extreme equity of the commissioners. They never burned anybody till he confessed, and if one course of torture would not suffice, their patience was not exhausted, and they tried him again and again even to the twentieth time. Transformation into other animals besides wolves was also sometimes asserted and believed. So late as the year 1749, a number of inmates of a convent at Würzburg fancied themselves bewitched. They went into fits repeatedly. A cry of sorcery was raised, and a young woman, named Maria Renata Sänger, was arrested on the charge of having leagued with the devil to bewitch five of the young ladies. It was sworn on the trial that Maria had been frequently seen to

clamber over the convent walls in the shape of a pig, that, proceeding to the cellar, she used to drink the best wine till she was intoxicated, and then start up suddenly in her own form. Other girls asserted that she used to prowl about the roof like a cat, and often penetrate into their chamber, and frighten them by her dreadful howlings. It was also said that she had been seen in the shape of a hare, milking the cows dry in the meadows belonging to the convent; that she used to perform as an actress on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre in London, and on the very same night return upon a broomstick to Würzburg, and afflict the young ladies with pains in all their limbs. Upon this evidence she was condemned and burned alive in the market-place of Würzburg. Here ends this frightful catalogue of murder and superstition. Since that day the belief in witchcraft has fled from the populous haunts of men, and taken refuge in remote villages and districts too rugged and inhospitable to afford a resting-place for civilisation.

Hitherto we have only given a bare dry outline of this most grotesquely horrible chapter in the history of Europe. Now for the moral of it and personal application. Imprimis, we gather that most historians, passing by as they do without note or comment such phenomena as the witch mania, show themselves utterly blind to the most important use which history can subserve, which is to throw light upon the nature and operations of the human mind.

Secondly, we must make the obvious reflection that here is one more instance of the awful havoc of man's reason and happiness, which misdirected religious ideas are capable of producing. It should not be forgotten, that these judicial murders were always justified by a reference to the famous text of the Mosaic law, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

Thirdly, have we not a clear proof in the fact of such horrors as those just recorded, taking place only two or three hundred years ago, that the men of that age must have been profoundly ignorant of the most elementary principles of the order of Nature, human and divine, or, if you please, visible and invisible. Yet as this belief in all the absurdities of witchcraft obtained among the greatest authorities in Church and State, should we not be careful of accepting from such sources any speculative opinions which do not admit of practical verification? Moreover, on close examination it is not apparent that orthodox belief has risen decidedly above the witch level, except in broomstick details and so forth. We are still taught from the majority of pulpits that this world is, as matter of *fact, the devil's world.* And if that person be the mischief-making individual which the consensus of at least ten Christian centuries represented him, the

very personification of disorder, why should not our churches and chapels be inundated by another witch-mania? We can see but one sufficient obstacle standing in the way of such another epidemic, and for that we are mainly indebted to the poor outside naughty world; we mean the knowledge which has been attained of the unity and harmony of Nature. Church doctors have vehemently opposed every great scientific discovery, from the days of Kepler and Galileo to those of Lyell and Darwin. But the light of science is too strong, even for the screech owls which haunt the ivy of old church towers. Churches are being restored or falling to pieces, the ivy comes down, and the poor birds flutter out in the daylight, scarce knowing where they are.

Milton was among the earliest to abolish the old notion of the devil. He represents him simply as a proud lover of power and independence, instead of a mischief-making harlequin. Goethe went a step farther, and depicted the evil principle in Mephistopheles, as a mere personification of faithless sneers and selfish sensuality. The poor devil in our days is no longer believed by lay-people to have any share in the government of this world. Even an eruption of Vesuvius is supposed to answer some good geological end. The order of nature, the great Cosmos, is an indestructible unity which does not admit of harlequin's tricks, except on the pettiest scale and all in subordination to the highest law.

The annihilation of witchcraft should teach us respect for science. Even a Dr. Carpenter might bring up a truth worth listening to out of his deep-sea dredging, if he would only keep to his own vocation. It is *something* after all to be an F.R.S.

Men, in sympathy with the Royal Society, did the most to put an end to the horrors and abominations of witchcraft, and now they throw it in the teeth of us Spiritualists, that we want to bring that sort of thing back again to affront the sun. They do us great injustice, because they do not see that by studying the occult forces of human nature, and by striving to discover the laws which govern them, the Spiritualist is doing his best to guard against a relapse into the follies and madness of the Middle or rather the Dark Ages, for we are only just emerging from them.

There is a region of man's nature that no microscope can reach, the border land of physics and metaphysics, the sphere of faith or imagination, spirit and matter, fact or fantasy, call it what you will, which is all powerful in life for good or evil, as the birth-place of religion; and no mere scientist can argue or charm it out of existence, charm he never so wisely. Faraday left his laboratory to preach among that highly intellectual body denominated Glassites; Auguste Comte took to worshipping

his grandmother; the great philosopher Cousin became a papist. The progressive Spiritualist looks upon such proceedings as only one cut above the witch mania, and to protect himself from like aberration of mind he studies these and other phenomena of Spiritualism to ascertain their laws, and so "rule nature by obeying her." S. E. B.

THE POETRY OF PROGRESS.

GERALD MASSEY'S TALE OF ETERNITY.

THE author of "Great Harmonia," in his "Chart of Human Destiny," divides society into five states—savageism, barbarism, patriarchism, civilism, and republicanism. Commerce, language, science, philosophy, theology, government, art, music, poetry, &c., pass through these stages to final unity and harmony, at which point they may be supposed to have achieved their true mission. The five developments of poetry are thus defined:—1. Perceptism—external, wild, startling; abounding with huge and stupendous fancies; subjects: genii, hunting, war, &c. 2. Eratoism—erato-inspired, lyric, eccentric, bold, diffusive; subjects: gods, heroes, warriors, battles, &c. 3. Transition—cantos to God: mythological, tragical, amorous, epic, sublime, nervous, and instructive. 4. Conceptism—embodying mythology, theology, science, philosophy: didactic, descriptive, sacred, effeminate. 5. Intuitism—instructive, elevating, refining: the vehicle of truth, and the promoter of peace, progress, and unity.

If this estimate of poetry be a true one, then the civilisation of this and immediately ages has not much to boast of. The grandest efforts of our greatest poets have often been expended on the most unworthy objects. The higher developments of the poetical art have seldom manifested themselves. Nature has been described, but oftener in her lower or more external forms, than in her exalted and interior manifestations. Humanity has been reflected, but more frequently to exhibit the scars and imperfections which mar his outward appearance, than to display the eternal beauties of his being. Frequently the dreams and fables of mythology and theology have been made the warp of the grandest poetical conceptions, the woof of which has been intrinsic truth of a high order. Such a texture of truth and error, fact and fancy, as a form of thought, clothes the mind of the sympathetic reader with a fool's garb, and he becomes a grotesque monument of intellectual folly. The conceptions of society on those subjects in which poetry has an influence, are chiefly vestured after this fashion. Tried by the standard of the

Poughkeepsie Seer, some of the most flattered productions of the world's pet poets sink into their degraded, yet appropriate position. The descriptive poet is often more than paralleled by the latest book of travel, and the adventures of his heroes sicken the human soul, as portraitures of abject beings too frequently to be met with in the thoroughfares of all large cities, inducing in the reader's mind fits of despair and misanthropy of a kind with that which was chronic in the mind of the writer. To some persons, the possession of the poetical gift may be a misfortune, if not to themselves to the public, who are fed by the streams which genius, mingled with ignorance, vice, and misconception afford. The inspirational progressive man may be the king of poet-pleaders for humanity and truth, whether he rhymes or not. The beauty of a silent life, even, is more beneficent within the range of its influence than that of the most brilliant genius, unless it be coupled with those accompaniments necessary to its sanctification and proper direction.

If Milton had been less of a poet, his mythological fables would have exercised a less powerful influence on the religious thought of the world. But it may be questioned whether even the most imperfect minstrel, or faulty production of poetic genius, has not been of use to nations, and supplied an important addition to their literature, and a necessary link in their efforts to express a growing and indwelling intellectual life.

The fully ripened fruitage of a universal mind might not meet the demands of local appreciation, but sing from unattainable heights in a language not understood. The poet, thinker, or actor, on the stage of being, cannot express himself far in advance of the form of thought in which he lives and has received his impressions. To overcome surrounding influences, and launch upon their bosom the products of a higher inspiration, is the special prerogative of genius. Of his shortcomings in this respect, no one is more conscious than the poet himself. The bright realms of unutterable truth in which his intense being luxuriates are only imperfectly represented by the faulty and broken rays which find a passage through his mind—

> "No revelation of the written word
> Will render all the spirit saw and heard."

Thus the poet-worker's disappointment at the result of his labour is compensated by the pleasurable experiences enjoyed in its performance :—

> "The Poet's best, immortally will lurk
> In that rare motion of his soul at work."

The reader must look to his own mind for a full realisation of the poet's efforts. No reader can appreciate that which is

entirely foreign to his nature. Genius in consigning its progeny to the many-minded world, is forced to defend itself from the misunderstanding of its patrons, by declaring—

> "My poem was in the making. These are your
> Warmth-needy seedlings, reader! Mine no more."

No person can appreciate poetry unless he has the elements of the poet in his own nature. To bring to the surface, and render available these interior qualities of the soul, is the object of education—the grand work of true civilisation. We must not find fault with poetry of the lower grades because it is inferior to the higher productions of more enlightened ages. These incipient efforts of undeveloped mind were necessary to feed the budding intellect in the juvenescent states of society. Even the grossest forms of poetical composition, by giving utterance in a superior manner to that which exists chaotically in the mind of the vicious, superstitious, or ignorant, may be a means of elevation, and prepare it for the reception of a purer inspiration.

Accepting, then, the poet as a reformer and precursor of the intellectual attainments of the people around him, our business is not so much to criticise the past as to indicate the labours of those who most fitly occupy the advanced poetical position at the present time. Man is becoming more and more the subject of poetical inspiration; but, alas! too often in the mediæval guise of hero-worship. The theme is some princess, or some rare specimen of a lord or lady. The muse, most beneficent and catholic in her favours, is made an appendage to courtly luxury—the flatterer of position and circumstance, rather than the expositor of that which is truly noble. Indeed, the effeminate sentiment which characterises the fashionable poetry of the present age, very certainly indicates its imperfections. Its mission is more to minister to the requirements of diseased nerves and conventional tastes, than to uphold the grandly true and healthily pure. It is addressed to the drawing-room rather than the human soul. The production of rhymed couplets and triplets is looked upon as an avocation whereby a man may "earn his bread," rather than a liberal and exalted endowment, whereby the supreme good may be manifested to man—the finite good. Hence our poetry has a smell of cooking about it, the ring of money in its cadence, and the manners of the bookseller's shop and exchange in its deportment. Enterprising editors outbid each other at a guinea a line for verses embodying all the fascinating refinements of an ambitious draper's clerk, and the muse is made subservient to the exigencies of the publishing trade, in the same way as the archbishop makes God's providence subsidiary to the political requirements of the English nation, in preserving the life of the heir-apparent according to order.

Such poetry is, perhaps, the most despicable and worthless, which spoils valuable paper, and is besides the foulest insult which could be inflicted on a poetically-tuned, unperverted humanity. It can never become national unless the people be in the last crisis of dissolution. It serves to employ the time, and soothe the nervous irritabilities of those who live in idleness and sensuous dependence upon the labours of others.

"The man of independent mind" looks elsewhere for his entertainment. His poets and his preachers are like angels' visits. He looks for a writer whose position as a poet is the unaided product of his own genius—whose theme is human worth and liberty, and whose client is the people. Many of those whom a rustic poet called "the king of men," are at this day undergoing a slow process of mental starvation, because those who have had more opportunities of drinking at the fount of truth, and who should therefore be the *Aquarii* of the living waters to the yearning and thirsty souls of men, are time-servers and place-seekers, debasing their heaven-bestowed gifts to the depraved tastes of the age, instead of endeavouring to pioneer society into purer and healthier regions. Such poets are like Jonah of old; they betray their mission, seeking their own personal comfort and convenience, rather than the good of those who are hungering for the divine word they are commissioned to utter. It is a melancholy and lamentable fact, that by a strange process of alienation, the muse has become degenerated into a mountebank; the poet has, as it were, donned the cap and bells, and consented to become the amuser—the jester of the age, instead of its preacher and prophet. Such were not the poets of old—the greatest of the bards of Judea and Greece. They wrote and sang from the fulness of their hearts, giving forth the light as it was manifested to them, and sternly accepting the fate that awaits the one who stands between the Deity and man. So have the true poets of all time done. We do not find Dante pandering to the intellectual perversities of his age; he was no "idle singer of an idle day." He knew he had a mission to fulfil, and, accepting it with its poverty, and tribulation, and unutterable woe, he sang his strange mystic song, and died to live in its strains. The same is true of nearly all the world's greatest prophets and teachers, who have faithfully obeyed their call. It is almost needless to instance Homer, Socrates, Tasso, Calderon, and a host of others. Their reward lies in the influence which their works exerted when they were no more, and in the consciousness they now possess of having done their duty on earth. What, however, must be the sufferings of those who, on their translation, perceive with fearful clearness the thing they ought to have done, but left undone? when they see how, instead

of being beacons in the darksome night of life, guiding bewildered wanderers to the haven of rest, they were very will-o'-the-wisps, misleading the footsteps of the benighted and toilworn, and leaving them deeper in the slough and mire of unrest and despair? They ought to have been pole-stars of progress, indicating the path to be trodden to attain the goal of human efforts and human hopes —universal good; spiritual guides, gleaming above the low level of earthly life, and pointing to that which underlies and overlies all that bounds our material vision—spiritual truth; but, instead of being this, they had merely used their sublime gifts to paint over the hollows of our terrestrial existence, to gloss over its demoralisations and degradations, and to invest its pleasures with a fictitious halo. Surely no debasement could be so vile as such perversion of the gift of poesy! It were better to let the light lie hidden under a bushel than use it in such a manner.

The mission of the true poet, then, is to be a teacher in his age and generation, to do as much as in him lies for the advancement of humanity, to be the recipient of divine wisdom, and dispense it to the people. On the Dædalian wings of his imagination he pierces the secret realm of divine truth, and with it in his grasp he descends to shed it like manna among his fellowmen. It is no exaggeration to say that the infinite number of gems which lie enshrined in the world's casket of truth have thus, in the first place, been filtered through the receptive brains of poets. It is therefore a fallacy to suppose, as some do, that there is no longer any room for great poets. The sum of truth appreciable by the mortal mind has not been attained. Greater epics than any the world has known are yet to be written—epics grander in conception and purer in manipulation. Has every realm of universal being been penetrated and pourtrayed? The features of external nature—the lip of beauty—the soft eye of love—the tender office of sympathy, and almost the entire range of terrestrial phenomena and human relationships, have thus passed through the brain-loom of our mental clothiers. But the grander and more interior forms of life have yet to be approached. The most ardent explorers into the secrets of being as yet only stand within the outward vestibule of the sanctuary. To toil onwards, to gain the higher heights and obtain a larger vision, is the mission of the poet of to-day. In order to do so, he must avail himself of the pathway trod by the feet of the age. The grand and rugged mountain path of mythology, the delectable undulations of Eros, the bold pinion of imagination are past and unavailable, and the future traveller to the temple of the muses must walk hand in hand with the intellectual acquirements of the time, and interpret nature as she appears to the most advanced inquirers into her mysteries. The basis of ascertainable facts which

characterises this century, requires a poetry in harmony with it. Such a performance we have in "A Tale of Eternity," in the production of which the author declares himself

> "As One who, in a strange and far Country,
> In presence of his future Bride may be,
> That keeps the secret of her face concealed,
> Until, as Wife, the Maiden stands revealed:
> And who doth make blind guesses at the face.
> . . . . . .
> Even thus, before the Next World's face I stand,
> And o'er its clouded features pass my hand;
> Groping to get where mortal sight doth fail,
> Some inkling of the face behind the Veil!
> It is the voice of Vision in the night:
> I learned in darkness what I speak in light.
> Perchance such ne'er attains the perfect True,
> And yet may utter meaning for the few,
> As sandiest desert wastes reflect afar
> Light from our sun to some benighted Star!"

The matter contained in this poem is so unusual, weird, and marvellous that for months it has lain on our table awaiting some satisfactory solution. Our acquaintance with the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, facts respecting haunted houses, and the feats of clairvoyance did not warrant our acceptance of a literal interpretation of this most recent poem of Mr. Massey. It was not till he gave his first lecture in St. George's Hall, on Sunday, May 12, on "Facts of my own personal experience narrated and discussed, together with various theories of the alleged phenomena," that we were at liberty to entertain the opinion that "A Tale of Eternity" is a record of real experiences. It is a ghost story, a tale of a haunted house, of intercourse with the spirit of a murderer, a poetical version of Mr. Massey's lecture above alluded to, supplemented by a profound philosophical insight into the conditions of spiritual existence. It opens thus ominously :—

> "Night after night I wakened with a start;
> The coldness of a gravestone at my heart;
> As tho' I had been nearly caught by Death,
> Who imaged Sleep to kiss away my breath!"

These hideous impressions,

> "The phantom presence of Immensity
> That from behind its dumb mask whispered me,"

were the precursors of the real business of the drama :

> "At times a noise, as tho' a dungeon door
> Had grated, with set teeth, against the floor:
> A ring of iron on the stones; a sound
> As if of granite into powder ground;
> A pick-axe and a spade at work! sad sighs,
> As of a wave that sobs and faints and dies."

On stormy evenings moanings would be heard, to which

> "The dreaming dog would answer with a groan."

The phenomena became more personal and alarming.

> "At times I seemed to waken at a call,
> And rose up listening for the next footfall
> Which never came, as though it could not keep
> The step with that my spirit caught in sleep,
> For I, in waking, must have crossed the line
> Bounding the range of spirit-life from mine."

The experiences were, however, not all of an unpleasant kind:

> "Sometimes I woke with lashes wet and bright
> With a strange glory of delicious light,
> As tho' an Angel had shone my shut eyes thro',
> And filled my soul with heaven, as Dawn the dew!"

The author had no preconceived notions on the subject, and was not the victim of superstitious impressions:

> "I am no Coward; never could believe
> That spirits do their hell or heaven leave
> To walk by night in the old human ways."

His reflections on his unbelief led him to ask,

> "But is it certain we have lost the sight
> They had of old in watches of the night,
> Who heard the voices, saw the shape that stood
> Before them in God's own similitude?
> They saw with eyes of spirit—Heaven keep
> The veil of flesh about me dark and deep!"

This prayer did not avail, further disturbance ensued:

> "Was that the creaking of a stair? A Rat
> Nibbling the wainscot? Did a fluttering Bat
> Flap at the window?
> . . . . . .
> Is there some Whispering Gallery of the ear
> In which the other world we overhear?
> The very Mirror is a doorway, thro'
> Whose dark another face may look at you!"

The first section of the poem closes with the following reflections:—

> "He reigneth: He whose lightest breath could thrill
> The universe of worlds like drops of dew,
> And if the Spirit-world hath broken thro'
> It cannot be unknown, unseen by Him;
> It must be with His will, not their mere whim."

So much for introduction. In Part II. the poet proceeds to inform the reader that

> "One night, as I lay musing on my bed,
> The veil was rent that shows the Dead not dead.
> Upon a Picture I had fixed mine eyes,
> Till slowly it began to magnetise."

The room gradually faded away, and a vision presented itself—a spiritual apparition of the lowest class:

"No lustre in the hair, no life on lips;
The faintest gleam of corpse-light, lurid, wan,
Showed me the lying likeness of a Man!
The old soiled lining of some mortal dress:
A spirit sorely stained with earthiness.
But almost ere I could have time to fear,
I saw what seemed an Angel standing near,
With face like His who wore the old thorn crown;
In whose dear person very Love came down."

The dusky visitor was conscious of the presence and mission of his bright companion:

"The Dark Shape on me turned its eyes of guile,
Sullen yet fierce. I read the wicked smile
That sneered, 'Behold the cause of all your fear!
You need not shudder tho' while He is near.'"

And proceeded to give an account of himself:

"'Lo! I am one of those doomed souls who dwell
In Heaven's vast Shadow which the Good call Hell.
Lo! I am he, the gloomy sneak, who did
The deed of darkness, fancying all was hid:
The Awful Eyes being on me all the while,
And Devils pointing at me with their smile.
. . . . . .
With such a pulse of power my pangs awake
At midnight, that from sleep they sometimes shake
You! Matter, with Mind's thrillings, doth so quake,
That atoms from their fellow atoms start,
As tho' they felt the heave of some live heart.'"

The philosophy of the physical manifestations, particularly the alleged power of spirits to pass solid objects through walls is presented in the above lines. The dark-hued preacher further declares:

"Spirit aye shapeth Matter into view,
As Music wears the forms it passes thro'.
Spirit is lord of substance, matter's sole
First cause and forming power and final goal."

And it is also remarked

"That spirit between particles can pass
Surely and visibly, as light through glass."

The spirit with "shining face," who, we suppose, was Shakespeare, "serenely smiled," and beguiled terror while the earth-stained spirit gave the following views of man's relations to the spirit world:

"They are with you, watching thro' the murkest hour,
And seen, or unseen, hold us in their power,
And when the devil rages in us, lo!

We strike and strike, and yet there falls no blow.
They mesmerise us standing there behind,
And, as in dreams, we struggle bound and blind."

This angel and dark spirit seemed to visit the poet's house habitually, the former to protect the sleeping inmates from the hate of the latter:

"We have met here for years. He comes to see
Me digging nightly; grope for my lost key;
Gives me his countenance, and but for him
I might work hidden in the shadows dim.
His presence kindles round me such a light,
All heaven can see me prowling thro' the night;
All hell make merry at the gruesome sight."

This is his punishment. He had never revealed his secret while on earth, and thought he had escaped the consequences of his act:

"I fancied, when I took the headlong leap,
That death must be an everlasting sleep;
And the white Winding-sheet and green sod might
Shut out the world, and I have done with sight."

But when told to "look," the poet saw "what seemed a hand of blood-stained shadow, kindling like a brand when breathed on." Though water had effaced from his hand of flesh the crimson stain of crime, yet the tortured demon exclaimed nightly at the scene of his former wickedness,

"That hand once gripped the knife
That slew my child. This is its ruddy life,
Red-hot; on fire of hell!"

Such was his torture, the consequences of murder; the sufferings of hell, without any of the concomitants according to theology.

In Part III. the unfortunate spirit continues his narrative, tells the story of his life in detail, that his "temptress lives on still, a wife and a mother." "She was a buxom beauty," with a "face that dazzled you with life's white heat,"

"Lithe amorous lips, cruel in curve and hue,
Which, greedy as the grave, my kisses drew.'

The poet puts a profound organic truth into the mouth of his spirit visitor, who, if a rogue, was not a fool. The woman, mother of the murdered babe, was a libidinous animal, but what of the man himself, and of the condition which made him what he was?

"I must have been a beast myself from birth,
We lived as Beasts in that old burrow of earth
They called a House; the Cot where I was born;
One of those dwellings Poets will adorn
Outside with Honeysuckle and climbing Rose,
But where, within, no flower of Heaven blows

With sweetening breath, for want of air and light,
And in the wild weeds crawl the things of night:
Where any life-warmth quickens the dark slime
Of hovelled sin to swarm in shame and crime.

" My pastoral home was one wherein are grown
Boys for the Hulks, girls for the pitiless Town,
That flaunts beneath the gaslights on the highway,
The full-blown flowers of many a filthy byeway !"

A sinful union with this woman produced results which caused her to visit him one awful stormy day, just one month after he was married to another. Her bold proposition was

" That she had come there, and would stay
Till it was born, and safely put away."

His wife was from home. The child was born. She taunted him with cowardice. The act was done. The poet describes with great power the emotions that worked in the face of the spirit, as he recalled these dreadful experiences. Sounds, indicative of the murderous act were heard :

" Then came the liquid gurgle and the ring
Metallic, with the heavy plop and ping,
Heavier than largest water drops that fall
From melting icicles on house-eaves tall.
I knew then now; this resurrection night
Sounds were translated into things of sight,
These were the innocent drops a father shed.
They had the weight of blood, fell heavy as lead,"—

Followed by noises of digging, etc., described in the opening section. In carrying out the murdered babe for burial he had lost the key of the door, and it is heard to fall again, and is sought for with care and anxiety, as he had done nightly for seven years. Mr. Massey, in his lecture, told his audience that one day in walking in his garden he had seen two small bones like those of a child protruding from the earth, and without informing any one of the event, at night, through his wife's mediumship, the spirit assailed him with the demand, " Give me back my bones." This is alluded to in the poem :

" For seven years he came unseen, unheard,
'Twas but the other day the bones were stirred,
As men were delving heedless underground,
They broke in on them, scattered them around,
Not guessing they were human.
. . . . Lower in hell
His spirit sank, like waters in a well
Before there springs the earthquake. Trembling sore
Shook him with vengeance never felt before."

Murder seems to be an insanity productive of a worse form of insanity. The horrible occupation of murdering his child nightly was aggravated by the finding of the bones. The spirit's

perturbed mind reacted on the material surroundings of the spot, and led to these unpleasant visitations.

> " Each particle of Matter set afloat
> Upon a Mind-wave, tossing like a boat
> The Spirit rides."

Memory and matter reacting in that peculiar manner give the rationale of these disputed phenomena, ghosts and hauntings.

> " So now his spirit echoes back again
> The fixed ideas of a soul insane,
> Till Matter taking impress of his pain,
> Reverberates the sounds within your brain."

The philosophy of ghost appearances is more deliberately presented in Part IV. The poet was puzzled. The spirit read his thoughts, and replied:

> " More Laws than Gravitation keep us down
> To the old place from whence the soul had flown;
> Not every one in death can get adrift
> Freely for life. Some have no wings to lift
> Their weary weight: the body of their sin
> Which they so evilly have laboured in."

The tale of a haunted mill is introduced in illustration, and a beggar ghost who was doomed to stand at a street corner and solicit alms, till some clairvoyant should recognise her. Cares and remorse, as well as crime, bring the spirit back. The relations of man to the spirit world is further unfolded in a consideration of death:

> " Others are horribly startled at the change
> Revealed in death, all is so ghastly strange!
> So many Masters in the realms of breath
> Serve at the feet of those who are crowned in death.
> So many weeds your blind world flung aside,
> Are gathered up as flowers, thrice glorified."

(To be continued.)

ON THE SEVERAL DEGREES OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDIUMSHIP.*

Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—In presuming to occupy your attention upon the present occasion I am not unconscious of the fact that the subject of this paper would have been capable of receiving a more elaborate and perspicuous elucidation at the hands of some other of our friends, who, by a more extended experience, cultivated judgment, and more favourable opportunities for inves-

* A paper read by Mr. J. J. Morse at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, on Wednesday evening, April 24.

tigation, would have been able to contribute more to your enlightenment upon this particular subject than myself.

In the very able paper read by our friend Mr. Burns upon the last occasion of these meetings, he very clearly pointed out the fact that the external or bodily organisation of the man was the servant of the intelligent power within—a proposition which I am sure no spiritualist will dispute—and that the physical phenomena were only possible by virtue of the magnetic aura emitted from the human body, and that the quality of the manifestations bore a proportionate ratio to the normal health of the subject, or more plainly speaking,—medium. Thus it will be seen that, for the spirit world to be able to come in contact with the natural world, the opportunity is afforded them by the existence of certain individuals capable of emitting the requisite amount of this magnetic element; and if we were to enter into a consideration of the manifold laws, conditions, and circumstances, that regulate the emission of this force on the one hand and its application on the other, and the relationship that exists between these two courses of action to themselves, relatively, and to the mechanical operations of existence, generally, we should be entirely withdrawn from the object of the evening.

I have used the words "mechanical operations of existence" as best expressing the position I believe these physical phenomena occupy; since, so far as the medium is concerned, they are external to him, independent of his consciousness, neither advanced nor retarded by his intellectual capacity, and however much they may enrich our physiological knowledge they throw but little if any light upon the laws governing the spiritual entity—hence, though not by any means rejecting considerations in relation to physical phenomena, rather urging for a more thorough investigation into their nature, etc., it would be well to ask if there are any other methods whereby communication is effected between the two worlds. The familiarity of psychological phenomena under the modern terms, impression, trance, clairvoyance, and second sight, is, I think, an ample answer in the affirmative; and such being the case, the phenomena of spirit communion may be truthfully divided into two great divisions, physical and psychological, one appertaining to the body, the other related to the soul; and inasmuch as the physical division is capable of offering a much more extended apprehension of the nature of the outward relations subsisting between the outward man and his surroundings, so I claim that a consideration of the psychological aspect appertaining to mediumship will prove of incalculable benefit to us and be best capable of assisting us in our efforts to penetrate the arcana of our inward or spiritual being and its relationship to the inner world of spirit.

The records of history are in a case of this description extremely valuable, more especially when the experience of the past is reproduced in the events of the present. Yet, I think their particular use consists in the fact that they form a firm basis whereby we

are able to accept with some degree of certitude the possibility of spiritual manifestations recurring in our own time among our own people. Though, for instance, many of the arts and sciences of the ancients, such as the cutting and preparing of porphyry, are lost to mankind, the laws of the infinite that rendered such a proceeding practicable have never been abrogated; therefore, we may safely urge that spiritual communications have not been received of late times in the same general way, and that if virtually the spirit world has been cut off from us it is not because the laws governing the communication have been withdrawn, but rather that the human race has permitted the practice to fall into desuetude by reason of their indifference to its ministration, and the reprehensible practice of confining the practice of the gifts of the spirit to those specially, as it is called, favoured of God. Such is, I think, the reason why nearly all classes of the community greet spirit communion as a new thing, whereas it is as old as humanity, yet ever as fresh as the love of God.

In defining the several degrees of psychological mediumship I am guided by my own experience and observation assisted by the teachings of my spirit-guides, and the conclusions I have arrived at warrant me in stating that I have discovered three distinct degrees, the muscular, the sympathetic, and the psychological. Under the first head I should classify writing mediumship, both by the hand and the planchette. This form of mediumship is, in my estimation, the least inimical to physical well-being, though the experiences of the medium in its preliminary stages are anything but pleasant. Its precise nature I cannot, of course, be expected to make you acquainted with, but I beg to offer the following suggestions: first, that the operating spirit by the exercise of its will-power upon the basilar portion of the brain, instead of desiring a more deep control, directs its effort towards obtaining perfect control over one or both of the arms and hands as it deems expedient. I am of opinion that the success of the spirits is very often sadly interrupted if not entirely negatived by the disinclination or inability of this peculiar class of mediums, to obtain that mental passivity which is essential to all mesmeric operations, and without which, failure and disaster will inevitably accrue to all concerned. The different phases of this branch of mediumship are indices of graduated stages of muscular control; first, the most usual phase manifested in just simply the control of the hand and arm, and as all thoroughly developed writing mediums (who only manifest this phase) have no intellectual cognition of the communications written by their hand, it may fairly be urged that it is purely of a muscular character; the results attained will bear a proportionate relation to the ability of the spirit and the adaptability of the organism to be controlled.

The next development of this phase manifests a more extended control of the muscular system, yet, without an approach to that control which would come under the head of sympathetic. In the present instance, we should find that the entire bodily structure is

controlled by the operating intelligence; the legs perform their requisite duties, the hands fulfil certain appropriate functions, and, in short, the ordinary duties incident to the possession of intelligence are gone through by the body in this state; but the moving power is not that belonging to the individual but the energising influence proceeding from another and a foreign personality. A very perfect example of this phase of muscular control may be found in the person of Charles Swan, the painting medium, residing at Aylesbury, who, while under a perfect muscular control, writes, draws, and paints many pictures, but does not, while in that state, utter a single word, and appears not to have the slightest connection, intellectually, with the phenomena transpiring. The last division of this development of mediumship exhibits a higher class of phenomena and is perhaps the most striking, for the medium not only obtains results similar to those described above, but in addition to these the organs of speech are successfully manipulated accompanied by a very apparent exaltation of the normal faculties of the individual. To enable you to form an estimate of the nature of this development I might mention the name of Mr. David Duguid, the Glasgow painting medium, whose manifestations are perhaps unequalled in this country. It cannot but prove a fruitful source of wonder when we consider the marvellous results that the spirit-world is able to effect in this department of psychological mediumship: tests of identity comprising names, dates, and facts of personal history known only to the spirit are truthfully and accurately announced through the agency of the writing medium, while facsimiles of the old masters are reproduced by the hands of the painting medium who was entirely ignorant of the existence of the originals. Science may scoff, prejudice may denounce, yet neither are able to destroy the fact.

The next degree of psychological mediumship that I have to invite you to consider upon the present occasion is that which I denominate the sympathetic, and both in its results and causes exhibits a more perfect acquaintance with the more subtle conditions of the human organism upon the part of the controlling intelligence. The nature of this control consists in so far as I have been able to understand it, in the psychical emanations of the operating spirit permeating the nervous system, and more or less perfectly assimilating itself with the external mind of the medium.

This form of mediumship is usually introduced by impressions—at first, vague and imperfect, and gradually, as the adaptability of the brain organism increases, they assume the nature of conscious vision; yet I am inclined to believe that the more general rule is that impressibility is most frequently used as a medium of communicating tests of identity by means of the medium's experiencing sensations, emotions, and peculiarities incidental to the manifesting power.

And another phase which the sympathetic medium is likely to exhibit would be that known as the healing mediumship, of course

providing that the outer organic conditions requisite were present. The ultimate development of the second degree of psychological mediumship is attained in the exhibition of conscious vision, and of this faculty I discover two general divisions, the first comprising those who are seers in the ordinary state, who have visions and vivid impressions, and secondly, those who are psychometric.

There are numerous persons, many of whom I have no doubt you may number amongst your own acquaintances, in whom the faculty of conscious vision was developed naturally or possessed from infancy, who have some experience in reference to second sight; yet I think there is a broad distinction between the vision of second sight and the conscious vision of the developed sympathetic medium, yet in both cases the results are governed by the organic conditions appertaining to the persons concerned. In the case of the medium, the exercise of the vision is dependent upon the exciting agency of a spirit, such excitation being employed direct by the spirit upon the medium, whereas, in the case of the normal seer, the vision comes into operation by virtue of some organic peculiarity, the exact nature of which at present I am not quite prepared to state.

I shall now direct your attention to the third and last division of Psychological Mediumship, embracing as it does the trance, clairvoyance and inspiration. The physical conditions of the trance present indications of the nearest approach to death without its actualisation that I am acquainted with, and I discover that the inner conditions reveal the fact, that the will-power of the controlling spirit enters first the muscular system, then the nervous, and so completely subjecting these important channels of action as paralyses them so far as control by the medium is concerned. The connecting links between the mind and body are for the time being at the service of another intelligence, and in proportion to which element of the controlling agency is most employed, so will be the nature of the trance-control. For instance, the control exercised over myself partakes more of the nervous element. The nature of the control, as you may doubtless be aware, is of a mental or intellectual character. Thus we see the cause of my peculiar mediumship; yet, if the physical element predominated, and the muscular system was as completely controlled as the nervous, the nature of the mediumship would partake of the character of test-mediumship, as the organic structure being under a perfect control, there would result in obedience to operating power a series of automatic results in exact accordance with the will of the controlling intelligence. As I am deficient upon the score of physical vigour, I cannot expect that I shall exhibit this phase of mediumship.

Under certain conditions, the trance-medium develops the clairvoyant sight, and is thus able not only to convey vocal information between the two worlds, but in addition is capable of actually *seeing* and *describing* the persons and objects that he is communicating upon. In some instances where the control is exercised by a medical spirit, introvisional clairvoyance is developed, and the medium

SEES right into the diseased bodies of the sick, diagnoses the conditions, and the controlling power prescribes with almost unerring accuracy for the sufferer; but to enter into a detailed account of my conclusions in reference to clairvoyance would be to detain you too long with a recital that would possibly weary us all, so I will content myself by just stating that I perceive three grades of this faculty—first, the psychological or subjective, as in the case of Mrs. Denton, the eminent psychometrist; and next, the independent or actual, the grandest example that I am acquainted with being A. J. Davis, of America. Perhaps some other time I may have an opportunity of fully explaining my views upon this subject.

I must now invite your attention while I proceed to state the conclusions I arrive at in obedience to the propositions I have enumerated, and in doing so I have no wish to exalt my own opinions and convictions over those held by my more experienced friends; at present, I only speak suggestively and not as *one having authority*.

My beloved and venerated spiritual teachers (to whom I am indebted for many of the thoughts contained in this paper) teach that man is a triune organisation—viz., body, spiritual body, and intelligent principle, and that these three conditions are joined to each other by two subtle elements. In the case of the natural and spiritual body, by a fluid they denominate vital electricity; and in the case of the spirit body and the intelligent principle, by an ether called vital magnetism. I am impressed that each of the three modes of being that constitute the individual contribute a portion of these elements, and that the highest of the lowest condition, which in this case is the organic structure, assimilates itself with the lowest element of the mode next above it; the link is thus formed between the outer and the inner. Hence, I should say that in connection with psychological mediumship all those phases that I have mentioned under the head of muscular control are more particularly related to the human body, and are effected by the manipulation of the vital electric sphere I have referred to.

In the sympathetic control I incline to the supposition that it is a joint manifestation dependent upon a more or less perfect control of the natural and spiritual body and the electric link uniting them, and that its excellency is dependent upon the knowledge and ability of the spirit controlling and the more or less healthy condition of the medium, as I find that bodily circumstances and mental states exercise a very determined influence over this class of mediumship. The highest phase that I have treated in this paper has been the psychological, and as it is only possible to obtain the phase by the perfect interspheration of the medium with the controlling spirit, it naturally ultimates in the inspirational, or as Gerald Massey styles it, the normal mediumship valuable to the possessor yet generally useless to any one else in so far as it is capable of conveying positive evidence of a future life, hence the great necessity of the abnormal medium at the present time.

I am forced to the conclusion, that as the physical medium is related to the mechanical universe, so is the psychical medium related to the operating or spiritual universe; first, by his spiritual body, he is related to the spiritual world and its conditions; and secondly, by the intelligent principle, he is related to the mentality of those who inhabit the land of the immortals; and I believe that the mind of man is related to the mind of God. I believe that all beings and all conditions

> Form one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, God the soul;

for the relationships I have enumerated as characteristic of the medium, are not confined specially to that peculiar member of the human family, they are the common property of *all;* there is but one power, but its manifestation differs in degree with every individual. I had intended to have related to you some of my personal experiences, but I have already trespassed too long upon your patience, so I trust you will excuse my doing so to-night, for, from the deep interest I take in the subject, my paper has grown beyond the limits I originally intended.

(A very interesting discussion followed the reading of the above paper, which was continued till a late hour.)

SUBSEQUENT MEETINGS.

Since the evening on which the above paper was read, two similar meetings have taken place. On May 8, Thomas Herbert Noyes, Esq., B.A., read an interesting and lengthy paper on "The Philosophy of Revelation," more particularly dwelling on the peculiarities of animal magnetism and healing mediumship, with various speculations on the relations of man to the spirit-world. The discussion which followed was so deeply interesting that the meeting was adjourned at a late hour till the 22nd, when healing mediumship formed the chief topic of discussion. The subject of prayer was also introduced, which elicited some most instructive experiences from mediums and others present.

We are glad to see there is a desire to sustain these meetings. We have seen no social form of Spiritualism so instructive, and withal so deeply interesting, and feel certain there is no society in London which presents such entertaining proceedings as those which take place at the Spiritual Institution on these occasions. To suit the general convenience, the evening has been changed to Monday. The next meeting will accordingly take place on Monday evening, June 3, when Mr. Childs will give his experience indicating the difference between mesmerism and healing by spirit power. The meetings will continue every alternate Monday evening. Thus the succeeding meeting will be on June 17th, and so on, unless the series be suspended during the summer season. We cordially recommend visitors to London to be present at these meetings, and form similar reunions in their own locality.

INDIVIDUAL MORALITY AND SOCIAL FREEDOM.

We are assailed by the friends ("save us from our friends!") of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, because we are supposed to have treated her adversely. Let us see. Our first recognition of her was in January, when we reprinted in full Mr. Tilton's biography of her—the strongest and most flattering defence of her personal position which has ever appeared, and before which the bombast and sycophancy of her admirers are quite derogatory. While this was being read, there was also widely promulgated by the press, and sustained by private information from America, the most odious reports respecting Mrs. Woodhull's character. To embrace the former, and ignore the latter, would have been a palpable act of imprudence and treason to the movements, which might be to some extent compromised by the act. To have listened to the scandalous reports and turned a deaf ear to all other information, would, on the other hand, have been a gross injustice to Mrs. Woodhull. Both reports could not be absolutely true. Perhaps there were some grounds for both sides of the question. Almost every public person is the victim of lying tongues, and we know that liars can lie *for*, as well as *against* a person. To obviate the danger that might result from listening to reports, let us bear them all in mind, but take people as we find them. It will be a bad day for society when its popular products cannot bear to have their characters scrutinised. Mrs. Woodhull advocates social liberty, which has an opposite pole—a complementary half, viz., social scrutiny. By the proper balancing and adjustment of these two influences can society alone be safe. Public morals are more benefitted by individual rectitude than by rostrum clamour. Then let us uphold a public sentiment which shall act as a restraint upon individual eccentricity. Individuals reflect more or less public sentiment—are the products of it. See, then, that this modifying influence be wholesomely tempered by freedom and scrutiny.

Such are our feelings towards every man and woman, be they friend or alien, public or private. In the category we include ourself, and why should we make any exception in favour of Mrs. Woodhull? It may be urged "What have we to do with private character; no person is a saint; the public have no business with a person further than his public acts. If a speaker speaks well, then there is an end to our interest in him." We beg to differ from this. While the largest charity should be extended to all, even the reprobate, every delinquent should be made to feel that he is so. It is better that a diseased member should suffer than that the body politic should lose its healthy tone. This is the order of nature, and therefore divinely true.

And so we place Mrs. Woodhull on her trial—not that there is any specific indictment against her. It is the duty of society so to act—its duty to itself, and to the one so operated on. If Mrs. Woodhull is true and pure, she will not be hurt or offended by the

process, but will pass through the fire like gold double-refined. If there is a mixture of alloy and rashness in her character, then this overlooking eye will have a wholesome effect.

We are aware that notoriety is an attractive article, and brings a high price in the market, no matter from what features or qualities it may be derived. This seems to be the criterion of excellency with many of Mrs. Woodhull's admirers. A notorious woman urging a system which is popularly understood (it may be erroneously) to minister to the unrestrained action of the most powerful impulses of human nature, is sure to draw a crowd. So does a hanging, and so do the photographs of half-dressed actresses in a shop-window. These seem to be the results upon which some of our progressive contemporaries predicate success, and we are heartily ashamed of them.

When any cool individual who does not relish hand-clapping, shouting, and throwing up of caps looks beneath the surface, and tries to analyse the matter spoken to the assembled thousands who probably hear but little of it, and care less, then such critics are at once the targets for the vilest imputations, often from the most contemptible quarters. With Mrs. Woodhull's supporters inuendo and opinion is mistaken for argument and demonstration. John Scott of Belfast writes to Clement Pine, and his letter is published in *Woodhull and Claflin's* paper—"I see an *envious* article by Hudson Tuttle in last *Medium*" (*Human Nature* it should be). Than the above statement, there could be nothing more unfair; without displaying the slightest intellect to test the merits of Hudson's article, Mr. Scott at once assumes the prerogative of judge, and sentences Tuttle to the limbo of the envious. Is this moral, is it honest, or worthy of intellectual humanity? We think it is a modern method of calling bad names in a respectable way. We are sorry to observe that our good friend, the *Banner of Light*, has been made the vehicle of a baser error of the same kind. An ungrammatical address from Newcastle-on-Tyne to "Dear Madam," from one more emulous of his righteousness than the "Scribes and Pharisees," whom he has the virtuous fervour to denounce, contains the following clause:—"Who in their magazines traduce your character, and scandalously falsify your speeches and their evident meaning." Here there is no argument, no justification of the ardent desire to "traduce the character and falsify" the actions of some one who has the good fortune to be on terms—at a great distance—with the writer. Gallantry appears to be mistaken for reform, amativeness for intellect, and need we be astonished that the female signature to this address is not that of the wife of the male whose name precedes it. It is, indeed, a significant declaration of "principles," but we should have been more pleased with it if the name of husband and wife had been duly appended.

It is easy for any scoundrel to give utterance to emphatic epithets, and unfortunately such is too frequently to be met with in defence of "social freedom." Approbativeness, and the base of the brain,

take the lead instead of intellect and intuition. We are not ambitious to be considered of such a party, and yet we have done Mrs. Woodhull the only substantial service she has received in this country, namely, to publish her biography, and a criticism on her logical errors, and we are prepared at all times to treat her with justice to all parties, which is the only basis upon which "Freedom" can be inaugurated.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

19 Leamington Road Villas,
Westbourne Park, W., 11th May, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—In your May issue of *Human Nature* figures an unsigned sketch or biography of the late Mr. J. W. Jackson, in which the names of private individuals are brought in, first, without leave being asked, and secondly, coupled with statements that demand some comment from those in part concerned, upon the self-same principle as that which last summer I was called upon to address you, viz.:—"Right wrongs no one." The biographer states, Mr. Jackson received orders from the Spirits in attendance at our circle to write a work on "Man," for which, I may add, they gave *very* particularly the *exact* title, or heading, if you prefer it. Mr. Jackson at once accepted the task, to all appearances very willingly. Whether the unseen were cognisant of his private circumstances or not, we do not presume to say; but it strikes me forcibly that, *no matter what the Spirits advise*, each individual, in true justice to himself and family, no less than to the disembodied whose counsels he professes to sit for, *must* use his own judgment, else individuality, as a recognised intelligent principle, must inevitably make shipwreck of herself. Hence I question if the biographer is, in this case, justified in saying that the work on "Man" was "imposed on Mr. Jackson." As to the parting words in the little article, I refrain from making any comments whatever. Mr. Jackson had more than one piece of good advice given to him relative to the work, to which all common-sense mortals could say amen! One I may mention:—That he should go to rest early, so as to rise and take the inspirational influences in the fresh morning hours. This we know from the gentleman's own lips *he entirely disregarded*. On another occasion, when some trifling alterations were suggested, Mr. Jackson demurred at making them,—he was told "to put a foot-note stating what was his own, and what was from the Spirit-world." Failing compliance with this, they would withdraw their aid, "if he thought himself wiser than his teachers, or that their assistance lacked appreciation." When we found, to our sorrow, Mr. Jackson's unwillingness to obey the injunctions kindly laid down for his guidance, for his material as also for his spiritual good, we declined further seances with him, but wished him to visit us, if so disposed, as a friend—nor could we any further lend a

helping hand in propagating a work that was no longer, as at first, *an avowedly Spiritual production*. Though the orders to write "Man" were given at our circle, it was through Mr. J.'s spirit-friends, "the Scribes," that such were given—ours undertook only the task or duty of *revising*.

You know me well enough, Mr. Editor, to be assured that, in writing now, I am actuated by no desire to give pain to him who now looks down upon his earth-life associates—still less to hurt the feelings of his bereaved and deeply sorrowing ones, for whom we unitedly feel nought but honest sympathy.

There are, *I know*, occasions with many, if not with most, whilst sojourning and striving here, when Destiny, with her inevitable coils, seems to hem us in with difficulties for a while, and we are tempted to cry "how long"—but caution, or prudence, judgment and an *active* sense of justice to all, will ever save an amount of suffering to ourselves and others, and *fill in many an interior niche of the soul* with blessings that otherwise would be held by the gaunt fiend Despair, through the extreme hardness of the roads we have often most unfortunately to travel to gain experience and salvation. Do not, I again beg of you, think that I am accusing him who has passed on. I feel it is scarcely fair to regard him as a martyr to Spiritualism. We must all bear the consequences of our own individual life-acts, and if we follow advice that our highest judgment and sense of justice does not fully accord or harmonise with, we are not free to blame those in the body, or out of the body. For every consequence there exists a cause, as the daily death-rate of the country will prove, if half, let alone all, were known. Hoping you will kindly insert this in the June No. of *Human Nature*,—I subscribe myself, dear sir, yours, in the cause of truth, very faithfully,

ADELAIDE S. SLATER.

[The further publicity given to the names of private individuals in the above letter, and the letter of last year to which allusion is made, shows that we betrayed no confidence in publishing the remarks in the article on Mr. Jackson. There was no intention of blaming any one in referring to the work which circumstances "imposed" upon our deceased friend—more especially Mrs. Slater's family, who showed him so much kindness.]

REVIEWS.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. 12s. per annum. New York: S. R. Wells; London: J. Burns.

ALMOST a life-time ago the Fowlers, now of world-wide celebrity, started the *Phrenological Journal* in New York, now the only phrenological periodical in the world, and the oldest devoted to the study of Man. Before its long career and wide influence, European journals on Anthropology sink into insignificance. Not that the

Phrenological Journal lays claim to deep research, weighty matter, or pronounced originality. The contrary might be more truthfully said of it, for its evident effort is rather to popularise and render available for public use the knowledge already demonstrated, than dig in the bottom of the well for new and it might be problematical truths. It is, in short, a literary magazine, well illustrated, and having for its theme the very laudable objects detailed in the following brief prospectus for 1872:—

"Agreeable to custom, we now issue our announcements for a new volume (the 54th) and a new year. What more need be said, than to state the fact that we shall make the *Phrenological Journal* just as good for 1872 as we can possibly afford to do? That it will continue to improve in the future, as it has done in the past? That each *succeeding* volume shall surpass its *preceding* volume? Readers, past and present, will themselves bear witness to this fact. Our facilities have been greatly increased of late, and we intend to use them, to enrich our pages. We have more men and more money in our service—men to draw, design, engrave, print, publish and distribute the *Journal* in all parts of the world, and money to pay for it. As hitherto, it will continue to consider the best interests of man individually and collectively. Its platform is very comprehensive, and its principles touch every interest of every man, every woman, and every child—the well-being of the person, the state, and the nation.

"Specifically—*Education*, physically, intellectually, and spiritually; the developing, quickening, and energising of one and all the faculties; the right use of each and every organ of body and brain; the choice of pursuits, in which each may best succeed; how to treat the imbecile, the insane, and the criminal classes, so as to restore and make them self-regulating and self-sustaining; to direct us in the choice of matrimonial companions, to choose business associates, assistants, to encourage right habits in eating, drinking, working, and sleeping, and how all of us may make the most of ourselves and each other. These are among the objects aimed at in this journal. What other publication covers this ground? Who but those conversant with anatomy, physiology, phrenology, physiognomy, and psychology can cover it? The study of MAN, in all his relations, as a social being, an intellectual being, and as a moral and religious being belong, legitimately, to the conductors of the *Phrenological Journal*. We purpose to pursue the study vigorously, and to make the most of it, for the benefit of ourselves and our readers. All who approve, are invited to help."

To such an exposition little need be added only to say that the reader will find it all true and even more. The subject of psychology or spiritual phenomena is not overlooked in the pages of our venerable contemporary, which, by-the-bye, looks younger and better than ever. It used to be published in quarto size, and was very clumsy and inconvenient for binding. A few years ago *Packard's Monthly* was united with it, and in conjunction with *Life Illustrated* it assumed a wider scope, with more diversified features. At present it appears with a two-columned page, beautifully embellished with first-rate woodcuts of eminent men, public characters, ethnological specimens, and other wonders of human product. When we inform the reader that each number contains about eighty of such pages, then they will be astonished that such a mass of matter can be imported and sold in London for the paltry sum of one shilling monthly. To make the readers of *Human Nature* more particularly acquainted with our American Brother, through the kindness of Mr. Wells, the editor and publisher, we are enabled to present them with specimen numbers at

half price. Every "progressive library" and spiritual society should have this work bound in volumes, and we might extend the recommendation, and say that the *Journal* should be everywhere welcomed as a monthly visitor in the family. If the young are familiarised with such matters when forming their characters, it is the making of them for life. Recent volumes can be obtained on advantageous terms at the Progressive Library, where a monthly parcel of current numbers is received from Mr. Wells, thus placing the English readers on the same plane of prompt delivery as those who live in the "Land of the West."

"Flipperty Flop's Sensible Goose" is a transatlantic curiosity. The author, W. W. Broom, is a poet, at least he claims the authorship of this broadsheet of rhyme. He seems to be a good natured, well-meaning, eccentric, harmless individual, who sympathises with Sylvester Graham, Fowler and Wells, and an original theology, an axiom of which is "The power of Jesus increases as the power of the Church declines."

Fairy Life and Fairy Land. A Lyric Poem. Communicated by Titania, through her Secretary, Thomas of Ercildoune. London: L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, W.

We have a poem before us purporting to have been given by Titania, through her secretary, erewhile known as "Thomas the Rhymer." But why the book was written, or what aim it has in view, we are at a loss to conceive. We have perused a portion of it—the whole of the first book in fact, but found it so heavy and wearisome a task that we gave it up in despair. We can honestly say that it has never been our lot to grub so deep without finding the smallest gem to reward us for our pains. The author appears to have a fatal facility of rhyming, and the poem contains a descriptive verbiage, extensive and varied enough to form the vocabulary of half-a-dozen youthful aspirants to poetical fame. Had "Thomas the Rhymer" been possessed of less of this fluency of versification, he might have been a better poet. But he, like many others, seems to think that lines that go with a "lilt" and end with a jingle form poetry. Nothing could be farther from the truth; and we would advise the author of "Fairy Life and Fairy Land," and, indeed, all who fancy they have the gift of poesy, to assure himself, before sitting down to write another poem, that he has a thought or idea to utter. In the poem before us, though we have searched diligently, we have utterly failed to discover a single thought calculated to enrich the mind of the reader; nor is this lack compensated by one depicted trait of human beauty or loveliness, or even one item of that meretricious sentiment which, with so many, passes muster in the place of more sterling stuff. The whole book, so far as we have had patience to read it, is a dreary waste of wordiness,

unrelieved by a solitary oasis, fresh with the wellings of human tenderness, or even a glimpse of the beautiful though delusive mirage, inciting the longing heart to renewed though vain resolve.

The scene of the poem is laid in Portugal—the chosen land of the fairies under their queen Titania, the scenery of which the author appears to be well acquainted with; but even his pictures of places seem bald and lifeless to one who has a vivid remembrance of the glowing descriptions of the same ground in "Childe Harold." The whole of the thirty or forty pages of his panoramic topography of this favoured land, does not present it to the mind's eye with such truthfulness and life as one stanza of the latter poem. After this infliction, to which Homer's catalogue of his heroes and their ships is as a Raphael to a pot-house sign, we are treated to a delicious morsel—a war between the Fays and the "Spanish gipsy-bees." The cause of this warfare is stated in the following lines:—

"But late those bees of gipsy wing,
Nomad, lawless, wandering,
That in Iberia's plains abide,
Immemorially allied
With those in Nubia's wastes that be,
Gipsies, one fraternity,
Hapless consanguinity,
An unholy pact declared,
With mutual wealth and vantage shared,
That every land of flower and bee,
In Europe's wide economy,
And realms of sunny Africa,
Should from all ancient laws be free,
Spoil for marauding Gipsy-bee."

The bees, having been routed with sad havoc, are despoiled of everything—even to their wings, of the uses to which they are to be put, "Ariel" informs us in these words:—

"Mortals wot but little still
Of Fairie's art and Fairie's skill,
Wond'rous tissue! deftly wove
By the tiny hands we love,
At courtly levee, feast, or ball,
To fascinate, delight, enthrall;
Soon thy floating folds will fall
Round the forms of elfin fair,
Waving graceful everywhere
In scarf, mantilla, artful veil,
Or when on solemn feast they sail,
'Neath arching oaks by woodland green,
In majestic crinoline!"

Was ever such balderdash written for poetry before! Then follows a feast to celebrate the victory over the apian host. The instructions given by Titania to "Puck" for the collection of flowers, &c., to adorn the festal scene take up at least twenty pages. As many more are filled with a description of the banquet, at which "True Thomas" is fêted. Said Thomas is the happy possessor of Titania's

"Honeys three,—
Gifts so rarely given away

To mortal born, or Fairy Fay,
And ne'er before combinedly:
Poesy and Prophecy,
And converse with the Fairie!"

We will not cavil as to whether the author possesses the last of these three gifts or not; but we can most confidently assert that he exhibits neither of the other two in "Fairy Life and Fairy Land."

We have been thus severe in our strictures on the above work, in the hope that other aspirants to poetical fame may be thereby deterred from rashly putting into print their trashy lucubrations, and that, perhaps, the author, if still a young man, may be induced before again venturing to publish a volume of poetry, to habituate himself to study and thought. The world has seen books enough built up of mere pithless verbiage; we want thought—the Promethean fire which can alone lift man above the brute. This it is the poet's task to filch from the altar of the gods. With such a mission as this, it is a sin for the gloriously gifted to dawdle away their time in trying to make amusement for the witless. It is ten times more sinful to attempt to foist a useless article upon a public eagerly striving for emancipation from the thraldom in which it groans, and from which it can only be freed by tearing up the iniquitous foundation of things as they are at present by the powder-blasts of mind.

POETRY.

THE ROBIN.

All summer long, in some fair shaw or dell,
Thou, bonny bird, hast hid thyself away
Amid the bushes green and snowy spray
Of sweet hawthorn, or where the purple bell

Of heather blows upon the spreading moor,
Companion to the martin, lark, and thrush;
But now when bare is every tree and bush,
And dead leaves lie upon the sodden floor,

And sad winds howl, and branches creak and whine,
As though the hamadryads were in pain;—
Now thou hast left the coppice and the plain,
Thy wee snug nest, round which sweet eglantine,

Clematis wild, that flower of lowly worth,
Or jasmin fair, perchance in beauty clomb,
And all the joys of that free gladsome home,
Whilome so full of honest hearted mirth,

To tarry here awhile in our dull town—
To teach us with thy simple fervent lay,
How we should bear ourselves when o'er the way
Dark low'ring clouds for ever threat and frown.

ROSA.

MISCELLANEA.

IT is alleged that spirit photographs are being taken in London by several operators. The matter is yet under investigation. For full particulars as to such current matters we beg to refer inquirers to the *Medium*, one penny weekly.

A MARVELLOUS CAREER.—The death of a deeply-afflicted, yet withal a successful man, is recorded in the American papers. William H. Hawthorne, Esq., died at his residence in Millsboro, Washington county, Pennsylvania, on the 18th ult., and his life is, or ought to be, a lesson to all who are apt to feel discouraged under difficulties and give way to despair. The *Brownsville Clipper* gives an interesting memoir of the deceased gentleman, from which it appears that at the age of thirteen he was so afflicted with rheumatism, that he lost the use of both legs, and also of his right arm. His feet were drawn up against the thighs, and his right arm and hand horribly contorted. The flesh on these limbs gradually withered away, his head and body alone continuing to grow. For the purpose of locomotion he was placed in a box, in which he passed his life, constantly lying on his back, and attending to all kinds of business for the last sixty years. He acquired a good English education, and taught a school for a number of years, and at the time of his death was serving his seventh term as justice of the peace, having acted in that capacity for nearly thirty-five years. He used the pen with his left hand, and wrote a very accurate and legible hand. In 1853 he was awarded a contract for carrying the United States mail on the route between Pittsburg and Waynesburg, and at the expiration of the first term he was allowed to renew the contract. He kept a number of horses and employés, but he superintended the whole business himself. At the age of twenty-three he eloped in his box with a Miss Wilson, and was married to her without the consent of her friends. The marriage turned out happily, and was blessed with thirteen children. He is described as a man of iron will, and almost iron constitution. Compelled as he was to remain through life in a recumbent position, he wrote with the paper on a small board before him, and from constantly keeping his head raised upward and forward the muscles of his neck became so prenaturally strong, that he could hold his head in that situation for hours without fatigue.

A Spiritualist Funeral.—Under this caption the San Francisco *Chronicle*, of April 19th, describes the ceremonies upon the occasion of consigning to Mother Earth the mortal body of Henry Chase, a young man who passed on, aged about nineteen years. The writer says his remains were buried "from his late residence, at Mason and Geary Streets, with full religious ceremonies, according to the burial ritual of the sect of spiritualists. As these services are the first of the kind ever performed in this city, their novelty attracted attention. Henry was the last surviving son of Mrs. Chase, a spiritualist medium of this city, and well-known among the sect. After a severe illness of several weeks, the young man expired of consumption, on Sunday afternoon, and his last request was, that his mother should conduct the funeral according to their ritual, and his wishes were respected. The coffin was made to order by an undertaker in Market Street. It was composed of common tedwood timber, covered with white velvet, and the inside trimmed with white silk. No ornaments were discernible about the box. The body was dressed similarly, in white robes and white necktie. White flowers were strewn around the coffin. The room in which the body lay awaiting burial was beautiful. Around the walls were white roses, and on a table at the head of the coffin was a large vase containing a small rosebush. At the base of the vase was a half-blown rose, which had been plucked from the bush and had fallen to the ground. It was emblematic of the young life, so full of promise and beauty, nipped in the bud, and falling to decay at the root. The services were conducted by the mother, who was dressed in white alpaca, without any trimmings or ornaments. The ceremonies deeply impressed the spectators, and were opened by Mrs. Beach singing the well-known poem, written by Mrs. G. Clark, the medium, entitled 'He's Gone.' The mother then addressed the assemblage at some length, extolling the virtues of her son, and adding that it was his express desire, both before and after death, that he should be buried in that manner. Mrs. Beach then sang a poem entitled the 'Beautiful Hills.' The coffin was then placed in a hearse and borne to the cemetery. At the grave the services consisted of a prayer by Mrs. Beach. Mrs. Chase says that since the death of her son, she has had several interviews with him," &c.

Spiritual Powers of Animals.—The lower animals have many of the most mysterious powers of life. They have clairvoyance, prevision, perception of character, powers of fascination, or magnetic influence, and intuition, or, as we call it in them, instinctive perception, or consciousness, of the most remarkable character. Bees, birds, fishes, beavers, and probably a great many animals we are less acquainted with, have interior, or what we call spiritual powers, which many find it hard to allow to man, as if he were less gifted than the lower orders of creation. That his gifts are marred and disordered is evident enough. What should be universal are exceptional and rare; but they still exist in form, and some-

times in development. The bee, wherever you may carry it, goes in a straight line to its hive. There are men similarly guided, Migratory birds must be clairvoyant. Human beings have sometimes the power of seeing clearly what is going on hundreds or thousands of miles away. Animals adapt their dwellings to the temperature of a coming winter, and foresee calamities which endanger them. Some persons have the gift of prophecy, or the faculty of second-sight, though all the scientific men in the world cannot tell what weather it will be next Wednesday. A sealed letter, a lock of hair, or other relic, conveys to some very sensitive persons the revelation of the appearance, character, and even the events of the lives of those they have never seen, or even heard of. The somnambulist reveals the most secret thoughts and concealed propensities of persons. Knowledge of the distant, the future, and of that which cannot be known by ordinary methods, can come only in two ways. It must be the result of some power of the soul or life quite beyond our ordinary senses and means of knowledge, or it must come to us as a revelation from intelligent beings gifted with higher powers, or more extensive means of observation. Both means may co-exist, but it is not, I think, unreasonable to believe that some persons may have faculties, which, however mysterious and inexplicable, are still possessed by the lower orders of the animal creation.—*From "Human Physiology," by Dr. T. L. Nichols, Great Malvern.*

"It seems," says the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, "as if any man who would give himself to thought, and the reading of history, and attention to the psychological mysteries that throng his own body, will surely come to the conclusion, not that spiritual manifestations are in themselves incredible and to be rejected, but that it is truly wonderful that we meet so few of them. Instead, therefore, of disbelieving everything until it is forced upon me by proof that I cannot get around, I incline to believe everything that I hear in the matter of ghosts and spirits, and reckon all the most marvellous stories true, until somebody takes the pains to prove them false." The reason why the conceited scientists fail to find out anything, he thinks perfectly obvious; it is because they assume that there is no force but what is material in existence, and they proceed in a spirit of contemptuousness rather than as patient and humble learners.

The pleasant spring, the joyous spring,
His course is onward now;
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And beauty on his brow;
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
And throbs along the main,
'T is stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain.

—*Cornelius Webbe.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

JULY, 1872.

ON NERVE AURA.

BY WILLIAM ANDERSON, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., EDIN.

To many of our readers, it may seem quite superfluous to discuss the probability of the existence of a nerve fluid or aura. But though for more than half a century the fact has been assumed by all conversant with the facts of mesmerism, it is still a moot point in orthodox physiology. Meantime, it is most unfashionable to believe in the existence of any such fluid; and the physiologist who expresses his faith in its reality, must expect to be ranked as mystical and favouring superstition. But facts are greater than authorities; and even the medical faculty has more than once decreed as non-existent and impossible that which did exist, and was therefore possible.

Many of the older physiologists taught the existence and supposed function of what they called a nervous fluid. They looked upon the brain, spinal cord, and nerve ganglia as so many glands for its secretion and storing; and they fancied that it was distributed by the various branches of the nerves, proceeding from the centre to the circumference. In fact, the physiologists of last century knew as much about the subject as those of the present day, notwithstanding the superior advantages we now possess.

In modern times, the subject has been discussed under various terms. Animal magnetism, mesmerism, vital magnetism, od force, nerve force, nerve influence, nerve aura, psychic force, have all been used in its designation. Quite recently, Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., has written a very interesting memoir on the subject, and christened it with the scientific-looking title of "nervous ether." Medical men have a great weakness for inventing new names for old ideas, and *improving* standard instruments,

under the hope of having their names identified with the innovation. A surgical instrument maker informed us lately, that a professor of midwifery called on him one day, and asked him to make a new form of forceps for him. He had no new idea, no improvement to suggest; he merely wished the maker to give some new twist or curve to the ordinary form, so that there might be a *difference*, and attach his name to them. This was accordingly done, and the professor's students were, of course, recommended to furnish themselves with the latest improvement! But it would be unjust to hint that Dr. Richardson had done nothing more for the subject under discussion than give it a new name. He stands deservedly high in medical science, and his writings will probably cause the question to be treated with a little more attention than it has hitherto received.

We question the propriety or utility of naming this fluid an "ether," seeing that this word is already used to designate a series of chemical compounds in common use, and to represent the undefined imponderable which is supposed to fill the space beyond our atmosphere. The term "nerve aura" has been in common use among mesmerists and those who have paid most attention to the subject, and is sufficiently explicit for our present knowledge. As "aura" means nothing more definite than an emanation or exhalation, it does not bind to any theory of the nature of the agent.

Why the existence of a nerve aura should be so generally denied by physiologists, we cannot understand, unless on the common materialistic grounds of denying everything which does not admit of the fullest proof to one or more of our coarser senses. We can find no argument suggesting that such an agent does not or should not exist. Many physiologists are with this as most atheists are in regard to man's immortality—they will not affirm that it does not exist, but think there is no proof of the affirmative.

The arguments in favour of the existence of such a fluid are, we think, conclusive and overwhelming. To those who have experimented in mesmerism, or who believe in the faculty of clairvoyance, the fact is accepted as beyond dispute. That a *something* travels along or through a nerve, is evident from the following facts. If a nerve be cut through, the parts beyond are injuriously affected, according to the size and importance of the nerve. Numbness and loss of sensation ensue, followed by other effects in course of time. Even though the parts are brought into apposition again, the function of the nerve is incompletely restored for a long time. Should a nerve be firmly pressed upon, the same result follows as in the cutting, though the evil effects may be more easily remedied. The well-known sensation of

numbness and tingling in the forearm and fingers felt after leaning on the elbow, results from one of the main nerves of the arm being pressed against the bone at the elbow-joint, where it is much exposed. If a nerve be laid bare, and artificially frozen, the same result ensues as if it had been cut or pressed. Each of these facts plainly indicates that an agent passes along the nerves, capable of being arrested at a point by pressure, cutting, or freezing the nerve-structure. The effects of pressure on a vein are not more sure; and the freezing seems to alter the structure so as to make the nerve a non-conductor, or else freezes the fluid and the nerve together. Though our ordinary vision fails to observe the cut end of the nerve "bleeding" its peculiar fluid, it would doubtless be apparent to the more spiritual sight of a clairvoyant.

Clairvoyants positively affirm that they see this magnetic fluid, as it is often termed, permeating our entire body, and emanating from the whole surface, but more especially from the finger tips and eyes. It is also present in our expired breath. According to their description, it seems to differ in its physical appearance and properties in different persons. In depraved individuals we have heard it described as dark looking, and emitting an unpleasant odour, which make the clairvoyant uncomfortable, though nothing could be detected by ordinary observers. In some the nerve aura is so luminous as to be apparent to ordinary mortals. One gentleman of our acquaintance, by passing his outspread hand over a dark background, can make his nerve aura quite visible to most people. In this fact we see a basis for the halo with which saints are generally represented.

No one who has personally experimented with mesmerism can doubt that a veritable fluid passes from his person to that of the party operated upon. It can be distinctly felt by many people, as a warm glow following the track of the operator's fingers. That this glow does not arise from the mere heat of the hand, and the gentle wafting of the air, is evident from the fact, which has been repeatedly noticed, that it is often felt while the surface of the hand is positively cold. While mesmerising, we have frequently made people shrink from our cold touch, though they felt a warm stream emanating from the fingers when held at a short distance off. Were the feeling dependent on mere animal heat, no warmth would be perceived while the extremities were below the normal temperature. The well known physical effects produced by mesmerising children, or persons asleep, or sitting in such a position as to be unaware of the actions of the operator, prove conclusively, we think, that a material agent passes from the one organism to that of the other.

The experiments with mesmerised water afford strong evidence

in favour of our theory. Thus, if the fingers be held pointed over a tumbler of plain cold water for some minutes, peculiar properties seem to be added to the water. With sensitive people, who have been previously mesmerised, the effect of drinking it is frequently to cause them to fall asleep; some it purges, while with others it acts as a powerful diuretic. All these effects have been produced without the parties who drank the water being aware that there was anything peculiar about it. A clairvoyant can instantly pick out a tumbler of water that has been mesmerised from a row of similar vessels containing simple water.

Various magnetoscopes, as they are termed, have been invented to prove to the eye that a fluid, capable of moving a delicate indicator, emanates from the human body. The recent experiments of Mr. Crookes with D. D. Home proved conclusively, that a force, capable of being registered by a balance, emanated from his person, differing entirely from muscular effort.

The natural healthy current of the fluid seems to be from the brain downwards. If passes are made from the trunk towards the head, the nerve current appears to be reversed, and vomiting not uncommonly results. There is no evidence that the fluid returns from the circumference to the centre, as in the case of the arterial system; so that there will be a continual radiation from the entire surface of the body, varying in intensity, according to many circumstances as yet but little understood.

The chemical composition and physical properties of this fluid are in the meantime chiefly conjectural; but there can be little doubt that it possesses weight and volume, is elastic, and affected by heat and cold, electricity, and, in fact, everything which we recognise as modifying our bodily or mental constitution. According to some experimenters, it would appear to resemble terrestrial magnetism in being bi-polar—the fluid emanating from the right side being positive and stimulating, while that from the left side is negative and soothing in its nature. That it can operate through thick solid substances, like magnetism, we have not the least doubt.

The source of this subtle fluid is most probably the blood. Seeing that the nerve fluid varies in different individuals, and with the same person at different times, and that the blood is the great nutrient stream of physical existence, it is most likely distilled, as it were, from it. As out-door exercise and full inspirations have been found especially conducive to strong mesmeric power, it is not all unlikely that it may be derived to some extent from the atmosphere, as well as from our food. There is good reason to doubt that the air we breathe is the simple mixture of gases usually represented by chemists. Just as the liver and kidneys select from the blood, as it passes through them, the particular

substances which they require, so we may suppose the brain and nerve centres withdraw from the same source the refined elements necessary for their peculiar function.

That the same fluid or principle exists in all animals, may be fairly presumed, doubtless differing in many respects, from the altered circumstances as to mode of life. The old practice, and which is not yet extinct, of rapidly killing an animal, and wrapping the warm hide round a diseased person, is no doubt founded on the fact of this vitalising agent existing in the skin, and capable of being transferred to another.

Once we clearly apprehend that our bodies are permeated by a subtle fluid or atmosphere, necessary to organic life, and under the control, to some extent, of our minds, we have a clue which wonderfully helps to clear up many of the mysteries of life. This agent is most probably the connecting link between our mental and muscular systems. Through its vibration sensation may be conveyed inwards to the mind. Being essential to organic life, it must act to a great extent involuntarily, like the circulation of the blood; but there can be no doubt that our wills can influence its flow in particular directions. Dr. Richardson thinks that pain is the result of rapid vibration of the nervous ether; that the pain which comes from a blow or a cut is excessive vibration, more than the brain can receive. Many of the so-called nervous diseases are no doubt due to alteration in the quality or disturbance of the equable flow of this mystic stream of life. Epileptic fits, and such like, the pathology of which is at present quite obscure, may be found to be storms, as it were, affecting this fluid, something analagous to the electrical disturbances of the atmosphere.

This inquiry has a special and most interesting bearing on the *modus operandi* of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. Spiritualists seem to be unanimous in the opinion, that the outside intelligences make use, in manifesting, of some peculiar emanation from the bodies of those forming the circle. That what we understand as a spirit can mould and direct this powerful, though occult force, is not difficult to believe when we know how much it may be concentrated and used for intelligent purposes by spirits still incarnate. It is well known that many mesmerists can control some of their subjects, physically and mentally to an extraordinary extent, and that, too, without coming into actual fleshly contact with them. That this is effected through the nerve aura of the operator acting on the nervous system of the subject, is all but certain. Now, if we can do this, it requires no great imagination to fancy that a disembodied spirit, acting through the agency of the nerve aura of a circle, may be able to control suitable subjects, termed mediums,

so that they shall act in accordance with the desire of the spiritual mesmerist. The spirit, in fact, would seem to entrance the medium, partially or entirely, by means of this nerve fluid, and then proceed, as in the mundane sphere, to use the organism of the subject as a mechanical contrivance for articulate speech or physical manifestation of any desired kind. In other cases, the control being less complete, the medium may be simply biassed to act or speak in a certain manner, his individuality not being entirely lost or hidden. As in ordinary mesmerism we frequently require to operate for a long time before we acquire control over a subject; so in what is termed mediumship, the party may require to sit regularly for a long period before he can be sufficiently entranced to produce any of the higher manifestations. Every spiritualist ought to study and experiment in mesmerism.

That this nerve aura extends beyond the circumference of the body to a considerable distance in some cases, and partakes of our individuality, may explain the fact which has often been observed, that some sensitive people can tell of the approach of particular individuals, though they are a good way off, unseen, and unexpected. That it is through this emanation the blood-hound can trace its victim, is highly probable. The runaway slave unconsciously leaves his occult track, tread he ever so lightly. It cannot arise from his perspiration lying on the ground, as boots would prevent that, though they cannot prevent the exudation of the more ethereal sweat of his nervous system.

Most of us have observed, what is usually regarded as a mere coincidence, that, while in company with an intimate friend, we find on mentioning some fact that he has just been about to express the same idea, although it might be a most unlikely thing for him to be thinking about. This occurs too often, we think, to be explained by the stale coincidence theory. Have we not in our subject a more likely explanation? May not our nerve aura be tinged by our mental, as well as our physical peculiarities? May not our mind so impress its stamp on this subtle yet material agent, that a properly qualified sensitive or clairvoyant can read it as we coarser mortals can read the more tangible caligraphy of the thinker?

Possibly we have in this nerve aura a glimmering of the cause of those intense likes and dislikes which we feel for certain persons, irrespective of any known reason. May there not be in our neural emanations a magnetic fitness which draws us with irresistible force to a particular person, uninfluenced by our notions of physical beauty or mental loveliness? Any suggestion must be acceptable, especially to our fair readers, which tends to throw the slightest ray of light on that vexed question—What is love?

But we must curb our imagination. The ideas suggested by the above inquiry are innumerable, and may prove a fruitful field for future investigators. Meantime, we would strongly urge more extended experiments on the subject. Experimental mesmerism has been sadly neglected since the spiritual phenomena became popular; and to careful mesmeric investigations we look chiefly for an elucidation of our subject. Professor Laycock, of Edinburgh, does not overrate its importance when he "considers mesmeric phenomena as being destined to lay the foundation for a complete revolution in metaphysics and mental philosophy."

THE POETRY OF PROGRESS.

GERALD MASSEY'S TALE OF ETERNITY.

SECOND NOTICE.

In our former paper we pointed out that Mr. Massey, under the guise of a ghost story, with accessories founded on fact, had, in a most clear and philosophical manner, indicated the principles of Spirit intercourse; the consequences of crime; the social and physical conditions producing criminals; the fact and mission of guardian Spirits; phases of clairvoyance and other psychological phenomena, the investigation of which is so strikingly characteristic of the age now dawning amongst us. The whole poem is a perfect mine of psychological or spiritual truth—a valuable contribution to the Natural History of Man on the Spiritual plane of being. The communicating Spirit, who takes such a leading part in the poem, is made to give the following experiences of death:—

"I've known a follower of the strictest faith,
Whose dead religion rested on a death,
And frequent praying in the market-place,
With proclamation of his private grace;
Who sat among the loftiest Self-Elect,
But had not learned through life to walk erect—
Strait-waistcoated in stoney Pieties—
And when Death came—the Iconoclast who frees—
He could not stand without their rigid stay.
The Maker's image had but stamped the clay.
On earth he wore the mask of Man awhile,
But when the Searchers, with their slow, calm smile,
Had stripped him, the soul shrank from man's disguise:
It fled, and fell, and wriggled reptile-wise."

A similar picture is drawn of

"The slaves of luxury,
Who loll at ease and live deliciously;

I've seen them in a pleasure-seeking group,
At Death's low door with mock-politeness stoop,
And wantonly they went, nodding the head,
As though to lightsome music they were led:
Heedless and merry madcaps came before
The awful gate, as 'twere a Play-house door.
It opened, and the darlings entered in
As to the secret Paradise of Sin!
But in a moment what a change there was.
In front of them there rose a mocking glass
In place of drop-scène—this was not a Play—
In which they stared, and could not turn away,
But still stared on in silence, one and all,
To see their finery fade, their feathers fall;
In which grim moulting of the plumes of pride
They had to lay all ornaments aside;
And on the face of every Woman and Man,
Like wet paint on a mask, the colours ran;
The skin grew writhled, and within the head
Their eyes look'd like grey ghosts of hopes long dead."

In the Spirit World a man begins to "see himself as others see him," where he enters on a new career more active, engrossing, and consciously real than earth life—

"The dim world of the dead is all alive:
All busy as the bees in summer hive;
More living than of old; a life so deep,
To you its swifter motion looks like sleep."

As to his condition in that inner world, it is stated:—

"Man is the wrestling-place of Heaven and Hell,
Where, foot to foot, Angel and Devil dwell,
With both attractions drawing him. This gives
The perfect poise in which his freedom lives.
. . . . . .
Each impure nature has its parasites,
That live and revel in unclean delights."

In this strain, Part V. gives a theory of the relations between erring humans and their coadjutors in Spirit-life, drawing vivid pictures of the perils those run who overstep the divine law of use in the exercise of their animal natures. This section closes with the following:—

"The Devil is no more the single soul
Of that first Murderer; it is the whole
Vast aggregate of evil spirits lost;
The cruel wreckers on that hell-bound coast.
Just as the person of the Holy Ghost
May mean the presence of a heavenly Host!
Or, as ye say, one spirit moves them when
One cry awakens from ten thousand men."

As the last Part was devoted to a discussion of the Devil, or evil influences, so is Part VI. set apart for the consideration of the opposite side of universal being. It opens thus:—

"This world is not the Devil's merry-go-round.
The Angels of the Lord are ever found
Encamped about the soul that looks to Him:
They are an inner lamp when all is dim.

. . . . . .

Not that the Blessëd leave their happy seat
When they draw near ye upon silent feet:
They do not need to thread their starry way
Through worlds of night, or wilderness of day.
Spirit to Spirit hath not far to run,
Because in God all souls are verily one
Throughout all worlds! There are no walls of Space
Where all eternity is dwelling-place.

Distance is nothing in the world of Thought;
And in the world of Spirit it is nought.
You hear of dying men whose souls have been
Present with distant friends; most surely seen
Before the breathing ceased; for they were there
In Thought so fixed, intense, that, on the air,
Their lineaments the utter yearning wrought,
In spiritual apparition of their thought,
Till they grew visible. This Murderer dwells
In Spirit where his Thought is—hottest Hell's
For him where his infernal deed was done!

. . . . . .

Spirits may touch you, being, as you would say,
A hundred thousand million miles away.

. . . . . .

A luminiferous ether of the soul
Pervades the universe, and makes the whole
Vast realm of Being one; all breathing breath
Of the same life that is fulfilled in death."

This is the "great Harmonia" of A. J. Davis. Our temptation to quote further is almost irresistible. Here is a graphic view of popular Theology, supplemented by a more spiritual conception of deity:

"God, the Creator, doth not sit aloof,
As in a picture painted on the roof,
Occasionally looking down from thence.
He is all presence and all providence;

. . . . . .

I, who am here, his Messenger, to-night,
But bring that presence to a point in light.
We are the agencies, the living laws,
Whereby Creation is eternal Cause."

The relations of the Creative Spirit to his creation is very fully set forth:

"So Man is fed by God and lives in Him;
Not merely nourished by his rootage dim
In a far Past; a dead world underground,
But spirit to spirit reaches Heaven all round.

. . . . . .

Not in one primal man before the Fall
Did God set life a-breathing once for all.

He is the breath of life from first to last;
He liveth in the Present as the Past."

The current of Theological teaching is reversed in the following admonition:

"Look up as Children of the Light, and see
That ye are bound FOR immortality,
Not passing FROM it. Heirs of Heaven ye,
Not Exiles. God reverses human growth
For Spirits; they go ripening toward youth
For ever.
. . . . . .
God hath been gradually forming Man
In His own image since the world began,
And is for ever working on the soul,
Like Sculptor on his Statue, till the whole
Expression of the upward life be wrought
Into some semblance of the Eternal Thought."

With such other teachings from the communicating spirit the section closes, and with it the parting admonition of the angelic guardian:

"Lean nearer to the Heart that beats thro' night:
Its curtain of the dark your veil of Light,
Peace Halcyon-like to perfect Faith is given,
And it can float on a reflected Heaven
Surely as Knowledge that doth rest at last
Isled on its 'ATOM' in the unfathomed vast
Life-ocean, heaving thro' the infinite,
From out whose dark the shows of being flit,
In flashes of the climbing wave's white crest;
Some few a moment luminous o'er the rest."

The concluding section is occupied with the poet's reflections on the visions of the night, the ruling thought of which thus finds expression:

"Dear God, it seems to me that Love must be
The Missionary of Eternity!
Must still find work, in worlds beyond the grave,
So long as there's a single soul to save;
Must, from the highest heaven, yearn to tell
Thy message; be the Christ to some dark hell;
That all divergent lines at length will meet
To make the clasping round of Love complete;
The rift 'twixt Sense and Spirit will be healed,
Ere the Redeemer's work be crowned and sealed;
Evil shall die like dung about the root
Of Good, or climb converted into fruit!
The discords cease, and all their strife shall be
Resolved in one vast peaceful harmony;
That all these accidents of Time and breath
Shall bear no black seal of a Second Death;
That, freed from burning heats that burn in Time,
The lost *Black Race* shall whiten in that clime:
All blots of error bleached in Heaven's sight;
All life's perplexing colours lost in light:

That Thou hast power to work out every stain,
That purifying is the end of Pain;
And, waking, we shall know what we but dream
Dimly, that punishment is to redeem;
And here, or There, the penitent thrill must leaven
The earthiest soul and wing it toward Heaven;
That when the Angel-Reapers shall upsheave
The harvest, Angel-Gleaners will not leave
One least small grain of good—and there are none
So evil but some precious germ lives on—
The grimiest gutter crawling by the way
Still hath its reflex of the face of Day—
And all the seeds divine foredoomed by fate
To bear blind blossoms here shall germinate
And have another chance, in other place,
Where tears of gratitude and dews of grace
Shall warm and quicken to the feeblest root,
Till in Thy garden they are ripe for fruit."

We think we have quoted sufficient to indicate that "A Tale of Eternity" does not belie its name, and that it is the most extraordinary poem of the age. We grant that productions might be cited bearing higher merits of a purely imaginative and poetical kind; but to our mind such would be demerits which we see indications of being expunged from poetry. Mr. Massey's task is so natural, earnest, and rich in the grandest thought and purest feeling, that it must have been to him a labour of ineffable delight to produce it. Compared with the paganish superstition of the Theological Colleges and the dark materialism of the halls of science, the poet sheds a flood of light upon humanity ages in advance of the two forms of thought just referred to. And here is the true mission of the Poet and the hope of Humanity. Ever ahead, and still within sight, the child of genius is the visible finger of God leading his children in the exercise of the higher faculties of their being.

It has been an unmingled source of pleasure for us to observe that by his recent lectures in St. George's Hall, Mr. Massey has entirely thrown off all parable, and in the most unmistakable manner indicated the real tendency of this great poem—too far advanced, indeed, for the popular appreciation. His lectures are only another version of "A Tale of Eternity"—the same theme, the same facts, very much augmented; the same philosophy and the same conclusions, enforced with a multitude of auxiliary considerations bearing on the present aspects of thought. There has been a loud outcry for these lectures in a printed form, but as Mr. Massey is likely to re-deliver them many times during the next twelve months, they will not be given to the world in a book at present. Meanwhile, those who are impatient cannot do better than possess themselves of the volume from which we have so freely quoted.

A FRAGMENT ON EDUCATION.

THE eye enables us to gather together an immense number of facts in the mind, but these will be of little comparative value unless we exercise our thoughts upon them. Having learned to see, we ought to learn to think. And one of the best means for learning to think is universally acknowledged to be mathematics. The Greeks estimated this study so highly that they called it *the learning*, as the word mathematics, which we have borrowed from them, signifies. And Plato wrote above the threshold of his philosophical school—"Let no one unskilled in geometry enter here." At Cambridge, until late years, the University course consisted almost exclusively of mathematics; and, judging by the list of great men which that University has reared, who can doubt their efficiency as an instrument of education. Applied mathematics are the basis of many sciences. Not a step can be taken in astronomy, mechanics, or optics, without them, and their aid is extremely valuable even in chemistry. But it is not their practical utility which has given them so prominent a place in education. The majority of those who pursue this study do so simply for the sake of mental training. Treatises on mathematics are emphatically *school-books*, and, so to speak, few in number. A Cambridge-man may be a senior wrangler (as it is called), or attain the highest mathematical honours the University can confer upon him, and only have two or three books in his library. Hastily passing over this section, therefore, we come to the most comprehensive class of educational books—those which treat of the science of language, and enable us to read and speak, as well as think aright.

One-half of the larger schools in England are grammar-schools established at the Reformation for teaching the science of language, and that time which is not spent by the scholars over arithmetic, or the elements of geometry, is devoted to Latin and Greek. And why, it may be asked, should so much attention be given to these dead languages beyond all others. I will say a word or two on each. As to Greek, it is *in itself* the most perfect of languages. It is richer in its vocabulary than any other, our own alone excepted, which is a composite of many dialects, Greek among the rest. And I imagine that the best judges would maintain that even English is not to be compared to Greek for beauty and refinement. A language, however, is chiefly valuable for the treasures of thought which it contains; and three hundred years ago the literature of Greece was worth all other literatures put together. Even to this day, after all that England, France, and Germany have accomplished in the way of thought, the philosophy and poetry of Greece possess a

worth and beauty quite peculiar to themselves. Moreover, during the first three centuries of the Christian era (that epoch when the religion of Christ was purest and strongest), not the New Testament only, but all the best writings of the Christian Church, were Greek. When we consider further that the minds of some of the best writers, even in modern times, have been formed on Grecian models, and that to appreciate them fully we need to know something of their masters, we have quite sufficient reasons for the learning or teaching of Greek, whenever that is possible. But the task is not an easy one, requiring five or six years' diligent application to be accompanied with profit. The labour spent upon Greek by the mass of boys in grammar schools is almost purely wasted.

With Latin, however, the case is very different. To a knowledge of Latin too much importance can scarcely be attached. In the first place, without a knowledge of that language any accurate acquaintance with our own is quite impossible. More than one-fourth of our English words are of Latin origin; and no one who is unversed in the study of words can comprehend the clearness of thought and keen enjoyment which often results from tracing a word to its derivation. Through this process, a long, dry, dictionary word (as children might call it) suddenly changes into a picture—becomes almost a poem in itself. Take for example the very word derivation, just used. This comes from the Latin *rivus*, a river, a stream. To be derived from anything is to flow from it, as a river from its source. To a person knowing this (*i.e.*, to everybody knowing Latin), the word derivation is dry no longer, but living and picturesque. This is an illustration—but what is *illustration?* It is Latin too, and signifies a throwing light upon a matter.

But to return. If to an accurate knowledge of English, acquaintance with Latin is indispensable, it is even yet more necessary in the study of French, Italian, Portuguese, and Spanish. Latin is the foundation and staple of each of these. And Latin not only aids in attaining a knowledge of these Romance languages, as they are called—it helps us also in the *grammar* of our own and every other tongue. In Latin sentences and forms of words, there is a stiffness and precision which makes them better fitted than any other for teaching grammar, and for contributing to clearness of thought by promoting clearness of expression. Ancient Roman literature is certainly not so valuable as the Greek—not, indeed, comparable to it; but still there is a vast accumulation of thought dressed up in Latin vocables. It stands to reason that there must be, when we consider that for one thousand years, say from the year 500 to 1500, all the books worth reading, with very few exceptions, were written in

Latin. What better book, then, can we put in the hands of school-boys than a Latin grammar? French and German will probably, year by year, displace the Greek; but nothing can ever supersede the use of Latin. S. E. B.

RE-INCARNATION.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

SIR,—If the article published, in the current number of *Human Nature*, under the heading of "*Remarks on Miss Anna Blackwell's Papers on Re-incarnation*," had dealt only with the Theoretic views set forth in those Papers, I should have left it, as I have left all the other objections previously called forth by them, to be disposed of by the reasoning of my forthcoming book, in which those views will be presented with the completeness of argument, and with the conveniences for examination and reference, indispensable to the due consideration of so vast a subject.

But the article in question makes the following assertion:—"As expounded by the Allan Kardec School, re-incarnation is AVOWEDLY *a spiritual revelation, rather than a logical conclusion*" . . . "it is taught on the *authority of* spirits" . . . and its exponents only "occasionally condescend to *reason;*" and to this extraordinary mis-statement—not of a point of doctrine, but—of a matter of fact, viz., *the intellectual standpoint* of the School I represent, I beg to oppose the most unqualified denial; a denial justified equally by the entire tenor and by the express declarations of the Papers alluded to, as will be seen from the following quotations from those Papers themselves:—

"A Religious Theory, in order to command the assent of the world of to-day, must afford, on the one hand, in regard to the mode of the Divine Action in the evolution of the phenomena of the Universe, *an approximate indication in harmony with the scientific data already arrived at*, and must, on the other hand, satisfy our sense of justice by demonstrating the existence of a Providential Plan embracing in its scope not merely the destiny of the human race, but that of all the other creatures that people the globe, *explaining and justifying all the facts of our chequered life* as elements of a harmonious and beneficent Whole, and *convincing our reason* of the existence, for every sentient being, of possibilities of indefinite development in knowledge, purity, power, and happiness, vast enough, and splendid enough, to satisfy the boundless aspirations of a duration that will have no

end. . . . . The disciples of the Spiritist School believe that the *foundation* of such a theory has been laid through the instrumentality of THE DILIGENT SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH whose views have already commanded the assent of tens of thousands of earnest minds; a theory in harmony with the *mental* and moral needs of the age, and which—*already more fully elucidated by other* SEEKERS *for whom he has opened the road, and destined to be progressively developed by* DISCOVERERS IN THE FIELD OF NATURAL SCIENCE . . . *and by yet higher spirit-teaching*—will gradually rally the intelligence of the world to the grand conception of a unitary destiny for all created beings, to be worked out by each individual for itself, through the gradual unfolding of the capabilities latent in its nature, under the action of the influences brought to bear upon it by the varied discipline of existence." . . . "Faithful to his two leading convictions in regard to spirit-communications, viz., that, *Truth being necessarily consistent with itself, spirit-teaching, if true, must be in harmony with the discoveries of natural science,* and that, whenever the time has come, in the order of Providential development, for the enunciation of any law of spirit-life, such law will probably be proclaimed by the simultaneous testimony of a vast number of intelligent spirits, any new idea thus transmitted to him was duly taken note of, and was then laid aside until subsequent communications should have confirmed or invalidated it. *And it was only when any novel statement had been thus corroborated by numerous spontaneous communications from various quarters, and elucidated from various points of view,* that he admitted it as an integral element of the theory thus gradually built up, and *any portion of which he always held himself ready* TO MODIFY OR TO REJECT, *if the progress of scientific discovery, or subsequent spirit-communications, should be found to militate against its* PROBABILITY. Moreover, the works of Allan Kardec, though constituting the *basis and starting-point* of the Spiritist Philosophy, have already been followed by a number of other treatises—*due, in part, to instructions mediumistically received,* IN PART TO HUMAN RESEARCHES AND INVESTIGATIONS *prompted by those hints from the other side*—still further elucidating the views in question, by carrying, into other fields of thought, the application of the principles laid down in the Kardec books, and *causing, in regard to the latter, the partial modifications which necessarily result from the ulterior development of any fundamental teaching.* . . . The future papers of the present series will therefore aim at giving a general idea of the views already arrived at through the *wide-spread* ENQUIRY *inaugurated by Allan Kardec, and still going actively forward among his disciples.*" . . .

"The contradictory views expressed by spirits, and ranging, as

we know, from the most rigid orthodoxy to Atheism, *conclusively prove (what all analogy would lead us to expect) that there is no visible and absolute standard of truth in the spirit-world, any more than in this world;* and that spirits, who are only the souls of men and women from whom the outer garment of flesh has fallen away, retain, for a longer or shorter time after their return into the spirit-world, the ideas, modes of thought, and even the prejudices, they have taken away with them. . . . The fact that medianimic communications are thus contradictory in their tenour, and therefore *cannot* all be literally and absolutely true, should lead us to admit that *there is no 'Royal road' to the knowledge of our Universal relations, any more than to that of our Material relations; that the mere circumstance of its medianimic origin is no proof of the truth of any statement or theory;* that consequently . . . *it is* ONLY *by an unprejudiced and careful comparison of the scope and tendency of these various communications with one another, with the dictates of* REASON, *and with the indications of Positive Science, that we can ascertain what is true, and what is erroneous, in the mass of these communications,* . . . . and that, therefore, while a great diversity of opinions and statements, on the part of the spirits around us, is to be looked for as inevitable, . . . THE ONLY TEST *of the truth or probability of the various theories put forth by spirits must necessarily be, as in the case of our own human guesses,* THEIR INTRINSIC REASONABLENESS, *their conformity with the tenour of scientific discovery in the other fields of* NATURAL ENQUIRY, *the amount of light they may throw on the problems of existence, and the nature of the influence they are calculated to exert on the heart, intellect, and action, of those who hold them."* (*H. N.* for February, 1870, pp. 58, 59, 67, 68, 71; October, 1870, p. 447.)

Could any repudiation of "spiritual *authority*," any assertion of the necessity of making the reception of spirit-teaching conditional on, and co-operative with, the teachings of Reason, of Science, and of Fact, be clearer, more explicit, more absolute than that contained in the foregoing extracts?

Statements to the same effect might be multiplied, to any extent, from the recognised writings of the Spiritist School; while the most minute examination would fail to detect the existence of a single sentence expressive of a contrary opinion.

In thus making a rectification imperatively called for in the interest of truth, I gladly note the indications afforded, by the article in question, of a tendency, on the part of its lamented Author, to the acceptance of the great doctrine which I have shown to be inculcated by all the "Bibles" of our planet, by its most eminent thinkers, and by the entire teaching of the Advanced Spirit who came "*in fashion as a man*" to show us the true nature of human

rehabilitation; and I close this reply with another quotation from the papers alluded to, as one which may unite the sympathies of all earnest seekers, who—however widely we may differ at present on points of doctrine—will doubtless agree with me that, "WHILE REFUSING TO SPIRIT-TEACHING, AS TO HUMAN TEACHING, ANY OTHER AUTHORITY THAN THAT RESULTING FROM ITS INTRINSIC REASONABLENESS, we may none the less admit that the HYPOTHESIS which most clearly demonstrates the Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness of the Creator in the various realms of Nature, which offers the broadest, noblest, most coherent view of life and duty, affords the most rational and consolatory explanation of the sufferings and sorrows of our present phase of existence, prompts to the largest and most active charity, supplies the highest incentives to the exercise of all our faculties up to the latest moment of our lives, strips Death most thoroughly of its terrors, and opens up the brightest and most sublime perspectives beyond the grave, must be, at least, THE NEAREST TO THE TRUTH."—(*H. N.* for Feb., 1870, p. 71).

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANNA BLACKWELL.

PARIS, June 10, 1872.

ATTRACTION, GRAVITATION, AND PLANETARY MOTION.*

THE views presented in this paper will be found to clash violently with some opinions which we have all inherited from our forefathers; for, undoubtedly, we do inherit scientific opinions upon the same principle as we do religious dogmas, and we hold to them almost as tenaciously; indeed, hereditary errors in science or religion are, perhaps, as difficult to eradicate from the *mind* as hereditary diseases from the *body*, and an attack upon either produces pain and inconvenience, and instinctive resistance. We are well aware, therefore, that the position we shall take up is calculated to generate a feeling of strong antagonism in the minds of many readers, wherein probably the hereditary theories respecting Attraction, Gravitation, and Planetary Motion have never been seriously assailed. We do not expect to satisfy any person, or to bring any over to our views in one short lecture; the most we can hope to do, and that we are well aware in a very imperfect manner, is to produce such data and arguments as will enable our readers to work out the various points to their ultimate satisfaction. We ask, therefore, for a patient and indulgent hearing, and we do hope to convince

* A paper, read by Mr. T. Grant to the Mid Kent Natural History and Philosophical Society at Maidstone, on Friday evening, January 26th, 1872.

some that the objections to Sir Isaac Newton's theories are *real* and *weighty*, and that the theories which we shall offer in their place, however imperfect, are at least worthy of serious consideration.

In the motions of the heavenly bodies, Sir Isaac Newton observed that the various members of our solar system have a definite influence upon each other, which influence he carefully measured under various circumstances, and from the facts thus ascertained, he concluded that there is a tendency in all bodies, freely floating in space, to *attract* each other.

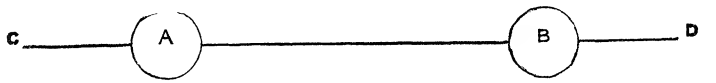
This force of *attraction* he considers to be universal in all bodies; and that it is the attraction of the Earth which causes heavy bodies to fall or *gravitate* towards the Earth's centre. He supposes the tides to be caused by the attraction of the Moon, which, he thinks, *draws* the water and atmosphere towards it into a heap; and that spring-tides are caused by the additional attraction of the Sun. Yet he rather inconsistently calculates that the combined attraction of the Sun and Moon together at the surface of the Earth is 2,032,890 times less than the force of *gravity*, or Earth's attraction, and 500 times less than what is required sensibly to increase or diminish the weight of any body in the most delicate balance; and that, in regard to terrestrial objects, the force of attraction is too insignificant to be sensible to the most delicate instruments; thus, he states, that "a mountain, of a hemispherical figure, three miles high and six broad, will not, by its attraction, draw the pendulum two minutes out of the true perpendicular; and it is only in the great bodies of the planets that these forces are to be perceived." His theory of the tides is beset with difficulties. If any one can go so far as to suppose that a *solid body* can be *drawn* by another solid body towards it, as Newton suggests, a much greater effort is needed to imagine such a force acting upon the air and the water, so as to draw them up into a heap. We know of nothing analogous to this; and then Sir Isaac fails at all reasonably to explain how it is that, when the fluids rise towards the Moon, they also rise equally on the opposite side of the Earth, the part most remote from the Moon. And, again, when he supposes the spring-tides to be caused by the combined action of the Sun and Moon when in a line, he does not perceive the inconsistency of spring-tides occurring equally when the Earth is between the sun and moon, for then, by his theory, the tides ought to be unusually low, as the Sun and Moon are then pulling against each other.

It is evident that the other forms of so-called "Attraction," such as the aggregating together of corks in a tub of water, or bubbles in a tea-cup, electricity, magnetism, cohesion, capillary attraction, chemical affinity, &c., must be attributed to other causes, those forces being far too great to be accounted for upon Newton's hypothesis of universal attraction.

It appears that Newton himself felt great doubt as to the nature of this apparently attractive force, and he preferred to call it a

centripetal force, as being a more cautious term, for he expressly writes—"I say nothing about the nature or quality of this force," what it is, where it is, or how it is, "but our purpose is only to trace out the quantity and properties of this force from the phenomena, and to apply what we discover in some simple cases, as principles, by which, in a mathematical way, we may estimate the effects thereof in more involved cases." "We said *in a mathematical way*, to avoid all questions about the nature or quality of this force, which we would not be understood to determine by any hypothesis; and therefore call it by the general name of a centripetal force, which is directed towards some centre; and as it regards more particularly a body in that centre, we call it circum-solar, circum-terrestrial, circum-jovial," &c.

His followers, however, do not seem to have inherited his caution, or to entertain any doubts that this centripetal force *really* resides in the body which *appears* to exert it; they teach, indeed, that every mass or body of matter exerts a direct attractive force upon every other mass, in proportion to the relative quantities of matter, which force decreases as the square of the distance from each other.



Thus it is said, that two quiescent bodies as A and B in the above diagram, left to themselves, would exert a pulling force upon each other, exactly proportioned to their respective weights, that would bring them together in times inversely as the square of the distance apart.

Now the position we take up is *that there is no such force in nature as attraction*, and, without denying any of Newton's *facts*, we say that those facts are to be explained and accounted for in a different way, and that whenever any two celestial bodies approach each other, it is not by virtue of any attractive force exerted by them upon each other, but of an *outside* force to which both are subject. We say that all other forms of so-called attraction must be accounted for on the same principle of an *exterior* force. We assert that the idea that a force issuing out of A in the direction of B should have the effect of drawing B to A is illogical; it contradicts and refutes itself. One can understand that a force pent up in A, if discharged in the direction of B, might *repulse* B, and propel it in the direction of D; but to suppose that a force can issue forth and draw back at the same time, is surely playing fast and loose with nature in a manner perfectly inadmissible. For A, therefore, to approach B, the force moving it—or, if more than one force, then the resultant of the combined forces—must come from the side C, in the direction of C A.

When we rub a piece of sealing-wax upon our coat-sleeve, and hold it over some pieces of thin paper, why do they rise up to the

wax? Can it be that a force goes out of the wax and returns, bringing the paper back with it?—for that would be attraction. We cannot surely suppose that to be the case. We are aware that the nature of electric currents is not yet determined, and we think, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, we are justified in concluding that, in this experiment, the pieces of paper are carried or driven up to the wax by a current proceeding from the table, which expands to fill up a want, or vacuum (if I may thus apply the word) in the wax, caused by the rubbing. For instance, we have observed when sheep are killed by lightning under a tree, that wool from the sheep is sometimes carried up into the body and branches of the tree. Now, can we suppose that the downward flash kills the sheep, and afterwards returns with the wool upwards into the tree? Is it not evident rather that it is the current from the earth that kills the sheep, and rushing upwards to meet the downward current, carries up the wool with it in its course? So, when a house is struck we have seen stoves forced out of their setting into the room, and the putty and paint forced outwards from all the nail-holes on the doors and wood-work, proving incontestably that these effects were produced, not by the electric current from the clouds, but by the electricity from the earth pressing forth through various conductors to meet the downward current on the roof of the cottage, where the explosion actually occurred, setting fire to the thatch.

Lightning conductors, therefore, do not conduct the fluid in the clouds down into the Earth as most persons suppose, but they conduct the Earth-current up into the cloud where the discharge takes place, in preference to the neighbourhood of the buildings lower down.

In the instance of the barometer, we do not say it is the vacuum that *attracts* the quicksilver up the tube, but rather that the weight of the air upon the other end *forces* the metal up.

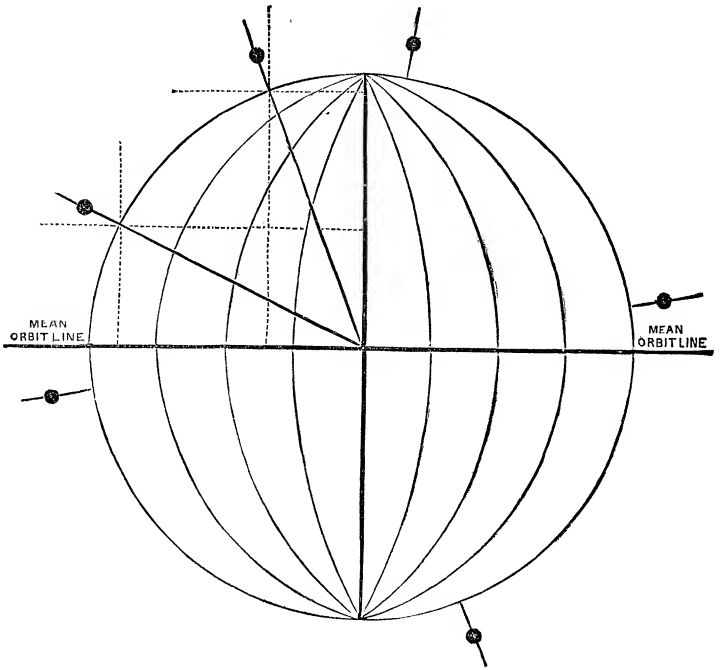
Sir Richard Phillips is the authority we principally rely upon. The name is, perhaps, little known to most persons in the present day, but he was a powerful mathematician, and an author of great talent. The most popular of his works is "The Million of Facts," which, although now superseded by more recent works of a similar kind, was stereotyped, and had a large sale for a long period.

The idea of the Earth's attraction being the cause of gravity is commonly said to have been suggested to Sir Isaac Newton by seeing an apple fall from a tree, and, speculating upon the cause, he came to the conclusion that it was drawn downwards by a pulling force residing in the Earth. If, however, the apple had been a light ball of hydrogen gas, it would, on leaving the tree, have risen upwards, and then he might have imagined the attractive force to have resided somewhere in the heavens; and even if he could have seen the apple fall down a well sufficiently deep, he would have found that, after descending a certain distance, it would fall no longer, but finding the air of equal density with itself, it would float therein

without approaching any nearer to the so-called "centre of gravity."

Sir Richard Phillips, who maintains that ALL FORCE IS MOTION, has most clearly and convincingly proved that gravitation is caused by the two principal motions of the Earth, acting diagonally towards the centre—as may be seen in the following diagram.

CENTRIPETATION IN ALL POSITIONS, THE RESULT OF THE TWO CHIEF MOTIONS OF THE EARTH.



The circle and longitudinal lines represent the Earth with axis and poles.

The extension of Equator, its mean orbit line round the Sun.

The round elevated marks are heavy bodies falling towards the Earth's centre.

The dotted lines are the cosines and sines of the latitude: horizontal, showing the direction of the rotary force ; perpendicular, of the collapsing orbicular force, the combination producing the resultant diagonal central motions shown by the sloping lines.

As the rotary force near the poles is reduced to almost nothing, and the collapsing force or tendency to condense down to the line of orbit motion is greatly in excess, the effect is to flatten the poles to the extent of about fourteen miles at each pole.

Bodies moving rapidly in a straight line have a tendency to become elongated; broad in front, and trailing out to a point; if simply revolving like a mill-stone, the tendency is to fly off from the centre in a tangent; but the two forces combined produce a centripetal tendency, all free bodies ranging themselves, in spherical strata, in that precise position from the centre, where the velocity is exactly proportional to the density.

Thus, in the foregoing diagram, heavy objects towards the poles centripetate, or fall towards the centre, because they seek the direction or plane of orbicular force at the equator, and those near the equator do the same, because the common force which carries round an equal bulk of the atmosphere in which they are situated, will not carry them with equal velocity, and they fall towards the centre, until they arrive at a velocity of rotation with which the common force is able to carry them. Hence the orbicular force acts on a falling body as the latitude; and the rotary force *inversely* as the latitude—both combining, so as to produce a definite result as the phenomena of centripetation, or aggregation in planetary masses.

What is called Gravitation is therefore the resultant of these two forces, the direction of which is in a line through the Earth's centre; every portion of the upper surface of bodies heavier than the atmosphere being subjected to the constant play of these two forces *in sloping rays*, if we may be allowed the expression, as may be observed in the diagram. The perpendicular dotted lines representing the rays of force due to the orbit motion of the Earth round the Sun, and the rays due to the rotary motion of the Earth on its axis, being shown by the horizontal dotted lines.

When a third force is added, as in the spinning of a gyroscope,* you will see the line of gravity is changed, and the instrument, instead of falling towards the Earth's centre, moves horizontally around its pedestal, which direction is the resultant of the *three* motions. The balancing of the bicycle and of a hoop in motion, and many other common phenomena of motion, may, we think, be explained on similar principles.

The making of small shot is, perhaps, a good and familiar illustration of planetary centripetal force. The molten lead is poured through a colander with fine holes, and allowed to fall from a high tower into a tub of water at the bottom; in the fall, it is supposed that most of the shots acquire a rotary motion on their axes, caused probably by the force of their downward motion acting sideways upon each other through the medium of the air. The two motions, viz., the downward and rotary motions acting against each other, centripetate, and produce the globular shape. It is supposed that

---

* The Gyroscope is now a common toy, it is a kind of double top, consisting of a metallic disk, which spins within a thick metal ring, having a knob or hook which, when the top is in motion, is placed on the summit of a pedestal, around which the instrument revolves in a horizontal position, apparently indifferent to the "laws of gravity."

drops of rain are globular from the same cause. Those shots which do not revolve are elongated, and have to be separated by rolling the shots down an inclined plane.

It appears to us that what is called *Capillary* attraction may be accounted for by the partial interception of these rays of force acting upon the atmosphere; thus, if we place an end of a small tube in water, the surface of the water in the tube will be found to stand higher than that outside, and the narrower the tube, the higher the water rises, because the rays of force are more completely intercepted. If a flat piece of glass be dipped in the water edgewise, the water immediately rises up on both sides against the glass, because some of the rays of force are intercepted on either side of the glass; if we hold the glass horizontally, and place a drop of water upon the under surface, it will adhere, all the rays of force being thus intercepted; if then we gradually bring the glass into a perpendicular position, so that some of the rays of force can bear upon it, the drop will run off.

On the principle here advanced, it is evident that those liquids of greatest specific gravity will rise highest in capillary tubes, because the two motions of the Earth exert a greater downward force upon them in proportion to their weight, and there could be no capillary force at all exerted upon a fluid as light as the air. Accordingly, by experiment, we find that whilst water will rise in a tube 604-1000ths of an inch, alcohol in the same tube will only rise 238-1000ths, and ether 213-1000ths. Perhaps nothing has puzzled philosophers more than to account for "capillary attraction," and we believe no satisfactory explanation has hitherto been offered.

The other forms of so-called "*Attraction*" are more or less, if not entirely, of a magnetic character—electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, &c. These phenomena, we have no doubt, all depend upon an exterior force, or forces, acting in accordance with the laws of polarity. There are many indications that a constant flow or circulation of magnetic currents is going on through the Earth, and also through the atmosphere; the latter currents are sometimes visible in the shape of the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, and the former direct the magnetic needle or compass. The atoms which compose iron, appear to be capable of polarisation in a manner suitable to the flow through it of this universal magnetic current. The magnet does not *attract* iron, nor does iron *attract* the the magnet, but both are *driven* towards each other by the active fluid in which they exist. There can be no doubt that these magnetic and electric currents are forces capable of being utilised to an unlimited extent, and we believe, when we have acquired a more perfect knowledge of their nature, we shall find that like other forces they result from the friction caused by the motions of the Earth and atmosphere; indeed, our vast revolving globe may not inaptly be regarded as a monster electrical machine.

As we have seen, according to Sir Richard Phillips, that the two

principal motions of the Earth cause all matter therein to tend towards that precise point, or stratum, where its density will exactly balance the combined forces, at which point gravity ceases, it becomes evident, that the centripetal tendency of all heavy bodies must have a limit, and cease not many hundred miles below the Earth's surface; for, although we cannot say how far matter is capable of compression, we do not suppose any matter exists very much denser or heavier than the heaviest of our known metals. If, therefore, we calculate the distance from the centre of the Earth at which these combined forces will equal the density of the heaviest metal, we may take that as nearly the point in the body of the Earth where gravity will cease or be reversed, and below which all matter will tend towards the surface. We find that laminated platinum would cease to gravitate at 645 miles from the surface.

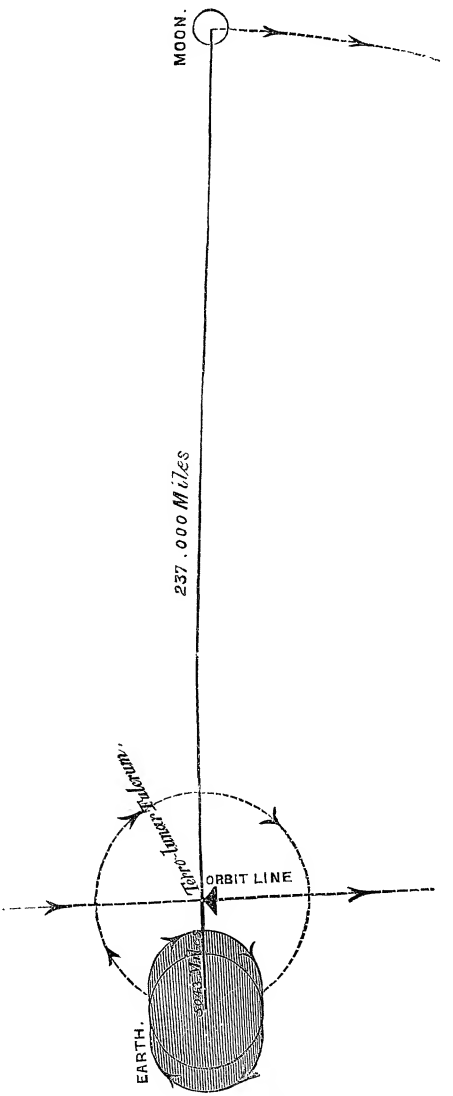
This argument leads us to suppose that the Earth is hollow, consisting of a thick shell of matter, perhaps a thousand miles in thickness, of varying density. If we could imagine anything so unlikely as that the hollow interior (which may be 7000 miles in diameter) is inhabited, the people would, of course, walk with their feet towards the circumference of the Earth, and if any were aspiring enough to desire to rise *upwards* towards the Earth's centre, instead of filling a balloon with light gases, they would have to exercise their ingenuity in the contrary direction, as their balloon, in order to rise, must needs be composed of materials of excessive density or weight—of metals, for instance, intensely compressed.

Sir Richard Phillips's theory of the tides is, we think, most admirable and convincing. It is well known, and was proved by Sir Isaac Newton, that the Earth and Moon revolve in opposite directions around a common centre, like a large and a small ball at the two ends of a balanced rod, the pivot or fulcrum of which is nearly within the circumference of the larger ball. That fulcrum it is which performs the *annual* orbit, around which the Earth performs monthly a terro-lunar orbit 5043 miles distant from its centre, and the Moon an orbit of 237,000 miles.* "The mobile waters and atmospheric fluids of course respect the centre of greater force in the fulcrum orbit, and, in seeking to revolve around it, generate on that side the accumulation of the tides in the direction of the fulcrum and the Moon." But as the Earth has also a rapid diurnal rotation on its centre, and as "rotation implies equality of opposite sides of the Earth, so an accumulation on one side creates another flow on the opposite, hence two tides during a rotation."

In the accompanying illustration of the tides, we have the Earth, the Moon, and the fulcrum, around which both revolve in

* These figures are not quite exact according to more recent computations.

one month; whilst the Earth, at the same time, completes twenty-eight revolutions around its centre, causing in that time fifty-six tides at any place—two in each rotation.



The Sun has a similar influence upon the motions of all the planets, and they upon the Sun, all of which, including the Sun, revolve around a centre or fulcrum, which, as regards the Earth is said to be about 1,660,000 miles from the Sun's centre, causing tides in the fluids both upon the planets and upon the Sun, which, in the different relative positions of the Sun, Earth, and Moon, cause spring and neap tides; just as they, the solar tides, happen to increase or diminish the effect of the lunar tides.

When two or more planets happen to be in a line with the Sun, they tend towards the Sun and each other, until their combined weights balance the Sun at the fulcrum, or centre of action and re-action, and the effort causes the extra tides noticed when planets are in conjunction. We think we can further illustrate the cause of tides in this way. If we were to suspend, by a rod from a revolving centre, a shallow basin full of water, the water would by degrees acquire the same velocity as the basin; if we were then to give the basin a second slow motion around another centre near its circumference, we should find that whilst the solid basin would concur in

the second motion, the mobile water would oscillate and overflow towards the centre of that second motion, and also on the opposite side of the basin. This, indeed, would be a good illustration of Phillips's theory.

(To be continued.)

APPEAL TO SPIRITUALISTS.—SHALL SPIRITUALISTS HAVE A CREED.

DEAR SIR,—It is only after long hesitation that I now ask you to admit this letter into "Human Nature." I thought it right to let those speak who had more authority than I, who are more inspired, and whose name would have greater influence to arrest the torrent of errors which threatens to invade the sublime belief of Spiritualism.

Already in the "History of a Spiritualist" I had thrown down the gauntlet. It seemed to me that the simple explanation of the Spiritist doctrine would be sufficient to alienate all thinking minds from it. Apparently I was deceived, for not only this doctrine seems to have been admitted into "Human Nature," but the "Banner of Light" has so openly endorsed its teaching of late that I feel it my duty to recall to mind the true principles.

In France a new champion has joined the successors of Kardec. In his book "The Day After Death,"* which has already reached its third edition, Mr. Louis Figuier at the same time profoundly despising the Spiritists borrows their teaching, and making a compilation of Dupont de Nemours, Bonnet, Jean, Reynaud, and Kardec, he presents as his own theory, one which hardly deserves a serious examination.

As a disciple of the great American school which numbers in England its most fervent supporters, I shall endeavour to put before my co-religionists the principles which unite us, and put them on their guard against the inoculation of an error, capable of sowing discord and trouble in their minds.

Spiritists reproach us with not having any *credo*. "Spiritualists," they say, "differ in their doctrines; every medium is the exponent of a system; every group teaches a peculiar faith."

There is perhaps some truth in that assertion. Being confronted continually with new phenomena, and having their attention drawn to startling facts repeatedly, the most convinced Spiritualists have not thought it incumbent upon them to act as revealers as has been done in past times.

Faith now-a-days must not be blind submission to an imposed dogma,—it must be only the result of observation, converting into

---

* Also translated into English and may be found at the Progressive Library.

law the repetition of the phenomena at first separately perceived. Individual research then plays an important part, and perfect freedom must be granted for the construction of any system or hypothesis approaching or appearing to approach the truth. The attitude of Spiritism is the exact opposite of this. Taking up the ancient dogma of metempsychosis, and modifying it to suit the intelligence of the present day, its followers have not only condensed the doctrine into a fundamental article of faith, but they have raised a pedestal on which they have placed the name of their supposed founder. Pleased with the easy simplicity of this arrangement, and no other system being offered, many have joined themselves to the belief without reflection. Indolence is a weakness of humanity. It is easier to accept a given doctrine than to give one's self the trouble to examine its details. It is only by affirmation that religions have been founded, and thus it is to the harmony of its principles that Spiritism has hitherto owed its success. But if no one among us thinks himself sufficiently pure or inspired to play the part of a leader in this great belief which has spread all over the American continent, and made considerable progress in England, are we not authorised in saying that we also have a number of observations which guide us, and a series of principles that direct our faith? Are we to be carried away by an irresistible current, or is it possible that a formula is impossible with us on account of the want of unity in our belief? I am far from thinking so, dear sir, and if I call upon you for your amiable intervention it is that I may endeavour to explain to the Spiritualistic world what connects and what separates us from the Spiritist school. I would say before entering on the question that we acknowledge certain principles that are common to us both—we believe like the Spiritists in the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the possible communion of the invisible with the visible world. This point of contact is sufficient for us to regard them as our brothers as well as honour them for purity of intention, and often undoubted science and consummate erudition. But their unity and the sincerity of their belief makes it only the more our inexorable duty to combat and expose the error in which they are involved. Agreeing with them on general grounds, we essentially differ from them on the points that divide us; it is therefore of great importance for Spiritualists to unite in their turn, in order to affirm at least the principles unanimously admitted by them.

Spiritism founds its doctrine upon a fundamental three-fold proposition. 1. The pre-existence of the soul. 2. The inequality of souls when united to their bodies. 3. Their re-incarnation upon the earth until they become sufficiently pure. The great question of social inequality and evil in mankind has evidently governed the authors of this formula. Incapable of solving it, they have come to the conclusion that the inequality and misfortune we see around us is acting as punishment, as recompense, or as trial. This conclusion implies logically evil previously committed which

involves the admission of a previous existence. But as Spiritists teach at the same time (and on this point we perfectly agree with them) that every evil must disappear through the effort of the soul's will, and that every thing in creation tends to harmony, that is, a nearer approach to God—it became necessary to find a means of liberation for the punished whose existence in such infinite numbers is occasioned by the evil and inequalities of earth. Thence the system of re-incarnation, enabling one through successive purifications to reach the state required before he is able to proceed to higher destinies. But in order to justify the necessity of re-incarnation they have been obliged to proclaim (without, however, furnishing any proof) the impossibility for souls to purify themselves elsewhere than on the terrestrial globe. The inequality of souls, their re-incarnation, and the necessity for purification upon earth are errors. These terms are not necessarily relative, and would not be indispensable to each other were it not for the difficulty of making those inequalities coincide with the justice of God. But before considering this question, there is an objection to which Spiritists have never replied, but which is intimately connected with the problem. Re-incarnation destroys human individuality. Allow me to repeat some lines on this subject in the "History of a Spiritualist." Man is neither soul nor body, he is not a composite of two substances, he is an indissoluble amalgamation, his individuality does not come from his soul. The soul being a ray from God is the same with all men, furnished with the same attributes, enjoying the same rights. That which stamps the difference, or in other terms, that which constitutes individuality is aptitude. In matter there is no individuality, for individuality is created by limitation, and form gives it its distinctive mark. Matter from which is formed the human organism no more changes in its essence than the soul does which comes from God. But the soul is unique in its nature as it is in its action, while matter is various in its manifestations, and each manifestation answering to a force. The different combination of these energies, infinitely graduated, produce as many individualities as there are dissimilarities, and thus give a single copy of each incorporation. Like to all as to his mind each man then is dissimilar to all by the totality of forces which compose his aptitudes. Death which disintegrates the gross envelope allows the interior organism which succeeds it to shine forth. Nothing however is changed in its manifestations, only the mechanism is perfected, the soul using it more easily; the relation of the aptitudes remains the same, and preserves the stamp which makes the being one and the same person throughout eternity. Now, as the Spiritist school teaches that the soul choosing its trial comes back to inhabit, indifferently, without regard to sex, bodies endowed with the most opposite aptitudes, who does not see that the stamp of individuality is broken at each impression of a new existence? Our heart experiences infinite pleasure in believing that an ancestral chain

is transmitted from age to age, which attached by affection, watches over their descendants. But what becomes of this love of our fathers with the Spiritist system, which allows the possibility of one's becoming the son of one's own daughter, or mother to one's father, with an endless intermixture of relationship? I rely sufficiently upon the intelligence of my readers not to insist upon the chaos which would be occasioned by such an entanglement of individualities where the unity of the individual disappears. I will simply repeat that re-incarnation has only been proclaimed in order to account for the evil on earth impugning the justice of God. One forgets too much that evil does not exist as a principle—that which is wrong in our moral and material relations is the result of disharmony a want of equilibrium in the different forces which are all tending to their greatest development. Misery, inequality, unacountable misfortune, belong to a transitory state, and inhere to the general progress of created things; they are the obstacles that the human soul must overcome in order to arrive at felicity, and not the eternal and unchangeable instruments destined to serve as trials to the re-incarnated in their struggle towards perfection. The difficulty with regard to the justice of God is easily explained. Each man is only responsible for the instrument he has received, and each of his acts is scrupulously weighed in the balance of celestial equity. Every thing has its explanation in the Divine plan, crime as well as virtue; but to understand the whole one must be God himself. Man only sees the infinitesimal part which is necessary for the mission which God has given him; but this mission becomes grander in proportion as his intelligence increases, and disharmony is destined to gradually disappear from the world in exact proportion to the effort made by humanity to understand and execute God's law. The responsibility before God rectifies the inequalities of earth. Divine justice soars impregnable in a splendid halo; for, different from human judgment, it takes into consideration the position of the individual, only holding him responsible for the circumstances in which he has been placed, and the faculties with which he has been endowed. If upon setting aside for a moment the logical conclusion, we appeal to the experience of those who are on the other side of the tomb, and if—following the example of the Spiritists—we invoke the testimony of those who have lived, we shall find the indubitable proof of a gradual amendment, resulting in complete purification without having recourse to the necessity of a fresh struggle in a compulsory re-incarnation.

Considering the present position of the science of Spiritualism and the great number of communications obtained everywhere among believers, I think we might rally to the following symbol. The soul is *one*—a ray of God himself, emanating from him; it contains virtually, but in a finite degree, all the energies which in their entirety constitute the Divinity; it illuminates every human material apparatus, and its indivisibility from matter forms an immortal individuality. Matter eternal as God himself serves for the manifes-

tation of the soul. The aptitudes with which it is clothed constitute the seal of its human individuality. Whilst every soul equally draws from the divine source the faculties which proceed from it, matter governed by special laws limits its exercise, and elevates or paralyses its development. Happiness is the end of creation. Terrestrial life is a necessary commencement. Disharmony resulting from want of equilibrium in the developing and directing forces of the soul, and the energies inherent to matter is only an apparent cause of sin. It determines the struggle that makes merit or the contrary, and produces punishment or recompense. The inequality of the aptitude, of position of the *fatum* is compensated by the responsibility incurred. Judgment is always relative—is always equitable. These inequalities, of which the entire universe from an atom to a star furnishes us with examples, is the result of a complete system as yet not understood. Each existence continues in a new sphere after the earthly life. Individuality with its characteristic aptitudes is never lost. Punishment as well as reward makes it eternally progress towards the supreme ideal. Purification continues in the invisible regions, but that chain of love which makes of the successive families so many exquisite links of protection and tenderness is never broken; it leaves to every one its eternal individuality over which soars the affection and love of pure souls, who, continually perfecting the apparatus with which they had been provided on their first appearance on earth, are for ever approaching God, that great whole which procreating for ever without intermission, is eternally communicating himself without exhaustion.

I have sought a *credo* whose formula would be sufficiently extensive to enable the professors of Spiritualism, however they may differ in certain matters of detail, to unite themselves under its banner. If you think, dear sir, that I am right in what I say, pray make a direct appeal to all our co-religionists, that each individual, each circle, and each group, may accord you its adhesion. I myself appeal through you, to all the European and American Spiritualistic journals, in order that, these adhesions thus collected, an agreement may be made, and Spiritualism have a body. The basis of the faith will be established. These general principles will be the foundation upon which the new edifice that will change the moral face of humanity will arise. Let us organise.—Accept my affectionate and fraternal sentiments.

F. Clavairos.

[We publish M. Favre's letter with sincere pleasure, but for the present have no remarks to offer. Spiritualism as a science must be estimated by every man according to his individual acquirements, and our correspondent has pointed out that the proper exercise of knowledge is the only available religion. We cannot at present see the use of a *credo* in Spiritualism and think, if it can be shown that the Spiritist school has a *credo*, it is enough to damn it in the estimation of all scientific Spiritualists.— Ed. H. N.]

INDIAN SPIRITUALITY AND PRACTICALITY.

THE North American Indian has ever been a natural, unquestioning believer in unseen presence, power, and intelligence. The spirits of his ancestors were to him as realities; he had his mediums, dreamers, healers, and prophets; he never doubted the prolongation of his existence beyond his body's dissolution, and confidently expected and awaited his final repose in the "happy hunting grounds." In the courage with which he faced death and endured torture, he was stimulated by the belief that other than human eyes were upon him. Savage as he was, he called all men brothers.

The Indian did not coffin himself in what we term "materiality." In all nature, from the finest pebble to the greatest orb, he saw no dead "matter," but living parts of an infinite whole, and this whole was his God, the "Great Spirit." Intuitively he recognised visible matter as the cruder form of the spiritual; and himself clothed in flesh and blood as a part of that cruder spiritual whole.

"Sit down in yonder chair," said an American general, to a captured Indian chief, "and hear what your Great Father at Washington" (alluding to the President) "wishes to say to you."

"I have no Great Father at Washington," was the Indian's haughty reply; "The sun is my father; the earth is my mother, I will repose on her bosom;" and he cast himself upon the ground.

To me, it seems as if the Indian had in this one sentence sent a misty gleam to the bottom of all human philosophy and speculation as to the origin of being. Earth, the mother; sun, the father; and all, from the animalcule to the man, expressions of the Great Spirit; kindled by his rays from her bosom into life and consciousness.

The Indian mind was a reflection of all nature about him. He had no need for the written poem, for every river, mountain, lake and forest, the clouds, sun, moon, and stars, had with him a life of their own. He gave not merely names to places, but ideas. His language was alive. He expressed ideas by comparisons with objects about him. A man, strong, firm, and steadfast, was a "granite rock;" a weaker brother was the "bending pine." He was not obliged to borrow from the "dead languages." His grammar and dictionary were in every leaf, flower, animal, mountain, and river.

I am not defending every phase of Indian custom and habit. He could burn and torture his captives. His wives were the veriest drudges; but while he burned prisoners, so did the New England Puritans, witches. All female drudges, toiling through existence in the bonds of matrimony reside not in wigwams.

The different families of earth seem to have travelled various roads of development. The Indian had more receptivity and repose. The comparative calmness of his forest life brought him nearer his own invisible world. Our race has more force, ingenuity, and aspiration; but often our pursuits absorb and fascinate

us. We give ourselves no time to look around. We travel in narrow grooves of thought. We may reach a high degree of cultivation in some particular calling; but, as an appreciator of all, the Indian may have been our superior. It is better as the evening shadows fall to feel permeated with the spirit of lake, forest, mountain, sky, and cloud in a canoe, than restlessly to hurry through such scenes on a steamboat. Those whose harps are harmoniously strung need not even to express their poetry in words. The most exquisite and thrilling sentiment is *felt*, not *thought*. Millions are the strains which, in byegone ages have thrilled through the Indian's being. It is echoed back in the few fragments of his oratory which have reached us. Neither Greece nor Rome furnish more conciseness, more meaning, more force than is found in the compact sentences of a Logan or a Tecumseh. The aim of being is to feel the grandeur, beauty, and sublimity of the infinite universe, of which we are parts. It is a book; its pages are endless. It is read in many languages; it is sung in many varying measures. It is a volume whose pages are as open to him whom we pityingly term the "untutored savage" as to us. True, he had no libraries to preserve the sentiment uttered by others. Perhaps, in not being taught to admire nature at second-hand, he was brought into closer communion with her himself. His spirituality was eminently practical. He obeyed the instincts and promptings of organisation, and as a result enjoyed health and vigour. Civilisation, with its noisy and smoky train of factories, foundries, shops, and offices, did not demand that his exhausted body should daily perform its round of mechanical exertion, impelled to such effort only by the spur of will, necessity, and jaded habit.

Take any of the cat tribe, and note the great amount of rest which precedes exertion. When effort is demanded, it is powerful. The panther may sleep during the entire day, but it will roam miles from its lair at night, and to that lair bring back a prey double its own weight. The Indian received lessons from all nature about him, and instinctively lived in accordance with its laws. On the hunt or the war-path, he could travel for days, sustained only by water and the parched corn he carried in his belt. There was an object in view, and on that was concentrated every faculty of mind and body. When the effort was over, he allowed himself time to recuperate. After the hunt, the feast; after the foray, the festivity. Civilisation at this may in horror hold up its hands, protesting that what it may term the dissolute laziness of the savage be cited us as an example for imitation, and all the time three-fourths of the weary bone and muscle of civilisation goes tramp, tramp, tramp over the iron tread of labour ten, twelve, fourteen hours per day, snatching momentarily at injurious excess of pleasure, its freshness of thought destroyed, its waking repose found only in the use of some unhealthy stimulant.

Civilisation may receive a hint from the Indian—aye, even from the panther. Civilisation is overtasked. It aims at and accom-

plishes great things; but it often forgets that rest is an essential to the most perfect work. We frequently draw our bows with muscles unbraced through exhaustion. Hence our aim is neither steady nor correct. Interest, even pleasure, accompanies any exertion, mental or physical, to a certain point. When fatigue comes, that is nature's first demand for rest. If this be not complied with, she soon deprives us of interest and ability in our work. The effort then becomes mechanical. Thousands in every occupation are either accusing themselves of laziness, or wondering and grieving at the sudden loss of both interest and ability in exercise, formerly full of pleasure for them. Their trouble lies, in that they know neither how to use nor store up their force. We covet the stimulus of the panther's spring in every action. Especially does this refer to workers of the brain—perhaps it would be more fitting to say, those whose business it is to give thought and suggestion to others; for brain is the directing agent in *all* works. Brain directs the woodman's axe, and writes *Cosmos*. The greatest skill is the greatest brain-force concentrated and impelled in some particular direction—maybe in the leg and foot of the acrobat, as he rolls himself on a ball up a spiral plane, or in the general's mind directing armies, not first in the material field, but first on the chart of his own intellect. By a mind or body overtasked, and sometimes both combined, many are kept in a condition of involuntary inability, thought, and despondency. Occasionally, accidental conditions giving them proper repose and strength, they are lifted on higher planes of thought, but these few visits serve only by contrast to render the average of existence more gloomy.

I term this Practical Spirituality; for I believe that all the practical is based on the spiritual. The thought must precede the act, the plan, the work; and the force with which an organisation is filled, the more vigorous and capable will the mind it carries be to act in the direction intended for it by nature. I learned this from an Indian, who once said to me, "Lie a-bed till noon, lie a-bed until night, rather than get up without strength for your daily task." But all cannot act upon such advice, it is true. The demands of "business" look one way, those of nature another. Nature, in every languid sensation, says, "Rest, recuperate, live in the dreamland of the hills, the plains, the rivers, mountains, and forests; let your system imbibe and be permeated with the healthy but unseen emanations ever being thrown off by earth, leaf, and flower, for these are your belonging and your strength for further effort."

Business says, "Work, work, work, or you shall starve; work without intermission, from year's end to year's end. Be regular, be mechanical, be a machine. Burrow in cities. Breathe an atmosphere of dead emanations and poisonous gases, and, finally exhausted, tumble prematurely into your graves, still blind to the perception of those calm, delightful, and ever-increasing pleasures which it is your being's end and aim to enjoy."

California. PRENTICE MULFORD.

POETRY.

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

One Bee, one Bird, and the thud of the waves
Was all that broke upon my ear,
As I sat in sight of the Devon Caves,
With the tide running fresh and clear.

"And what is thy message, oh! murmuring Bee?
And thine, thou gentle or raging Sea?
And thine, thou Songster, now far, now near?
To your messages three I bend an ear."

"I fly," said the Bee, "as the emblem of use—
No gay cavalier, no solemn recluse;
For my mates and mankind I gather the sweets,
To gladden their hearts, and our insect retreats."

"And I," said the Sea, "am the emblem of power,
Not uselessly restless, but each hour by hour
I work with the strength of a giant, who feels
At the touch of his finger the solid earth reels."

"For the weary and worker I warble all day,
I gladden sad hearts," said the Bird, "with my lay;
I'm wanting in power, I'm wanting in use,
But no gay cavalier, no solemn recluse."

Use, Power, and Grace, o'er all the world is flung,
Making a poem of surpassing beauty,
Which only to his ears remains unsung
Who traitor lives and dies to self and duty.

Dorking, 1872. J. Clift.

REVIEWS.

The Life of Thomas Cooper. *The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time.* By Thomas Cooper.

Shoemaker, Schoolmaster, Preacher, Newspaper Writer, Chartist, Prisoner-poet, Free-thinking Lecturer, and Lecturer on the evidences of the truth of Christianity; such has been the somewhat remarkable career of Mr. Thomas Cooper. In every capacity he has proved himself an amiable, earnest, honest, and able man. When a shoemaker he worked at his trade for twelve hours a-day, never earning more than ten shillings a-week, and yet he managed to learn to read Latin fluently, besides acquiring some knowledge of French, Greek, Hebrew, and a large acquaintance with general literature; and all this before he was two-and-twenty. Then he opened a sort of model school, which numbered in twelve months

nearly a hundred scholars. After some years, divided between teaching and preaching, in 1836, at thirty-one years of age, Mr. Cooper became a newspaper-writer, and then embarked as a Chartist advocate, a course that was cut short by imprisonment in Stafford Gaol. Here he wrote "The Purgatory of Suicides," which was a poem of great length, and displayed wonderful power of memory and imagination, considering the circumstances under which it was composed. While in prison, the author grew to be a thorough sceptic in religion, and on his emancipation became well-known throughout England as a free-thinking lecturer on a great variety of subjects. For twelve years the Chartist infidel continued a believer in the mythical theories of Strauss, and therefore it caused no little surprise when in 1856 he appeared as a public lecturer on the "Evidences of Christianity," and endeavoured to refute, not only his old master Strauss, but also such popular works on the infidel side as Paine's "Age of Reason" and Robert Taylor's "Diegesis." From 1858 to 1872 Mr. Cooper has been most indefatigable in his new field of labour, for the greater part of that time preaching thrice on Sundays, and usually lecturing on the "Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion" every night in the week. During eight years he delivered 3373 discourses, and preached or lectured in every considerable town in Great Britain.

The autobiography of such a man as this could hardly fail to be interesting; and so it is in some respects, especially that part of it relating to his experience as a Chartist. But it grievously reminds one of the celebrated piece once announced for performance, as "The Tragedy of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted." Of course, what excites most surprise and curiosity in the life of Mr. Cooper is his return to a belief in Christianity, after being so long an infidel. We want to know what rational or emotional process led to this remarkable change of opinion. And one would suppose that this is what he would be most anxious to tell us; but he is almost absolutely silent on the matter. We only gather that he felt he was wrong in ignoring God as a moral governor, that the Rev. Mr. Kingsley lent him a lot of Bridgewater Treatises, and then he starts as a Christian again! Surely a very meagre account of so enormous a transformation. For let it be known that Mr. Cooper has not become a free and easy, happy-go-lucky, muscular Christian of the Broad Church School, but has gone in for "total immersion" in a Baptist Chapel, and is thus associated with one of the smallest and most rigid of the sects that "call themselves Christian."

Hoping to attain some further light on a curious psychological problem, we turn to a little book entitled, "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time, a Popular View of the Historical Evidence for the Truth of Christianity." The substance of this work has, we are told, been spoken in all the large towns of England; we may therefore regard it as about the best thing of the kind of which the author is capable. On this ground, and not for the intrinsic

worth of the volume, which is very little, we will briefly analyze its contents.

Mr. Cooper divides his "Bridge of History" into nineteen "Arches," answering to the nineteen Christian centuries; and nearly half the book is occupied with superficial commonplace about the different persons and events chosen to characterise their century. The nineteenth century he calls the "Arch of Science;" the eighteenth, "Arch of the French Revolution;" the seventeenth, "Arch of Oliver Cromwell;" the sixteenth, that of Martin Luther; the fifteenth, "Arch of the Invention of Printing," and so on. First of all, he dwells upon the fact that 335 millions of the human race "profess the Christian religion," whatever that may mean; and that all these people believe "that Jesus of Nazareth was born into the world as the Redeemer of the world; that He was baptised by John in the Jordan; that He chose his twelve apostles as companions; that He taught the doctrines and performed the miracles attributed to Him in the New Testament; that He was crucified, and rose again from the dead." Mr. Cooper does *not* remind us that an enormous majority of these 335,000,000 believe *also* that the Virgin Mary was taken up bodily into Heaven, where she reigns as Queen; that the body of Jesus is eaten daily at ten thousand altars; that ordained priests are the sole channels of God's saving grace; that—a hundred other follies too wearisome to mention. If we are to judge of religious truth by counting heads we had better become Buddhists at once, who number 340,000,000 of believers.

We are cautioned not to forget that Oliver Cromwell, Isaac Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, and John Milton were Christians—to which we reply that this perhaps was not their highest merit. The Christianity of Milton himself, who is generally belauded as the most ideally perfect man of his time, was a little too rough for 19th century sentiment, even of orthodox type. The following racy passage occurs in one of Milton's prayers in his "Treatise on Reformation." Perhaps it is not quite so well known as "Il Penseroso," and is not devoid of biographical interest:—

"The contrary, that by the impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life (which God grant them) shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulf of hell, where, under the control, the trample, and spurn of all the other damned, that in the anguish of their torture shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and bestial tyranny over them as their slaves and negroes; they shall remain in that plight for ever, the basest, the lowermost, the most dejected, most under-foot and down-trodden vassals of perdition."

When he reaches pre-Reformation times, the orthodox Protestant might be expected to find the historical evidence of Christianity rather difficult to deal with. Not so, however, Mr. Cooper. It is nothing to him that—in the language of the Homilies—the whole

Church of God was swamped for a thousand years beneath a flood of idolatry. It is enough that some obscure sectaries are to be heard of here and there in most centuries assuming the right of private judgment to protest against the baptised paganism around them. Thus we read, "God's true Church was a persecuted and suffering Church in the eighth century. Under the name of Bulgarians, their passage is traced from the East, fleeing from cruel persecutors towards those valleys of the Alps and borders of the Pyrenees, where their successors in faith and suffering were known as Waldenses, and Albigenses, and Paterines, and Cathari, and many other names." These, forsooth, are to be regarded as the visible representatives of that kingdom of heaven, against which the gates of hell should not prevail. Was there ever a more monstrous supposition? We can understand and sympathise with the belief that Christianity is a divine philosophy, destined to regenerate mankind, and only assuming the temporary garb of creeds and rites adapted to special climes and ages. We can also understand the belief that the Catholic Church is the divinely appointed guardian of religious dogmas, to which the private judgment is bound to yield unquestioning acquiescence. Each of these ideas is conceivably tenable, together with a knowledge of church history. But how an orthodox Protestant can hold the belief that *his* God has been the ruler of Christendom (not to say the world at large) for the last eighteen hundred years utterly surpasses our comprehension. His rule has certainly only been manifested during the last three centuries, and that chiefly as a destructive element. "The Bridge of History" throws no gleam of light upon this great anomaly.

We pass on then to what Mr. Cooper calls the Arch of the Fathers, and the Arch of the Apostles, in other words, the first and second centuries of the Christian era. And here the lecturer puts forth all his strength to show the grounds we have for believing that the four gospels were written by the men whose names they bear; their genuineness in fact. This is almost the sum total in the second half of the volume. We are reminded that Matthew was a publican who would have to enter in writing the various transactions taking place at the "Receipt of Custom." This same knowledge of book-keeping is supposed to have specially qualified him to be a writer of the first Gospel. St. Mark's Gospel Mr. Cooper is convinced—was a report of the sermons preached by St. Peter at Rome. We are not told why these sermons happened to be so very like in form and diction to the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, nor why so very unlike the sermon ascribed to St. Peter in the Acts of the Apostles. St. John is said to have written his Gospel about the year A.D. 98 when he was nearly a hundred years old—sixty-six years after the events and conversations he records took place. That a man of ninety should remember conversations which happened sixty-six years before is certainly rather astonishing.

Mr. Cooper says nothing of the discrepancies in the several Gospels, he says nothing of their verbal agreements, which are no less remarkable. He is satisfied if he can only prove their genuineness.

A hundred other theories have been started to account for the peculiar characteristics of the four lives of Jesus Christ, and, possibly, it is of no great moment to the world which of these theories, or whether any of them may happen to be true. The books will ever retain a special and indefinite value of their own, however they came into being.

To return to Mr. Cooper: he will probably do very little harm in talking and writing illogical nonsense about his "Evidences of Christianity" in Dissenting Chapels or elsewhere; and his amiable character and earnestness of mind are likely to have a decidedly beneficial effect in Christian Young Men's Associations and such like goody society. But his singular change of opinion appears to be only one more proof that religious belief may be, and generally is, entirely independent of rational conviction. Those who have studied nervous diseases and mental aberration know well that patients often attribute to some fanciful cause that distress of mind which has quite another origin. This is really a proof of their remaining powers of reason. The mind is anxious to account to itself for its consciousness of derangement, and seizes upon the most obvious ground of discomfort which occurs to it. So it is often with religious converts and believers. Education, temperament, taste, imagination, or other circumstances lead them to entertain certain religious notions; thereupon they set about to justify them by sundry logical processes, more or less subtle, rational, or absurd. The manner in which their preconceptions influence their modes of argument is curious and instructive.

CONSTITUTION OF HUMAN NATURE: a Lecture, delivered before the British Medical Reform Association. By WM. HITCHMAN, M.D., LL.D.

THE lecturer very pertinently observes—"The sole object of a true physician, or medical philosopher, is to heal the sick—not to fill his purse or his pocket with portraits of Queen Victoria." He discards allopathy, and recommends his auditors to extend their experience in the realms of hydropathy, homœopathy, and botanic practice. This is about the gist of his medical counsel, and the rest of the pamphlet is devoted to a preachy declamation on protoplasm, spirit, and anthropology. The latter he truly defines as "not only scientific researches in the natural history of our species, but the spiritual, mental, and physical constitution of man fairly represented." The scope of his views seems to be met in this magazine, for he says, "The science of man, to be worthy of its high and noble calling, must include human nature as we find it in every geographical distribution of the *genus homo*." This

he despairs of finding amongst scientific bodies with whom "it is held to be no part of true anthropology to admit the existence of a religious and moral nature in the souls of mankind at large, the world over, upon any kind of testimony, however irrefragable, whether it be called spiritual, mental, or physical. In *their* science of Man, religion itself is mere systematic idolatry and sordid priest craft." These materialist scientists, he also complains, say "spirit is an imaginary substance created by priests;" while the lecturer thinks "the spirit of man is a special creation, capable of union either with good or with evil." He is also of opinion that "in every part of our being, beyond the limits of humanity physical, there dwells divinity above disputing." These are the gems of twenty-four pages of letter-press, and we naturally look for some shadow of scientific demonstration, which, seeing that the speaker was addressing a group of medical graduates, was more than to be expected. If the title-page were torn off, the reader would suppose that the lecturer had been declaiming before an awe-struck assemblage of very raw candidates for the ministry. His idea of the embrace of religion and science is in the words, "The life of the flesh is in the blood." We might ask, But in what is the life of the blood? and is it a wholesome practice to confound religion with quoting texts from the Bible? Equally undemonstrated is the opinion, that the Bible is "the revelation of the Most High." The lecture is a mass of incoherent statements and opinions, without method or scientific lucidity. What could it benefit a group of illiterate herbalists, to be told that "no vertebrate type equals him either morphologically or teleologically"? Another class of opinions is advanced in the sentence, "Do not believe that impressions or ideas are absolutely dependent upon the physics or chemistry of nervous centres." The author has much knowledge of a certain kind, in which he flounders so helplessly that he cannot attain the high objects for which he grasps, and his fund of language—or, rather, languages—is too copious for his limited ideas to fertilise. Hence the reading of his productions are rather wearisome and distracting.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On the day of publication of this number of *Human Nature*, the sixth annual pic-nic of the Nottingham Children's Progressive Lyceum will be held at the Arboretum. Arrangements have been made for Mr. Burns to give a lecture on Sunday morning at the People's Hall.

We hear that our earnest co-worker, Mr. Peebles, is expected to visit Australia during the approaching winter. Wherever he goes he will be sure to do his duty, and that cannot fail to result in the

promotion of human enlightenment, and a corresponding development of brotherly love.

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis have recently returned to their home at Orange, New Jersey, after a protracted visit to Washington, and other portions of the Eastern States. These good people devote themselves, as they have hitherto done, entirely to the promotion of those educational and progressive purposes with which their names have become so universally associated. We hope they may long be spared to promote the useful work with which they have already been so beneficially allied.

It has been suggested that a jubilee be held at Darlington during this month to celebrate the seventh anniversary of the first Convention of Progressive Spiritualists. The idea is a good one. That small, yet energetic, and, we may say, enlightened beginning, was the inauguration of quite a new era in the history of British Spiritualism, which has culminated in the establishment of the most efficient agencies which have yet been witnessed in this country for the enlightenment of the people on psychological subjects.

The fortnightly conferences of members and friends of the Spiritual Institution have been continued, and considerable interest has been manifested at the meetings. Of all attempts at social organisation, it seems this is the most successful which has been tried in London. Advanced and earnest minds eagerly attend, and divers thoughts and experiences are advanced with feelings of consideration and charity, which beautifully herald that age of rationality and love of truth which should be the outcome of all efforts at progress.

The friends of the late Mr. J. W. Jackson will be pleased to learn that the effort to secure a fund for the maintenance of his family is progressing favourably. Nearly £200 have been already collected, chiefly from the readers of *Human Nature*, and in part from the members of the Anthropological Institute, through the active agency of Dr. King, from a beginning made by our friend Mr. Chinnery, of Paris. Mrs. Jackson has taken a nice little house in a favourable locality at Camden Town, where she is desirous of meeting with boarders. Her announcement will be found in our advertising pages. Those who can in any way further her efforts will confer a substantial benefit upon the family of our late contributor.

An effort is at present being made to sustain, in a more systematic manner, the Progressive Library and Spiritual Institution. We understand that, since its establishment—more particularly since the occupation of the premises in Southampton Row—there has been a deficiency of several hundred pounds a year; and £500 per annum would be required to maintain it in a state of efficiency. The hearty and generous call by Mrs. Hardinge last year for a little while exercised a favourable influence over subscribers; but it is desirable that a steady and reliable constituency be secured for all

undertakings which incur inevitable expense. The good done by the Spiritual Institution is really incalculable, and ought to excite a great amount of generous response in all lovers of human enlightenment and freedom. Mr. Grant, of Maidstone, has offered a donation of £10, if nine others will do the same; and a further donation of £5, if nineteen others will do likewise. This would raise £200. Only a few have come forward with £5, so that the affair is practically at a stand-still. The readers of *Human Nature* would do a wise and handsome act if they organised themselves into a body for the purpose of supporting the Progressive Library, by promoting the above subscription scheme, and its future usefulness might be enhanced by all sending in their names for a small sum annually. If that were attended to, the whole matter would be done, and those who work for the good of this cause would be allowed to devote their mental energies unremittingly to their duties without the intervention of cares and anxieties to which disinterested workers should not be subjected.

The Progress of Spiritual Photography in England is not less checkered and marred by doubts and difficulties than that of other phases of the spiritual manifestations. According to those who are best able to judge, many of the specimens issued by Mr. Hudson of Holloway, are shams. For full particulars respecting the modes by which ghost photographs may be artificially produced, see recent numbers of the *Medium*. It is not to be denied that Mr. Hudson takes spirit photographs. We have seen a *carte* bearing the portraits of William Howitt and his daughter, Mrs. Watts, and opposite them appears another figure, with very distinct and natural-looking features, which, we understand, has been recognised by the sitters. One case of identity thus established places the whole question beyond dispute, and proves more than a dozen cases of failure, or efforts at imposition. Several other pictures have been obtained, in which the spirit likenesses have been recognised more or less questionably. Mr. Reeves, York Road, King's Cross, aided by a very remarkable medium, has been making experiments in the same direction, and obtains pictures of a very peculiar description, some of which have been recognised as likenesses of deceased persons. We sat, and there came on the plate over our head a hand of colossal proportions. Recent correspondence in the *Medium* intimates that Mr. Slater is making substantial progress in procuring spirit photographs; as also Mr. Beattie, of Clifton. We hear of other persons experimenting, and before long the manifestations of spirit-photography may be looked upon as well established, and quite as general as the higher manifestations usually are.

A NEW SPIRITUALISTIC MAGAZINE.

From a prospectus which has reached us, we perceive that the cause of Spiritualism, and Free-Thought generally in Germany, is

about to receive an acquisition in the form of a new monthly magazine, entitled, *Die Spiritisch-Rationalistiche Zeitschrift*, published by Messrs. Mutze & Murer of Leipzig.

As a "Spiritual-Rationalistic" Magazine, the editors of this new venture will endeavour to present to their readers all events of importance connected with Spiritualism, to elucidate all new investigations and discoveries from the spiritual stand-point, and to show the harmony existing between the doctrines of Spiritualism and the known laws of Nature.

"We have resolved," say the editors, "to make it our special task to allow reason, in all cases, to have supreme sway, and only to represent that which is in accordance with reason. We will endeavour to show that the doctrines of Spiritualism, rightly comprehended, are perfectly in harmony with reason and science."

"Such a magazine," say the projectors of the *Spiritische-Rationalistiche Zeitschrift*, "is especially needed in Germany, since but very little indeed is known in Germany and German-Austria of the real doctrines of Spiritualism; while in America, in England, and in France, it already numbers its millions of adherents."

We hope our contemporary will come up to its promise, and give to the sterile intellectuality of Germany the much needed panacea for its materiality. The land of Kant and Leibnitz presents a splendid field for dissemination and fructification by the doctrines and proofs of future existence; and to the plodding Teutonic intellect, which is fond of the investigation of subjects shrouded in mystery and obscurity, no better "nut" could be given to crack.

Since this was written the new magazine has appeared, and carries out the promises given in the prospectus.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

All who read this may have heard of Mrs. Woodhull, either in tones of fulsome eulogy or disgusting abuse; and what was intended for portraits of her may have been observed in the fast-going illustrated newspapers, which eagerly lay hold of anything eccentric in female character, for the purpose of gloating over its supposed sensual tendencies. We have been more fortunate. We have, through the kindness of Mr. Lees of Cleveland, Ohio, seen a very well executed photographic likeness of the lady; and, seeing that so much has appeared in these pages respecting her, we think a few remarks thereon, may prove interesting. Her organic peculiarities are not indicative of the sensualist. She appears to be a compact, wiry, medium-sized woman; the figure well-developed and tenacious, endowing her with great activity, excitability, intensity, and endurance, and yet a lack of vitality approaching to "delicate health," inclining her to live for purposes rather than for the mere pleasures of existence. The hair is worn short, and is slightly curled at the ends. The features are regular, not particularly small, the nose being prominent, the lower part of the face narrow

and delicate, the eyes piercing, and the whole expression what may be denominated *pert* and defiant. The central range of brain organs predominate, indicating concentration of mind, critical acumen, practicality, and a tendency to go-a-head towards the leading idea, irrespective of secondary considerations. The process by which she does this may not be necessarily of a very connected kind; logical sequences may be discarded, and original premises may be lost sight of in the nervous jerks with which the mind endeavours to grapple with its task. Here we have the organic features of an agitator—a daring, aggressive spirit, who, without feelings of shame or diffidence, can assume the most delicate position, whether absolutely right or the contrary, if it serves in leading her to the purpose to be attained. This peculiarity may have given rise to many of the stories respecting her, and allots her the position of a stirrer-up of the social soil, after which must come much harrowing, rolling, weeding, and tillage, before precious seed can be safely committed to it, or hopes of a profitable harvest realised.

"THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH."

THIS is the title of a new first-class monthly, the object of which is to teach the people all that pertains to life, health, the prevention of diseases, and right remedies. We are pleased to observe that the effort to popularise the laws of health in America, so effectively done already by several well known periodicals, is being aided in a very superior manner by a new monthly, bearing the above title, and published by Mr. S. R. Wells, New York. We cannot better introduce this new claimant to the favour of the well-wishers of humanity than by quoting from the prospectus :—

"Health is the great want of the age. It is the first need of the individual, the family, the nation, and the race. Health is happiness—disease is misery; health is long life—disease is premature death; health develops body, mind, and soul—disease dwarfs and paralyses all.

"Sickness and infirmity are the rule, and health the exception. It should be the reverse, and it will be just so soon as the masses of the people study the subject for themselves. It is easier to keep well than to get sick. All that is required is a knowledge of the *uses* and *misuses* of the familiar agencies and influences with which we are vitally related.

"But the sick must be restored. This can be better done without medicine than with it. As all diseases result from abuse or misuse of things, the proper use of them will restore health. To educate the people in the science of life, which includes all that relates to preserving health, and to the art of treating disease without medicine, is the sole object and purpose of this new health journal.

"The sciences of life are now well understood; the conditions of health are known; the nature and causes of health are plain;

the remedies are available; all that is required is intelligence to apply them to individual circumstances, and this intelligence *The Science of Health* will aim to disseminate throughout the world, so that 'he who runs may read.' It will not be the organ of any person, business, or institution, but an earnest teacher of the laws of life and health.

"*The Science of Health* will be the exponent of all known means by which health, strength, happiness, and long life may be attained, by using and regulating those agencies which are vitally related to health and the treatment of disease, including air, light, temperature, bathing, eating, drinking, clothing, working, recreation, exercise, rest, sleep, mental influences, social relations, electricity, and all normal agents and hygienic materials."

This magazine is handsomely got up, and at the price a marvel of cheapness—single copies, 10d., or 8s. per annum, payable in advance. To give our readers a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with it, through the kindness of Mr. Wells, No. 1 is offered to the purchasers of this month's *Human Nature*, at 6d. post free.

A LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

ROSINA COTTAGE, GRAHAM STREET, DUNEDIN,
OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND, 26*th Oct.*, 1871.

DEAR MR. BURNS,—I have been making a tour through New Zealand, and have been from home three months, and your kind letters arrived here during my absence. I only returned home yesterday, and as the mail leaves to-morrow, I take this opportunity of writing you a brief account of my long journey.

With the exception of Taranaki, Napier, and Auckland, I have visited every town of importance on the coast of this colony, and many of the principal inland towns. The climate of Otago is worse than that of the other provinces, being much colder and more changeable, while that of Nelson is the most delightful. Flowers flourish in great abundance all the year round, and it is quite a paradise in its climate and situation, and also in the social and musical character of its inhabitants, who are also deep thinkers, and decidedly more free and independent than most of the New Zealand people. As an illustration of this, I need only mention that there are in Nelson several persons who regularly subscribe to the *National Reformer*, published in London by the celebrated Bradlaugh. In every town I have visited the subject of Spiritualism has been well ventilated and discussed, and I am pleased to say that in many parts it is gradually growing into favour, and I am convinced that a good Spiritual lecturer would be the means of doing an immense amount of good in this colony, as many of the people feel a religious craving, which the dogmas of the Church do not satisfy; and as I have been instrumental in exciting the minds of the people, have lent and distributed a larger number of periodicals and books, and given a few readings to private assemblies (by desire), and in the presence of some of our most wealthy and influential men, who in many cases appear most anxious to investigate the phenomena, and who would gladly pay any sum of money to a medium able to show them some of the wonders of which they read, but unfortunately there is not sufficient application in

their own character to induce them, either individually or collectively, to organise a circle, and adhere to conditions necessary for the production of phenomena, and what is worse, I feel convinced the climate is not good, or is in some way inimical to spirit manifestations. I have felt this to be the case ever since the first day I landed here, and another and very subtle enemy is the sordid and money-grubbing character of the people themselves, and consequently, as like attracts like, so is it that the manifestations which do sometimes occur are very rarely of a reliable character; but, as I am sometimes compelled to say, the fault or failure is the want of harmony amongst themselves, and consequently spirits of a truthful character and elevated condition are not attracted to them. I am glad to say that both the Australian and New Zealand newspapers have of late inserted several letters and reports favourable to Spiritualism. The account of Mr. Crooke's experiments in presence of Mr. Home, and Lord Lindsay's letter describing Mr. Home being floated out of the window, have both been widely circulated throughout the Southern Hemisphere, as most of the leading newspapers have inserted those letters in full, and have in some cases briefly but favourably commented upon them; but our hard-headed colonial people want to see the phenomena before they will believe in it, and here we find the need of a few well-developed mediums of the *physical order*. None other would be of any use here at present.

W. D. MEERS.

From the *Echo* of Dunedin we observe with great pleasure that Mr. and Mrs. Meers received a valuable testimonial in March of this year, in contemplation of his departure for Canterbury. Mr. Meers made a most talented and enlightened speech on the occasion. It is singular that about the same time arrangements were being made to confer a similar honour upon his and our excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt of London, who were recently entertained at a congratulatory meeting of friends at the Cannon Street Hotel, on which occasion Mrs. Everitt received valuable presents. That she well deserves such recognition, as well as her good husband, all who know them will heartily admit.

THE TANNAHILL COMMEMORATION.

On the 3rd of June, the 98th anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Tannahill was commemorated at Paisley, Scotland, the poet's native place, by the erection of a monolith to his memory. Poor Tannahill! He committed suicide by drowning, because of the neglect of the world, and the seeming utter hopelessness of ever being able to raise himself to a position more favourable to his genius than that in which fortune had placed him. He fancied that to sing his song—to tell of the hopes, the joys, and sorrows of the poor and lowly amongst whom his lot was cast, he must be placed high above them; that it was impossible for an obscure weaver to be aught or do aught in this world of ours. And yet, though he shuffled off this mortal coil at the age of thirty-six years, he left behind him a number of songs which, for sweetness and pathos, have not been excelled by the effusions of more famed masters of the lyric art; and which, after the lapse of three-fourths of a century, are yet fresh on the lips, not only of his countrymen, but of the wide-reaching Anglo-Saxon race. So little are we short-sighted mortals aware of the influence we are exerting when simply toiling with the strength we have, and the light that is given us! But the world has come to regard the great end and purpose of all genius, namely, human weal, as subservient to the propitiation of that coquettish and

deceitful jade—Fame; and so we are tempted to waste our efforts in the endeavour to win her favour, and to leave our true work unfinished—often unbegun. It is only for those that can plod along in the path laid out before them, without even a side-glance at fame, to do a perfect task on earth. Had Tannahill been made of such stuff, how much more influence he might have had on his generation and posterity. He was possessed of that invaluable gift of melodious utterance but seldom vouchsafed to our countrymen, incomparably rich as we are in other branches of poetry, and might, from his loom, have given to the world a mass of song, throbbing and scintillating with a fire, which, with all his art, the mere drawing-room rhymster cannot infuse into his verses. We have reason to be justly proud of the many great and worthy names that enrich our poetical literature; but when we come to sift the results of their efforts, how much do we find that is merely meretricious and extrinsic, in comparison with what is vitally related to the world, its aspirations, and necessities. Truly a large proportion! Sublimity of genius is a great thing; but genius with a little of the leaven of hard work-a-day life is a greater. And it is in this respect that we find such minds as Tannahill exert so much more influence than their more ambitious brethren. The man who can write a song three stanzas long, containing soul enough to make it live in the mouths of the people for three or four generations, is greater than he who writes a poem of ten thousand lines to live through a couple of editions and then be forgotten. Our national genius appears to lie more in the epic and elegiac than in the purely lyric department of poesy. How much in the way of popular song have our great poets left us? Comparatively little. Our truly lyric poets are few, and have for the most part occupied very humble positions. And yet we hold that the influence of songs of a pure and noble character on a nation's career and development is incalculable, in some aspects of society far deeper than that of more didactic poetry. England has been reproached as not being a song-loving people. Such, we believe, is not the case; and if we are at the present poorer in this department of literature than some other countries, there are good reasons for that poverty, one of which is the puritanic intolerance which so long held sway in this country, checking or perverting all natural and healthy outburst of national life. These things are now passing away, but we can remember the time when the singing of a perfectly wholesome ditty was considered wicked. Bigotry and superstition never did so much in Germany, and there, accordingly, we find this section of national literature luxuriantly represented. The greatest poets—Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Heine, etc., have left behind them songs that still live in the mouths of the people: they are as common as household words. But who ever hears a song of Milton, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, or Southey, on the lips of the people? We have plenty of exotic—often very meretricious music and song; but what little we have of home growth, redolent of our woods and fields, and throbbing with sturdy English manliness and virtue, is relegated to Orpheuses of the street, and Polymnias of the rural districts. There is therefore but little encouragement for native talent.

But we already see indications of a change in this respect, not the least significant of which was the Tannahill commemoration on the 3rd ultimo; and we hope to live to see the day when the present degraded taste shall give way to a more healthy and ennobling one, sure, as we are, that no outgrowth of a nation's life so fully represents its inherent, intrinsic qualities as its song—at once the voice and the educator of the people. Given a nation's popular *repertoire* of song, and we have an exact record of its moral status. In the *chansons* of Beranger we see a full-length picture of French life and character, just as we behold England's national and moral character

of a bye-gone day in the songs of Dibdin and others,—just as we perceive her frivolity and shallowness in the wretched stuff which passes for song at the present time.

MISCELLANEA.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Some sixty years ago, the following poem appeared in the London *Morning Chronicle*. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, written in a fair clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the museum sent them to the *Morning Chronicle*:—

Behold this ruin! 'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Nobody giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye Gods!" said he, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom! Poor human nature!"

The Noble Savage seems to have a remarkable proclivity for the shadier side of civilisation. There are two specimens of the race in Melbourne. One, a Maori, occupies himself in selling cigars, after having gone through a career of duplicity as the medium of a travelling phrenologist; the Fijian is a competitor at swimming matches. I am inclined to think that the simplicity of the Polynesian is very much exaggerated. So soon as you have civilised him to such an extent that he will not eat his enemy, he takes to cheating him.—"Atticus," in the Melbourne 'Leader.'

Of all things mischief-making, gossiping, "peeping," "quizzing," anonymous letter-writing, and in other ways interfering and meddling with the affairs of others, most clearly indicate low breeding, ill manners, and want of good sense. Such transactions are always carried on by persons who are themselves no better than they ought to be; and they seem to take great pleasure in trying to slander, slur, and belittle others. Low, ill-bred, and immoral persons are always looking for evil in their neighbours; and it may be set down as an established fact that evil is in those who are always trying to find it in others.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

Vaccination Parties.—They have vaccination parties in Philadelphia now. Instead of ice cream and cake, vaccine virus is provided for the guests. When the hour for Refreshments arrived, says somebody who had attended one of these social assemblies, the guests seated themselves, and the doctors went around the room supplying their wants. Instead of being asked if they would have strawberry or vanilla, the guests heard the questions, "Which will you take, madam, the infant virus, or that from the original cow?" And when the inquirers had made the round of the room, they could be heard saying at the virus table, "Give me five infants and three original cows;" and so on till everybody was served. Of course, in a few days after the party, it was the proper thing for the guests to call upon each other and compare arms. And whenever a Philadelphia lady wishes to express her preference for one of the other sex, she remarks languishingly, "I am vaccinated with him, my dear."

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

AUGUST, 1872.

THE MYTHS OF ANTIQUITY—SACRED AND PROFANE.

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.,

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

ENOCH.

THE EARLY DEATH OF GENIUS.

[This is the last paper of the series which emanated from the lamented author's pen. It was written just previous to his fatal illness, as if the last "Myth" to be unfolded were the secret of his own destiny. It undoubtedly embodies the inner aspiration of his being, and gives a clue to the purposes to which he devoted his life-energies—too mindful of the higher duties and relationships of existence to give sufficient attention to the narrow sphere of self.]

"AND Enoch was not, for God took him," is but too often the succinct history of the early fatality of genius now as of old. Nor is this to be wondered at, for these richly gifted light-bringers of creation are of necessity spiritual aliens in this sombre sphere of darkness and opacity, limitation and error, and therefore of sorrow and suffering; and being thus strangers and exiles here, it need not be matter for astonishment that some of them tend irresistibly to gravitate heavenwards, to their brighter house in the spirit-land, where, let us trust, they will find an environment more in accordance with their inner life of sympathy, and their higher life of aspiration.

This wondrous gift of genius, whether with or without its mission of seerdom, most assuredly presents us with a mysterious problem, as remote from solution now as at any former period in the collective life of our race. What is its essential character?—whence comes its supernal light?—and what is its real vocation in the great scheme of human affairs? What are its chosen vessels, such as Moses and Elijah, Homer and Dante, Phidias and Raphael, Sophocles and Shakespeare, or, we may add,

Alexander and Napoleon? What special rank do these radiant spirits hold in the great hierarchy of intelligence, and what relations do they maintain, consciously or unconsciously, with the supernal realms, while still to mortal eyes mere corporeal dwellers on this lowly earth-plane? Why are some of them just shown to us in all the beauty and splendour of their early promise, and then, in a sense, prematurely withdrawn, not only ere the completion, but apparently at the mere incipience of their possible and impending mission? And why are others allowed to linger on amidst toil, anxiety, and obscurity, sometimes to their dying day, unrecognised and unrequited—the victims of neglect, if not of persecution—left to be fed by the ravens of chance and circumstance—stoned by their cotemporaries, yet sometimes having their sepulchres gorgeously adorned by posterity? And why are others, after a life of labour and sorrow, doomed to a martyr's death, so that in a sense their sad evangel may be summed up as one long Gethsemane, ending in a cruel and relentless Calvary? It is impossible to conceive that such beings are rooted here. Hence, perhaps, their sombre destiny. As they are not of the earth earthy in their nature, so neither are they of the world worldly in their desires and professions. Their character and career, their endowments and achievements, alike proclaim them aliens in the timesphere. But though aliens, yet exiles from a better land, nurselings from a higher family, with whose nobler characteristics they are indelibly stamped, and of whose habitual yet sublimer utterances they occasionally vouchsafe us the faint echo, to be treasured among the golden sands and priceless jewels of inspired thought, while empires wane and creeds wax old and die.

"And Enoch walked with God." Even so. Here was the secret of his superhuman power, the source of his supernal light, the well-head of his divine inspiration. Modern men do not seem to understand these things. They walk with the creature in preference to the Creator, and so but too often lose the substance in pursuit of the shadow, following in this, perhaps, the resistless proclivity of their lower nature, which leads them to their like by that law of sympathetic attraction which constitutes the higher gravitation of the spiritual sphere. Have we not here, then, some reliable indication as to the grade and status of our more gifted seermen? They tend Godwards, because they are in an especial manner sons of the Infinite, and so peculiarly privileged to hold profound communion with their heavenly Father, whose nearness to them as to us is in exact proportion to our receptivity; for these things seemingly obey laws, and are in a sense subject to conditions. Even Divine influence demands openness to its effluence. As certain chambers have

every avenue to the introduction of sunlight thoroughly closed, and thus remain in rayless darkness, while the surrounding world basks in meridian splendour; so some unhappy souls seem shut out from the cheering light and vivifying warmth of the central sun, in whose life, consequently, they but imperfectly share, and to whose splendour they are partially blind. There, doubtless, we touch the key-note of their condition. Their ears are deaf to the harmony, and their eyes are closed to the beauty of the supernal, and, consequently, they predicate the everlasting silences and the blackness of darkness for ever; where others, less obstructed, listen to celestial anthems, and behold angelic beauty, while yet regarding each but as a portal to still higher revelations of the divine *suum cuique*. What you are, that you know. As is your worth, so is your insight. Of what you are competent, to that you attain. Your ability is the measure of your power, whether in the sphere of thought or action. The horizon of the worm is different from that of the eagle, each being in accordance with the capacity of the recipient. If you would see farther, you must rise higher. Your limitations, however apparently stringent, are not in your environment but yourself. What is hard as adamant and impenetrable as granite to you, may prove but as molten wax to another and a greater. No barriers are absolutely impassable; their resistance is always finite, and their invincibility relative. Thus it is that the distance between the creature and Creator, measured by grade, is infinite; yet bridged by the mystic bond of saintly faith and filial love, this measureless gulf disappears, and the extremes of power and weakness meet and commingle, as the earthly child of yesterday nestles in the bosom of Him who is at once his heavenly Father and his infinite God. This, in truth, is archmiracle, yet the constantly recurrent fact of human experience —that man, the feeble and the finite, can yet prevail by faith and prayer to lay hold on the Omnipotent and the Infinite, maintaining direct communion in the stilly depths of his adoring soul, with the measureless power, the unerring wisdom, and the absolute perfection of the central intelligence of the universe.

"God is love." There, doubtless, in this sublimest truth which language has yet embodied, we obtain a faint glimpse of those beneficent conditions, on the divine side of our problem, which permit of the intercourse of man with his Maker. God is love, his yearning affections, like all his other attributes, being infinite, and so all-embracing and all-persuasive, he succours the worm in its weakness, and sustains the archangel in his wisdom and power. Yes, it is the absolute infinitude of the Divine love, and the fathomless depth of the Divine sympathy that permit of this near approach of man, the creature, to God, his Creator. It is

here that the wisdom of the worldly wise so utterly fails. Conceiving of God as a great King, the Supreme Ruler of the universe, they fancy that, in accordance with the habitude of earthly monarchs, he must be unapproachable in proportion to his grandeur and his power. There cannot be a greater mistake. It is their finitude that makes our earthly rulers so practically inaccessible to the great majority of their subjects. They must be surrounded with barriers all but impassable, or they would be overwhelmed with supplications, for let us remember that the insignia of their royalty cannot cover the limitations of their humanity. They are men and women, who, however good and gracious, are only of like power to ourselves, and so cannot personally and directly minister to the wants, or rectify the wrongs of all their manifold subjects. But it is otherwise with our heavenly King, whose omnipresence places him in immediate contact, and so in possible communion with each of his millionfold children, whose every want he knows through his omniscience, and whose manifold wounds he heals through his infinite love, sustaining their sorrows, and succouring them in their distress, not only with the faithfulness of a friend, but the unspeakable affection of a father. We use this endearing term in part through the necessities of human speech, and in part as an accommodation to human thought; for near and dear as may be the connection of parent and child on earth, it does not express the full force of the relationship, amounting to indissoluble oneness, which exists between the Divine Father and his manifold offspring. There is ever a gulf of greater or less width, between parent and child in this world. The mortal father and mother, however affectionate and sympathetic, do not thoroughly understand the characteristic specialities, and cannot therefore fully enter into all the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears of their children. The truth is, they are limited by their own individuality, which precludes the possibility of their entering into more than partial soul-communion with another. However apparently familiar, and however close their affinity, they are nevertheless excluded from the profounder depths of consciousness, which must ever remain a practically-sealed volume to all save the possessor and his God. Hence all creaturely intelligences are more or less external to each other. They live on the outside; and are thus essentially superficial, even in their processes of deepest insight. But it is otherwise with God, who dwells in the still depths. Let us clearly understand that in every mind, however vile and abject, or however weak or ignorant, there is a holy of holies where the shekinah ever burns between the cherubims. In every soul, however exalted or debased, there are stilly depths, where man, consciously or unconsciously, communes with his Maker.

THE OCCULT PHILOSOPHY OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

By J. W. Mackie, San Francisco.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us; visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower,
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance,
Each human heart and countenance,
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled—
Like aught that for its grace may be,
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery."

Before me lies a curious antique volume bearing the above title, containing many things worthy of note by the psychological student. Like the works of the times in which it was written (1533), it contains many very absurd and foolish superstitions. There is also a constant effort to impress upon the reader that the writer is in possession of wonderful powers and extraordinary knowledge. Notwithstanding this manifestation of vanity, there is an under-current stream of ideas flowing through the work, which mark the writer as a deep thinker and a diligent student of the subtle forces of nature.

Controlled by that most mischievous spirit of ancient times, which made knowledge mystical and difficult to acquire, he confesses to have purposely placed absurd things in his book, and thus warns the prejudiced reader:—"Whom therefore I advise that they read not our writings nor remember them; for they are pernicious and full of poison; the gate of Acheron is in this book; it speaks stones; let them take heed lest it beat out their brains. But you that can come without prejudice to read it with as much discretion as bees have in gathering honey, read securely."

There is another feature in the work, which in this age of free press and free speech, is very striking; his care not to offend the Church, as shown in the conclusion of the first chapter:—"Wherefore, whatsoever things have here already, and shall afterwards be said by me, I would not have any one to assent to them, nor shall I, myself, any further than they shall be approved by the Catholic Church and the congregation of the faithful."

His philosophy is an endeavour to discover or explain the unseen forces which govern all things, by the teachings of magicians and philosophers, and his own experiments.

He divides the universe into three—the elementary, celestial,

and intellectual. The elementary sphere in which we live, has four sub-divisions—earth, water, air, and fire—which are again sub-divided into three, agreeing with the triplicities of astrology. In the spheres every inferior is governed by the superior; the higher being more subtle and powerful than the lower, "as the earth is to the water, so is the water to the air, and the air to fire."

The three divisions are, "first, the pure and unchangeable elements; second, the changeable and impure, but which can be reduced to purity and simplicity; and thirdly, those elements which are of themselves not elements, but are twice compounded and changeable one into the other; they are the infallible medium or soul of the middle nature."

When the modern thinker reflects on the vast stride chemistry has made in disposing of the ancient ideas of primary elements, he will smile at the science of those old times; but the smile will be an ungrateful one. The coming generation may in its turn laugh, and probably with more justice, at our arrogant self-conceit, than we do now at the childishness of our forefathers.

The knowledge of the secret forces of the elementary world was known by the dreaded name of "black art," creating a prejudice at once against natural philosophy and the philosopher. When we consider these prejudices, and the obstacles which prevented the acquisition of knowledge, discountenanced by the Church, we can only wonder, in the midst of all his absurdities, at the progress made by Agrippa.

The essence of his philosophy is, that there are naturally and spiritually from all bodies certain flowings, or emanations, which leave their impressions on whatever they come in contact with, conveyed through the medium of what he calls the soul of the world. Thus the qualities and more secret properties of substances are impressed upon the air, producing curious effects; even our thoughts are thus conveyed to other minds prepared to receive them by *inspiration;* or, to use his own words, "And hence it is possible naturally, and far from all manner of superstition, no other spirit coming between, that a man should be able in a very short time to signify his mind unto another man, abiding at a very long and unknown distance from him; although he cannot precisely give an estimate of the time it shall take, yet, of necessity, it must be within twenty-four hours; and I myself know how to do it, and have often done it."

Mental telegraphy is considered a bold thought even for this age; and the few who assert its possibility, and the fewer still who know it by practical experience, are suspected of extreme credulity or insanity. Those who are conversant with mesmeric experiments, the later developments in Spiritualism, mental

epidemics, and religious revivals, will very readily admit the plausibility, at least, of Agrippa's theory or assertion. If such be the case, then, it may be that thoughts produced in the secret laboratory of the brain of an humble and poverty-stricken thinker, in an obscure garret, may find their way into the brain of a more fortunate thinker, who with greater advantages may perfect and make practical the very idea of the poor man. To the unappreciated and unfortunate thinker this may be a crumb of consolation; the ideas busy in his brain are involuntarily given to the world, and are no longer his own though unuttered, and remain in the air indissoluble, till inspired by a mind fitted to receive them.

Denton's "Soul of Things"* elaborates this idea, showing that everything we touch receives a memory of our soul; that the very walls of our rooms are impregnated with our character. This may account for haunted houses, wherein deeds of violence are photographed, and seen by sensitive natures.

> "All houses wherein men have lived and died,
> Are haunted houses."

Astrology, the science of the celestial, or second grand division of Agrippa, the parent of almost all religious creeds and ceremonies, and the guide of ancient philosophy, has fallen in the estimation of this wise generation. Our fathers believed too much, or received without knowing whether they believed or not; their children in the reaction, perhaps, believe too little, or believe more than they know, and they try to convince themselves that they are above the superstition of their fathers. Reason cannot dispense with imagination, or faith in the unseen; it is just as essential to the healthy state of the mind as is reason itself. It is strange that reason should so stultify itself as to sweep out of existence everything beyond the recognition of our dull senses, when the microscope reveals myriads of living things in the soil on which we stand, the water which we drink, and in the air we breathe. Even reason is not confined to the unaided operation of our senses, but standing on the evidences furnished by them reaches into a world unperceived by them. Analogy teaches us that beyond the recognition of our senses, there are more elements, life, and condition of being, than is recognised by them. When science dreamed that it had purged the thinking world of belief in sorcery and witchcraft, Spiritualism, rushed in, and with a single rap overthrew the metaphysical science of a century. So also astrology has been eclipsed by extraordinary science, and although it may never be resurrected

* English Edition. Price 5s. Offered with Human Nature for August, 1871, price 1s. 3d., post free, 1s. 6d.

and clothed with all the mysticisms and absurdities of the middle ages, yet will reappear after its present obscuration, and shine with a brighter and purer light; for ideas are immortal.

It is scientific to believe in gravitation, centripetal and centrifugal forces, and that planetary bodies reciprocally affect each other's movements, and superstitious to hold that the inhabitants of these worlds are subject to astral influences! It may be an open question whether these influences can be reduced to a mathematical certainty so as to determine the details and minutiæ of a human life; but it does seem reasonable to believe that we are in some way affected by them. As we have a more rational spiritualism to-day than that of three hundred years ago, so too we may expect a more reasonable astrology than ever entered the brain of a Cardan or Partridge.

Associated with astrology is a peculiar spiritualism. The sphere in which the planet moves is the spirit-world of the planet. There are seven planetary spheres, progressive in their character, and to which the seven ages of man are assimilated; beyond them are the three spheres of the gods. Two planets have been discovered beyond the sphere of Saturn, and if the ancient idea of the spheres be correct, another planet will yet be added to the list.

The character of the seven spheres are well described in the following quotation from the Books of the thrice greatest Hermes, by Dunlap, in his "Spirit Vestiges":—"Thoth desireth to know what will happen after the ascension of the soul to the Father? The Divine Intelligence replies: 'The material loses its form, which is destroyed by time; the senses which have been animated return to their source, and will one day resume their functions; but they lose their passions and desires, and the spirit mounts *again* to the heavens to find itself in harmony. In the first zone, it loses the faculty of increase and decrease; in the second, the power of evil and the deceptions of idleness; in the third, the illusion of desire; in the fourth, insatiable ambition; in the fifth, arrogance; in the sixth, the wicked fondness for riches, mal-acquired; in the seventh, falsehood. The spirit thus purified by the effects of these harmonies, *returns* to the state so much desired, having a mentality and form that are its own, and it dwells with those who celebrate the praises of the Father. They are placed among the powers of the heavens, and thereby partake of God; which is the supreme good of those to whom it has been given to have knowledge: they become God.'"

It is singular that A. J. Davis should revive the astral spiritual philosophy in regard to the seven spheres and the twelve grand divisions; it is strange that the two systems should be so similar, if they had not a common origin. It is also curious

that a theory should be so much despised by Christians—a theory on which the truth of their own system rests. The very alphabet, by which Moses is said to have written the Law, is of astrological origin; the number and form of the letters is derived from the "spheroth" of the heavens, and the signs of the zodiac, and are full of meaning to those initiated into cabalistic mystery. Agrippa dwells considerably on the formation of alphabets, and ascribes to them a spirit origin, or for sacred purposes. Communion with spirit was in those days to be dependent upon certain ceremonies and the use of peculiar names, seals, and characters. Into this error Agrippa does not appear to have fallen, though he describes the seals, names, and characters in detail; but tells us that, as the higher cannot be subservient to the lower, we cannot compel the presence or service of spirits by such devices, but "by a certain admiration of our reason, we are induced to a religious veneration of them, and then we are wrapt with our whole mind into an ecstatical adoration, and then with a wonderful belief, an undoubted hope, and quickening love, we —calling upon them in spirit and in truth, by true names and characters—do obtain from them that virtue or power which we desire."

The witchcraft and sorcery of olden times are identical with the mesmerism and Spiritualism of the present day. Comte says, "We are too apt to treat as imposture exceptional sensations which we have long ceased to understand, but which have always been well known to magicians and fortune-tellers on the stage of fetishism."

Fascination—or, as we name it, mesmerism—was familiar to Agrippa, as we may judge from the following:—"Now the instrument of fascination is the spirit—namely, a certain pure, lucid, subtle vapour, generated of the purer blood by the heat of the heart. This doth always send forth through the eyes rays like to itself. . . . . Know, therefore, that men are most easily bewitched when, with often beholding, they direct the edge of their sight to the edge of the sight that bewitch them, and when their eyes are reciprocally intent one upon the other; and when rays are joined to rays, and lights to lights, for then the spirit of the one is joined to the spirit of the other, and fixeth its sparks."

But I cannot dwell upon the peculiarities of this peculiar book, as I have already occupied too much space. It may not be out of place to observe that he described the telescope before Galileo was born, as follows:—"Now he who knows the powers, relations, and properties of these figures and bodies shall be able to work many wonderful things in natural and mathematical magic, especially in glasses. And I know how to make by them

wonderful things, in which any one might see whatsoever he pleases at a long distance."

POETRY OF PROGRESS.—WILLIAM DENTON'S RADICAL RHYMES.*

In spite of its generally assumed disadvantages as a medium for the expression of thought, verse has, nevertheless, one excellency, namely, that of causing the thinker to give in a terse and epigrammatic form the ideas he wishes to utter, thereby not only making them easy of apprehension, but convenient for memory. We find an exemplification of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which, in a great measure, owe the ease and readiness with which they flow from the popular tongue to their alliterative and rhythmical form. This peculiarity has frequently been made use of by earnest thinkers as the most convenient way in which to seize hold of and durably to impress the popular mind with their thoughts and feelings. As one of the most successful instances of the kind, may be cited the "Corn Law Rhymes," which made so powerful an impression on the national mind at the time of their appearance. We mention this example because we think that Mr. Denton, if he has not exactly made Ebenezer Elliot his model, has at least been an appreciative student of his style. So at least it appears to us, though it may be that the striking resemblance we think we perceive in style is the result of a similarity in intellectual bias. There is in both the same wide human sympathy, the same sturdy outspokenness of opinion, and the same terseness of expression, but we think the author of the "Corn Law Rhymes" was perhaps possessed of a higher degree of genuine pity—and what is so near akin to it—love, speaking in the broad humanitary sense. Mr. Denton's tirades against injustice, tyranny, and superstition, seem to be the result of a keenly perceptive and analytical intellect under the guidance of a high and untrammelled moral sense; while those of Ebenezer Elliot result more from pure pity—pity so deep that it is ofttimes pervaded with an almost tearful melancholy. Although this faculty is not wanting in the author of "Radical Rhymes," yet, we think it is inferior to some other traits of mind, for instance, a sense of the humorous, of which he has quite a superior development, as any one will acknowledge who reads his "Babel," "Bible Story in Verse," &c. But if we were called upon to state the chief characteristic of the work before us, we should say it was an enthusiastic love of

* Boston: William White & Co.; London: J. Burns.

freedom—freedom from unrighteous political laws, ancient superstitions, and ecclesiastical dogmas. It is quite a feature, and crops out in a hundred different places. We could quote a number of choice specimens of this vein, but we will let the following suffice:—

"The time has come to stand erect,
In noble, manly self-respect;
To see the bright sun overhead,
To feel the ground beneath our tread,
Unruled by priests, uncursed by creeds,
Our manhood proving by our deeds.

"The time has come to break the yoke,
Whatever cost the needed stroke;
To set the toiling millions free,
Whatever price their liberty:
Better a few should die, than all
Be held in worse than deadly thrall."

As a fair specimen of Mr. Denton's sturdy ideas of true manhood, we quote the following two stanzas from a poem entitled "The Freeman's Resolution:"—

"I will be true to my heaven-born self,
Nor league with the world to lie;
The rich may boast of their hoarded pelf,
In poverty, happier I.

"I'll love the true, I'll do the right,
Ruled only by reason's sway;
Let all do so, and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day."

Our readers will perceive that the "Radical Rhymes" are made of the right kind of stuff, and, even with all their faults, for we do not mean to say they are faultless, far better calculated to develop and nourish the healthy natures the world needs, than all the dreary acres of prurient imagination and maudling sentimentality of which so much of the so-called modern poetry is composed. We only wish we had more such incentives to true manhood. We should like, if space would permit, to quote quite a number of choice *morceaux*, but we must conclude by giving one more specimen, which, by the way, we think equal to Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," and heartily recommending the reader, if possible, to read the book for himself.

A PSALM OF THE PRESENT.

"Tell me not that inspiration
Died with Jewish bard and seer;
That the present generation
Only finds its mournful bier.

"Tell me not the Past, so cheerful,
Reaped when Truth was in her prime;
But the Present, sad and tearful,
Gleans the fields of olden time.

"Tell us not that Heaven's portals
Closed when Science had her birth,
And, since then, the fair immortals
Have not visited the earth.

"That the ever-loving angels
Ceased their songs long, long ago,
And they herald sweet evangels
Nevermore to those below.

"For the fount of life, supernal,
Feeds unnumbered earthly springs,
And the joys that are eternal
To the waiting spirit brings.

"Come to us the friends who vanished,
Left us weeping on the shore;
Eden's garden find the banished,
Eat, and live for evermore.

"Manhood's vanguard scales the mountain;
Heaven opens to his view:
Weary trav'lers, by the fountain,
Up! and gird yourselves anew.

ATTRACTION, GRAVITATION, AND PLANETARY MOTION.*—*(Continued.)*

PLANETARY MOTION.

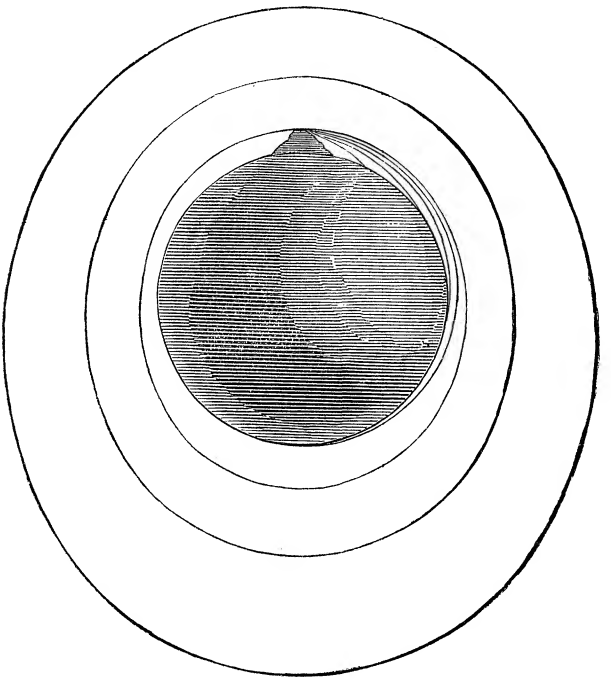
We will now refer to Newton's theory of planetary motion. If, indeed, any such force as universal attraction exists, we may well ask, in reference to the heavenly bodies, why then do not the planets fall to the Sun, and the satellites to their primaries, instead of revolving around them as they do in regular orbits? To resolve this question, Sir Isaac resorts to another hypothesis, or rather two hypotheses, equally gratuitous, and, as we hope to show, opposed to facts. First, he supposes the vast heavenly spaces to be void of matter, or nearly so, which he attempts to prove by calculating to what extent the heavenly bodies by their attractive forces would draw all matter in their respective neighbourhoods to themselves, including the fluids and gases, which, being matter, would, he says,

* A paper, read by Mr. T. Grant to the Mid Kent Natural History and Philosophical Society at Maidstone, on Friday evening, January 26th, 1872.

be attracted towards their centres, and form their atmospheres. He has published a table from which, in his own words, "it appears that the air in proceeding upwards is rarified in such manner that a sphere of that air which is nearest to the Earth, of but one inch in diameter, if dilated with that rarification which it would have at the height of one semi-diameter of the Earth, would fill all the planetary regions as far as the sphere of Saturn, and a great way beyond; and at the height of ten semi-diameters of the Earth would fill up more space than is contained in the whole heavens on this side the fixed stars." These calculations are certainly rather startling, and remind us of the horse-dealer who offered to sell a valuable horse to a gentleman for a few farthings, *as the buyer thought;*—he demanded a farthing for the first nail of the twenty-four in the horse's shoes, two farthings for the second, four for the third nail, eight for the fourth, and so on, doubling through the twenty-four. The total sum of the farthings proved on calculation to be enormous, namely, £17,476 5s. 4d. And so Newton, in this calculation, has taken as a basis the rate of increase in expansion, or decrease in density of the air, at a given short distance upwards, namely, 1200 feet from the surface of the earth, and supposed that increase in expansion, &c., to go on *ad infinitum* in a duplicate ratio, not allowing any limit either to the expansive capacity of air, or to the power of the Earth to affect it. Such calculations appear to us not only false and misleading, but somewhat childish and ridiculous, and of no practical value.

Newton's second hypothesis is, that each planet and satellite was, at its birth, started through this rare medium in a direct line, and that, from the absence of resistance, it would continue in that direction, with undiminished speed, until it came within the range of some other force tending to draw it aside. This he supposes to have occurred as regards the planets when, at some remote former period, they came into the neighbourhood of the Sun, whose *attraction* is supposed to have drawn them out of their direct course into a curve or orbit; and it must certainly be regarded as a most wonderful circumstance that, in each case, the attractive force so exactly balanced the projectile force as to cause each planet to revolve around the Sun in a regular and continuous circle or ellipse, because it is evident that the least excess in either the centripetal or centrifugal forces would cause the planet to approach the Sun, or to depart from it never to return. The satellites are supposed to have come to their primaries in the same easy way. Sir Isaac does not suppose the projectile force to be continuously applied, not perceiving, what one would think is sufficiently obvious, that the supposed attractive force, *being continuous*, would necessarily absorb gradually the projectile or centrifugal force unless continually renewed; and as the supposed original force is a pure invention, without the slightest foundation in fact, it is difficult to see why he did not stretch a little farther, and make it continuous.

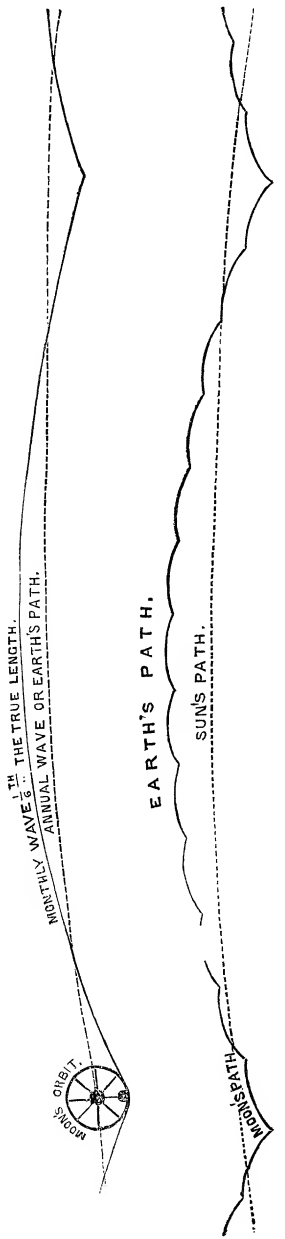
Sir Isaac Newton illustrates his theory by the following diagram.



In the centre we have the planet with a mountain on the top; a cannon-ball fired from the top of the mountain would reach the planet say with the first curve; if fired with greater force it might extend to the second curve, and so on to the third and fourth, until, if the force were sufficiently increased, it might go completely round the planet, and strike the top of the mountain from whence it started, thus performing an orbit; and if the projecting force were raised above the planet to a sufficient height, it would faithfully represent the orbit of a satellite.

But, as before suggested, surely it is sufficiently apparent that, unless the projecting force were continuously applied, it would be gradually exhausted or absorbed by the other force, and the projectile would, sooner or later, reach the planet in a spiral course. It is clear that, vacuum or no vacuum, both forces must be continuous. But this idea of an original projecting force, acting unceasingly in vacuo, is quite preposterous, and gives way immediately when we consider the diversity of motions to which the *satellites* are subjected, first in their own orbits; secondly, with the planet in its orbit round the Sun; thirdly, with the Sun in its orbit or journey through space—a motion now well ascertained, although

Newton doubted the fact. For the actual course of the Earth or other planet through space is not in circles, but a series of long waves, and that of the Moon a series of long wavelets, along the line of, and concave, to the larger waves of the Earth's motion—like a nail in the tire of a carriage-wheel, travelling over a succession of gentle hills; only supposing that, in one revolution of the wheel, the carriage is *slid forward* thirty times farther than the wheel's circumference. So neither the Moon nor the Earth ever *really* describe a circle or ellipse in the heavens—it is only theoretical. If you could see sideways, from a distance, the supposed carriage-wheel, you might observe the nail would not *actually* describe a circle—it only *appears* to do so in reference to the axle.



In the two-fold diagram annexed we have attempted an illustration of the *real* motion of the Moon in performing its orbit round the Earth. It is not drawn quite true to scale for want of space.

In performing its orbit round the Earth, or in one turn of the wheel, it really makes a long wave—the waves, succeeding each other, curve to the much longer wave of the Earth's progress, and the Earth-waves curve to the still longer waves of the Sun's progress.

It seems surprising that Newton should have clung so tenaciously to the evidently false notion, and which is now, we believe, generally admitted to be false, of the practical emptiness of the celestial spaces, but this condition unfortunately appeared necessary for the support of many of his cherished theories, and he therefore could not give it up, although it hampered him continually. For instance, in his treatise upon comets, he says, "some will have it that the tails are nothing else but the beams of the Sun's light transmitted through the comets' heads, which they suppose to be transparent." This idea (which is the only sensible theory competent to

explain all the facts) Newton was obliged to discard, because it necessitated the notion of space being a plenum, or filled with matter capable of reflecting the Sun's rays down to us after being condensed through the globular body of the comet. Newton was, therefore, compelled to maintain that the tails arise from the atmospheres of the comets, notwithstanding the palpable difficulty that, when the comet has passed round the Sun and is leaving it, the tail then *goes before*, shooting forward often seventy degrees and upwards, right across the heavens, but always in a line on the opposite side of the Sun. Many of his opinions about the tails of comets are wild in the extreme, and it is really painful to observe to what lengths a great mind may be induced to wander in order to support one pet theory.

Sir Richard Phillips's theory of planetary motion is, we think, far more rational and consistent with facts. He argues most convincingly against the possibility of a universal vacuum, or the practical emptiness of the celestial spaces. We are sorry we have not room in this short paper even to mention the arguments advanced, many of which would be worthy of the present day, but the combustion of comets, the propagation of light, lunar volcanoes, and the mechanical connection of the parts of the universe, are all phenomena which require a fluid or gaseous medium.

As Newton's theory of light, called the "*Emissive or Corpuscular Theory*," is now universally abandoned in favour of the "*Vibratory or Undulatory Theory*," with space as a plenum, we need not dwell upon this subject, for such a conclusion is at once fatal to Newton's whole planetary system.

Phillips has proved by a variety of experiments that motion can be propagated through any gaseous medium, however rare, as readily and certainly as through a lever or rod of metal, with this difference, that whereas a fluid propagates the force to the right and left, and up and down, as well as onward, and consequently acts with power inversely as the square of the distance,—the metal rod conducts the whole power in a direct line.

Granting, therefore, that space is filled with a rare fluid, Phillips shows that the effect of the Sun's revolution on its axis would be to move this fluid around with it in a vortex to an indefinite distance, the greatest force being in the plane of the Sun's equator, and that all bodies freely floating in this fluid would re-act upon the Sun, and both would be carried round the fulcrum or centre of their mutual forces with velocities inversely as their masses, and in times as the square of their distance from the Sun, which agrees with the facts; and as we see that all the planets move round nearly in the plane of the Sun's equator, and all in the direction of the Sun's rotation on its axis, the truth of Sir Richard Phillips's theory seems evident and irresistible. The only argument of any force against it that we have met with is the fact that some of the comets have been observed to have a retrograde motion, that is, contrary to the direction of the Sun's rotation; but as these have

come into the solar system at *a great angle* of sometimes eighty degrees and upwards to the plane of the Sun's equator, and have probably never approached very near to the Sun, it is evident they do not belong to the solar system, but obey an impulse from some other sun or centre.

The elliptic form of the planetary orbits, and their eccentricities, may, we think, be mainly accounted for by their having to accommodate themselves to the solar fulcrum, the motion of the Sun around the common fulcrum being almost uniform, on account of his vastly preponderating mass, whilst the distances of the planets vary with their positions in their orbits in reference both to the Sun and the fulcrum.

The rotary motion of the Earth, together with the orbit motion, act upon the fluids in space, causing them to revolve around it in strata ranged according to density, and with velocity inversely as the squares of the distance; thus producing *an atmosphere*, and also carrying around it in an orbit the Moon, which floats in the fluids of space. This power of the two motions to condense an atmosphere would not extend, we suppose, very many miles upwards, especially above the polar latitudes; the forces would become exhausted as the distance from the Earth's surface increased, and the fluids of space beyond would probably be of a uniform density. The Moon it appears has no atmosphere, it having only a *slow monthly* rotation on its axis. The centripetal force upon the surface of a planet, and its consequent power to condense fluids into an atmosphere, would depend upon a true adjustment of orbital and rotary motion, which again depends upon the size and distance of the planet, for as the speed in its orbit depends upon its mean distance from the Sun, which is a fixed quantity dependent upon its density, it is evident that a sun or planet might be so extended in diameter that the centrifugal force, which increases in proportion to the distance from the centre of rotation, would overpower the centripetal force, and cause all fluids and light bodies to leave the surface, and fly off in a tangent to a certain distance determined by their density, the matter so thrown off would rotate around the parent body at a diminished speed, so adjusted as to balance the centripetal force of orbital motion. This perhaps we can illustrate by returning to the diagram on page 309. Let us suppose the diagonal lines near the equator to be iron rods projecting an indefinite distance upwards from the earth, and the balls to represent heavy bodies sliding freely thereon; then, if the balls be raised up from the earth, the velocity of rotation would increase, causing a corresponding increase in the centrifugal force, their weight would thus diminish until a point would be reached where gravity would cease, and there would be no tendency either to rise or fall; if raised above that point, the balls would then have a tendency to rise upwards with accumulating speed. Thus, you will observe, in a planetary body of excessive diameter there are two points where a heavy mass would cease to gravitate, namely, that point towards

the centre (as we mentioned when treating of gravity) where the velocity of rotation balances its density, and that point near the circumference where the centrifugal force would equal the centripetal. If, some distance above that point of equilibrium, the balls were allowed to slide off the rods, they would then continue to leave the Earth, whilst still revolving around it, until checked by the centripetal or progressive orbit motion, and the two forces, acting contrariwise upon the balls, would finally establish them as satellites at the exact mean distances from the Earth answering to the density of each.

If the matter so thrown off chanced to be of a very elastic nature, as water or sand, and evenly distributed over the surface of the planet, it would aggregate around the equator, and leave the planet in the form of a ring, of which Saturn is an example; but if the matter thus subjected to an excess of centrifugal force should be of a more solid description, it might accumulate on one side of the planet's equator, disturbing the centre of motion, until it finally broke off bodily from the parent, retreating to the distance required to effect a balance of the two ruling forces, and thus would become established as a regular satellite. If, again, the matter subjected to an excess of centrifugal force were of a nature inelastic, and also incapable of aggregating to one spot, it might form a large number of separate projections around the equator, which would become disengaged from the parent separately, or in groups, and would take up each its separate orbit, but all pursuing similar courses, at a nearly equal distance, because, having the same origin, they would necessarily be of nearly uniform density. The asteroids we take to be an illustration of this latter hypothesis.

The theory of Laplace, that the Sun at one time, in a partially nebulous state, filled the whole solar system, as far as the orbit of the most distant planet, has very much to recommend it, and we think it is quite reasonable to suppose that the combined action of two contrary forces produced by the rotation of the solar body and its motion through space, in other words, the centrifugal and centripetal forces, would cause a constant effort of adjustment in all the shifting portions of the Sun's mass, portions of which would be thrown off at intervals of time, as above described, until the Sun became so much reduced in size as to have no further tendency to a centrifugal excess. The same theory would, of course, also apply to the planets, and is moreover very strongly supported by the observations that have been made upon the nebulæ, some of which appear now to be undergoing that process of condensation which we have supposed to have originally taken place in our Sun whilst throwing off his planetary bodies.

Sir Richard Phillips professes to have proved his positions, step by step, by mathematical calculations of the value of the various orces he deals with. We do not pretend to have followed him hroughout, nor have we any right to hold him responsible for ome of the applications of his principles which we have been

induced to make, some of which we *expect* to find assailable and imperfect. He first advanced his theory in 1818, when the disposition to idolize Sir Isaac Newton was, perhaps, at its height, and, as a matter of course, any effort to set up antagonistic principles would be received with the most violent opposition and ridicule. Even at this day, we fear, comparatively few will be sufficiently impartial to give his powerful reasoning the attention it deserves. When we find no less a person than Sir William Thomson, the president elect at the annual meeting at Edinburgh of the British Association, in his inaugural address, speaking of the "law of gravitation" as Newton's grandest discovery, we fear there is not much hope that men of science will yet open their eyes upon the subject; but we frequently observe, when any attempt is made by learned men in their writings to explain the principles of gravitation, and of planetary motions upon Newton's hypothesis, they soon get into difficulties, from which they generally contrive to escape by diverting the reader's attention, in bursts of laudation, to the transcendent merits of this idol of the scientific world, at whose shrine they so blindly worship.

That Newton was a mathematician of the very highest order we do not question, but as a theorist he was certainly very weak; and no wonder, for the qualifications required are opposite and rather incompatible, therefore seldom combined in one person. Whatever may be thought of Phillips's theories, we are quite convinced that *Newton's System of Attraction, Gravitation, and Planetary Motion* is destined to go the way of his theory of light at no very distant period; and the tremendous forces evolved by the rapid motions of the Earth must be accounted for in some way—certainly they cannot much longer be totally and systematically ignored as they are at present.

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITIST.

A REPLY TO MR. CLAVAIROZ'S STRICTURES ON THE THEORY OF RE-INCARNATION.

[The gentleman to whom it was addressed has handed us the following letter for publication.]

REMARKABLE MEDIUMSHIP.

To Mr. Gledstanes.

My Dear Friend,—You ask my opinion of the letter in which Mr. F. C. Clavairoz attacks the dogma of Re-Incarnation. Miss Anna Blackwell also urges me to refute opinions she considers erroneous. This I will endeavour to do.

In the first place, Mr. Clavairoz appears to me a great deal too dogmatic in his affirmations, and much too absolute in his attacks against those to whom he is opposed. There is nothing rigidly scientific either in his belief or in ours; experiments cannot be

scientifically controlled for want of a criterion; hitherto we have nothing more than a system of philosophy (more or less satisfying to reason) which has nothing to support it but tradition, and the information which the souls of those who have passed to the other side of life are willing to give us. Tradition is all in favour of re-incarnation. The Hindoos for fifteen or eighteen thousand years have based the whole of their religious system upon re-incarnation. Pythagoras, Plato, most of the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome taught that consoling belief, and I wish I had sufficient space to quote some lines of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, where Virgil has charmingly shown the beauty of this doctrine in the most sublime poetry. Our ancestors, the Gauls, were still more affirmative; they did not believe in death, whence came that indomitable courage which so astonished the Romans themselves.

Finally, Jesus Christ announced to his disciples that John the Baptist *was* Elias re-incarnated (Matt. xi. 14), and if he does not affirm re-incarnation more definitely—if he is satisfied with continually repeating that no one can gain the kingdom of heaven unless he be first born again, it is because he was addressing men to whom Moses had neglected to speak of the soul and of the future life, and because he treated them as one does patients who have been operated on for cataract, in only admitting light to them slowly and by degrees for fear of blinding them.

Allow me now to give the reasons which have induced me to believe as firmly as I do in the dogma of re-incarnation. You know, my dear friend, that what I am about to say is true, having had yourself personal proof of it.

I had for a long time laughed at and fought against Spiritism, but, like St. Paul on the way to Damascus, I was converted. I had never been willing to go to Allan Kardec's, I had never read any of his books, I did not know any medium by sight even, when Spiritism, against which I was resolutely closing my door, completely invaded my house, entering by window and chimney, and every opening and crack.

I had with me a person whom I will only designate by an initial letter, for she has as great a desire to live in the silent shade as others have to be brought prominently forward. On the 22nd of June, 1860, after some violent mental suffering, Madame L. fell into a strange state, which made us fear for her life or her reason. One of the extraordinary peculiarities of her malady was that she was occasionally struck dumb. With teeth contracted and closed lips, she was unable to speak. Then she wrote but in a kind of extra-lucid somnambulic state. She prescribed for herself and all her friends, foretold acute crises, of long intervals of four or five months, which would attack her, and which never failed to happen on the day and hour announced. Every night this persistent dumbness took possession of her, and in the morning a power which she could not resist drove her from her bed, and, seated at her table, for the space of three or four hours she wrote with an

astounding rapidity, without ever stopping to find a word or an idea. It was an open tap, whence inspiration flowed in an uninterrupted current. She was living two existences entirely different, and when she regained the power of speech she retained neither memory nor consciousness of what she had written. This lasted seven years, during which time Madame L. wrote a little more than twenty thousand pages. Among them there are a hundred tales and romances either sketched or finished; a treatise on hygiene; the history of her life, illness, and intellectual development; a treatise on natural religion; a kind of genesis called the "Plant;" an essay upon Liberty—these are mixed with formulas and receipts of all sorts, given in a most unexpected manner: how to produce truffles nearly everywhere, accompany a sure method to abolish corns and bunions; the secret of curing disease of the chest, with a sovereign opiate to avoid neuralgia in the teeth, ulcers in the tongue, and the falling of the gums; a process to restore to health all the silkworms in the world; after which was given a pommade to prevent the hair falling, with another to prevent it becoming white; a remedy to prevent madness, another to cure it; a preparation intended to give a smoothness hitherto unknown to ladies' hands, arms, and shoulders. One finds a thousand secrets of this kind, occasioned no doubt by the wants, the conversations, and accidents of the day, written on the morrow. After these things there would often be written such as follows:—The higher spirits gone before, and purified by transformation, take possession of me and say, "These things are revealed to you, simple in spirit and knowledge, because, knowing nothing and having no preconceived ideas on these subjects, you are the more capable of assimilating the ideas of others. If I have been able to cure any sufferer, let no one ever speak of it or thank me, for it is not my doing—I only say what I am told. I am not a lady, but a soul awakening to the cry of sufferings, and remembering it no more after relief has been given." Among this immense literary medley, there were 334 pages which had been written in seven mornings, from the 27th November to the 3rd December, 1864, bearing the title—*Unity*. It was a little philosophical romance, in which Madame L. glanced at, in passing, all the highest questions which continually so properly occupy the attention of mankind. I took it and gave it a more literary form than it could be expected to have, considering the rapid nature of its improvisation. According to the orders received, I published it under my name, with a title more comprehensible to the public—"The Romance of the Future." Since then I have published, coming from the same source, "Louise Herbert," "Memoir of a Vendean Curé," and the "Déclassés." They are, however, only ordinary novels, except that they have a tone of morality which, unfortunately, one does not find in the generality of French novels.

Thus, having been an historian during the principal part of my life—after having published the "History of the Peasants," "France under Louis XIV.," "La Vendée in 1793," "Les Dragonades under

Louis XIV.," etc.—I became a romance writer when I was approaching old age. At all events, what we call chance caused the "Romance of the Future" to fall into the hands of Allan Kardec, who praised it very highly in the "Revue Spirite." He was greatly surprised to find all the principles which he had affirmed in his works taught in this book in a most attractive form. A friend sent a number of this review to me in the country, where I then was, and in this manner I learnt that I had been dealing in Spiritism without knowing it. On my return to Paris, I paid Kardec a visit to thank him, and thus I made the acquaintance of him whom I replaced at his death as "President de la Societié Parisienne des Etudes Spirites."

I think I may speak of the "Romance de L'avenir" with a certain amount of liberty, seeing that the foundation is not mine—as I only put it into shape. This book then has for me, I must confess, the importance of a revelation, inasmuch as it was written by a person entirely unconscious of what she wrote, the ideas being neither hers nor mine, nor were they the recollection of anything read, or of exterior influence. Madame L. did not claim any merit, affirming that she was only the secretary of Channing, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, who made use of her hand to rectify and complete what they had said during their residence on earth. When mediums are collected together to make evocations, there may be, without their knowledge, a transmission of thought among them and those who surround them, when it is possible that what they write may be sometimes the result of ideas hatched in their own brains. Not knowing how that is, I only say it may be so. It may happen also that when evocations are too frequently made, the spirits are not always at our orders—that others than those we evoke come to us and deceive us; that we get into a state of intellectual erethism, and obtain nothing but the reflection of our own thoughts. Here there is nothing of that kind, my medium is always isolated, the most complete solitude being necessary for her. She would never consent to evoke; she always wrote in spite of herself, strenuously resisting all the time. I have seen her angrily rebel against this compulsory work to which she was sentenced for seven years. Here then there was no exterior influence, or preconceived idea, no desire to triumph in seeing opinions confirmed, for what came through her was often quite contrary to her own notions, and indeed frequently clashed against her most cherished belief. Now, in all these pages, written in such an independent spirit, the dogma of the eternity of life, that is to say, pre-existence and re-incarnation, is affirmed in the most persistent manner. For instance, this is what was dictated to Madame L. the 23rd December, 1865:—

"For the souls of those who are incarnated on this earth for the first time, it will be either a hell or a paradise, according as to whether their faults have cast them down from superior planets, or whether they have already undergone the work of purification in

inferior planets, but for all it is more or less a purgatory. Not having done as yet either good or evil, the tie alone of human solidarity connects them to their brothers. But in order to be able to return to this earth as spirits, they must have already inhabited it in the flesh, and left in their passage an ineffaceable mark. Time and space do not exist in the immensity of the worlds. Purified by their successive transformations, and either having recovered from their fall or continuing their upward course, they come to us yielding to this desire of universal brotherhood inherent in human nature. These visits from beyond the tomb are a pleasure to them, as well as to us; they come back improved to us, because they are progress personified, or at least the germs of a progress which will develop itself by the co-operation of our will and intelligence."

This is the reason, my dear friend, why I personally am a re-incarnationist. That theory has been enunciated to me in a manner which seems to present an appearance of the most perfect sincerity, and of the most elevated inspiration. I believe in it, moreover, because I have not as yet met with any doctrine which can more fully satisfy my heart and reason, inasmuch as it appears to me more logical and consoling—more deeply moral than any other, because it justifies God and Nature, and affords an explanation of all those things which otherwise remain obscure and inexplicable.

But let us guard against intolerance and dogmatism on this subject, which cannot be supported by any rigorous scientific and mathematical demonstration. Let us be careful not to criticise too bitterly men of good faith, who are seeking truth in a different road to what we are following—let us guard, above all, against condemning too severely those whose belief is not exactly the same as ours.

I consider then that Mr. Clavairoz errs through a little too much presumption, in reproaching us with this *torrent of errors* under whose flood what he considers to be the true light runs the risk of being extinguished. I am afraid that it is he who is wrong. That question the future alone, and the most searching study, will be able to decide. In the meanwhile, let us each, on our side, investigate without quarrelling. If there be but one truth, there are many ways leading to it. The principal thing is to acknowledge it when found.—I shake, cordially, both your hands.

EUGENE BONNEMERE, *President de la Societé Parisienne des Etudes Spirites.*

THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.*

A NORMAL and healthy activity in the spiritual nature of man is the harbinger of true progress. When mankind sink deep in selfish-

* The Spiritual Pilgrim: a Biography of James M. Peebles. By J. O. Barrett. "My name is 'Pilgrim;' my religion is love; my home is the universe; my soul-

ness and sensuality, and schemes for personal advancement and social reform are no longer visible—when industry and the sciences decay, and physical indolence and intellectual indifference flourish — when art and literature hide their heads before gaudy grossness and meretricious vulgarity—when wealth is no longer a growing power, but is squandered to minister to the vilest purposes—when government and religion are trades at which privileged classes fatten, while the people welter in ignorance and crime—then the herald of spiritual truth cries aloud in the wilderness of moral being, Prepare ye the way for a better form of life—then a shaking of the dry bones is heard, and man again awakens to the consciousness of his true position in the scale of being. It has been asked, What is the use of Spiritualism?—why occupy your thoughts with that which is not bread, nor the means of coining money? It is not an animal necessity of human life, and hence asks man from the plane of his animal consciousness, Why trouble with it?—of what use is it to me?

We have only to look back to the days of boyhood to see that society is capable of progress. Old institutions really do pass away. Even our boyish thoughts and earlier convictions have been obliterated and superseded by a brighter light and a clearer conception. We have been "born again" repeatedly, and calmly anticipate numberless "re-incarnations." What has produced all this gratifying progress? What has raised man from the crouching savage to the noble *civilizée?* What has placed the lofty diadem of intellect upon thy brow, and rescued thee from the prowling helplessness of an adolescent childhood? We answer: Spiritual light—that bright stream of intelligence from the interior which illuminates the external clay, and brings human consciousness into joyous sympathy with higher and yet higher forms of thought and action.

The Spiritual Pilgrim, then, is the greatest benefactor of his race. He stirs up and removes the turbid accumulations which intercept the flow of Divine wisdom into the external sensorium. Inspired with the higher life, he communicates its afflatus to receptive natures, and permeates the soil of mind with the richest fertilising influences. He excites an irresistible enthusiasm, or consciousness of renewed strength and exuberant youthfulness of mental feeling. The awakened mind is at first uncontrollable and frolicsome, like the hilarious boy in his thoughtless gambols. The inspired mind rushes into all sorts of extremes and eccentricities, glorying in strength and liberty. Presently, however, the more practical form

effort is to educate and elevate humanity." Boston: W. White and Co., *Banner of Light* Office; London: J. Burns, Spiritual Institution. Published at 7s. 6d.; offered to the purchasers of *Human Nature* for the present month for 5s.; post free 5s. 6d. It is a handsome volume, illustrated with a fine steel portrait of Mr. Peebles, by Thomas Sherratt. The binding is elegant, and embellished with an emblematical design in gold, the production of an imprisoned convict. A large quantity of the work has been sold in this country, but Mr. Peebles grants a special concession to his friends in facilitating an arrangement for its being offered to the readers of *Human Nature* at the above reduced price.

of action sets in, and elevated and invigorated, the intellect commences to prepare for itself circumstances congenial with its new tastes and aspirations.

This is the truth which has to be impressed upon the century—a truth which is to form the basic element of anthropological science, and the strongest lever in the hands of the philanthropist and social reformer: man, the spiritual being, must be improved and elevated through the spirit, the mainspring of his nature—not by the mere extension of his power of intellectual comprehension, or what may be called the digestive apparatus of the mind, but by the active development of those prehensile members of mentality whereby new elements of thought-food are acquired and brought within reach of the assimilative organs of the intellect. We do not mean shadowy imaginations and metaphysical ideas, but facts—facts reaching up into new realms of being, and beyond into wider circumferences and conditions. That modern Spiritualism has been more rife in such results than any other movement within the memory of modern history, every one who has participated in its inspiring influence can honestly affirm. This is the secret of its growth, and of the fidelity and devotion with which its true children cling to it as to the maternal bosom. It feeds, it protects, it enlarges, and refines the individual. As a system it has given rise to a new race of teachers—men depending not so much upon the nutritive richness of their blood, the brute strength of their bodies, and the multiplicity of their academical honours, as upon organic peculiarities, endowing them with the power of receiving into their personal sphere influences from higher sources and communicating these to their brethren around them. Here is a function of mind, an attribute of organisation, which is beyond the present limitations of the anthropologist and metaphysician. Yet, is it therefore false? Is it not rather pre-eminently a human quality, an exalted attribute, a distinct feature, whereby the mental power is discreted from inferior forms of organisation?

Of this new race of teachers J. M. Peebles may be regarded as a well-defined example. Derived from an ancestry which formerly existed in Scotland and Ireland, he is himself a native of a rugged district in New England, a country which in a few generations served to transform its colonists into a new ethnic type. Of the probable causes which lead to this change, we may refer the student of Man to an article on Mr. Peebles, and his phrenological delineation, in the July number of *Human Nature*, 1870. With such reference we may pass by any further allusion to the subject of this article personally, and briefly notice his biography, recently published by William White & Company, of Boston. As a book, its manner is as peculiar as its subject. The author, J. O. Barrett, a very dear friend of Mr. Peebles, has a style of writing which is, perhaps, unique in itself. Most readers heartily dislike it to begin with, but, after the perusal of a few chapters, become quite enraptured therewith, feeling that they have made the

acquaintance of a new friend, with very distinct and trustworthy peculiarities.

We need not follow the author of the story and tell how Mr. Peebles was not made of the stuff for a business man—how he graduated in Calvinism, developed into Universalism, and ultimately ripened into Spiritualism. As a teacher of the latter philosophy he has travelled over all portions of the United States. Many who read this will remember his visit to this country, his lectures in London, and his successful provincial tours. He also passed through France, Italy, and Turkey, to a consular appointment at Trebizond, on the Black Sea. He again visited England last year with Elder Frederick of the Shakers, and now we hear that he is on the point of departure for Australia, from whence he will make his way through India and Western Asia to Europe again.

Wherever Mr. Peebles goes, he cannot fail to do good, not so much as an intellectual leader, cramming the mind of his audience with facts – hard, dry, and disconnected—and philosophy which never saved a soul from hating its brother, but in diffusing that principle of love and tendency to seek better social conditions, which sanctify all facts, and reduce philosophy to the practical necessities of life. This is the charm of Mr. Peebles's teaching. He makes those who come within his influence feel that all men are brothers, and that absolute righteousness manifested in love to one's neighbour is the sole duty of life; that life is not a dreary pilgrimage, rendering intellect the servant of man's animal instincts, but rather that "hand in hand with angels," man traverses the weary round of earth-life, gathering the pearls of experience at every step, and, with his treasures thus acquired, is introduced into the next higher scale of organic being. Without any creed or dogma, and yet imperceptibly in harmony with every form of religious belief, Mr. Peebles insinuates these glorious truths, making men forget that they require sectic distinctions, or statements of intellectual position, in order to be good brothers and sisters, and obedient children of the Infinite Father. How our friend can for years travel, lecture, and write with such a small stock of vitality, would puzzle the theories of the physiologist. The question must be solved on other grounds. Being highly inspirational, and fitted to receive the aid of genial associations and the positive influences of the spirit-world, he is made the instrument, so to speak, through which human forces and spiritual intelligences are concentrated, and then diffused upon those who compose his audiences and social surroundings.

This biography is one of the most interesting that the Spiritualist, philosophical reformer, or, indeed, any earnest truth-loving mind could get hold of. It is more than a mere personal history. It is a comprehensive philosophy of human life, with hundreds of illustrations, in all departments of thought and action. It is, as it were, a panorama of individual development from the incipient germ, through all its gradations and ramifications to the widest manifestations of cosmopolitanism. A great number of English readers will

find their names quoted in this pleasing book, which seems to have a personal reference to almost everybody. In America, and other parts of the world, the same kindly references will be more frequently met with; but, perhaps, the central attraction of the work is the wonderful experiences in spirit-communion which several of its chapters specially unfold, not only through his own mediumship, but especially through that of Dr. Dunn, a young man, rescued by Mr. Peebles from a vagrant life, but who is now one of the most useful exponents of the dawning philosophy of this age. Through this gifted medium Mr. Peebles has enjoyed some very peculiar experiences in connection with the spirit-world. The following extract is a memorable instance:—

"ASCENSION INTO THE CELESTIAL HEAVENS.

"Not long after this visit, the medium was deeply entranced, the body seemingly dead, pulseless. A momentary blank, and he found himself standing beside his body—a very spirit clothed in shining garments—when his guide, appearing, said, 'Now, you will accompany us.' They went south-east, towards the tropical lands of morning; spiritually, the love-life of truth; and at length reached a real world of busy populations, and in their rapid journey, caught glimpses of lakes of the most enchanted beauty, forests teeming with fruits, gardens in bloom, mountains encircled with prismatic clouds, that dropped down fragrant showers upon the prolific valleys, and crystal rivers, roseate with flowers, and redolent with the music of birds; the inhabitants industrious, beautiful, and happy; a conscious harmony of ambition actuating every one to make those homes most beautiful and sunny. Charmed and electrified with such atmospheres and scenes, he arrived safe and invigorated at the residence of Aaron Nite, where he was required to change his garments for something more ethereal. Properly vestured, they ascended, piercing those atmospheres and terraces of light, till in the distance they discerned a brilliantly white sphere, that opened at length, when there stood before them two men and two women, clothed in purple robes, their countenances radiant with serenity of soul, and bearing in their hands flower wreaths of varied form, hue, and fragrance.

"'I will go with these four spirits,' said the guide, 'while the rest of our circle will have to return.'

"Separating, the medium queried why that was necessary. The question in thought was immediately answered by the spirits in accord, the voice of one being the opinion of all:—

"'Because their spiritual bodies are not sufficiently ethereal. The laws of instincts are moral gravitations here: we can go only where minds are one in affection. There is truth in the parable with which our friend and fellow-pilgrim is familiar. The one who had not on the wedding-garment, being on a lower plane, could not remain. They must first evolve from holier affection this higher sphere, ere they can find this rest. You, dear brother, could not advance one step with us, did we not weave around you our aura—the vestment of angel-love. Guard well thy mediumship, if thou wouldst behold the glories to come!'

"Taking the medium's hand, they approached a forest of surpassing loveliness, bordering which was a fountain, its banks adorned with sensitive flowers; for they reverently bowed as the spirits passed. Reaching the fountain, they found it three-graded, dashing a rain-bowed spray, having colours no earthly art can picture, or sunbeams paint in the cloud. In this the medium was baptised; and a sister spirit gave him a nectar to drink.

The spray of this 'Fountain of Purity,' as it was called, inspirited him with a hallowed feeling.

"'Be calm now,' said the guide, 'for we are approaching the sphere celestial of that immortal teacher for whom we have the most profound reverence.'

"Journeying onward amid new scenes, philosophising by the way, the band paused, saying—

"'We can go no farther: other guides must now take you in charge.'

"Six spirits appeared, led by 'Queen of Morn,' all clothed in white, having golden girdles clasping their robes, and enflowering wreaths on their fore-heads, with beauty of form and expression known only in immortal lands. Throwing a soft electric light around the medium, and giving him a 'white vesture' like their own, they passed to an imposing mansion, arch on arch, glowing with splendour, aflash with living mottoes. Dome upon dome, circle encircling circle—east, west, north, south—all lit up with glory. High above the rest was a tower, consecrated to the fine arts. A door opening, they entered, and were greeted by a teacher of music, who said she had sung often to her 'pilgrim brother.' Here were musical instruments of strange construction, giving melodies such as angels only can execute; and sculpture and painting by artists long since departed from our world. Ascending a spiral stairway, they entered a department consecrated to science, poetry, and wisdom, where venerable sages were conversing with their pupils in the most soul-fraught enthusiasm. After inspecting all these attractions, the guide beckoned him to follow, and led him up spirally to a lofty dome, adorned with paintings and statues of ancient seers and sages; among which were those of the Nazarene, with a burning star over his fore-head, and of the apostles, occupying niches in fine view, each having a sentiment encircling overhead significant of his mission. Translated, they read thus:—

"Simon Peter—'*Wisdom is to be sought of God.*'

"Andrew—'*Christ the Corner-Stone.*'

"James—'*Let thy Prayers be unto all Men.*'

"John—'*Charity is the rule of God's Judgment.*'

"Philip—'*The Truth giveth Freedom to the Soul.*'

"Bartholomew—'*Righteousness is the Glory of All.*

"Thomas—'*Knowledge expels all Doubt.*'

"James, Son of Alpheus—'*The Truth that dwelleth in us shall be in us for ever.*'

"Matthew—'*God's Mercy is over All, and to All.*'

"Thaddeus—'*The good Shepherd is alike mindful of all his Flock.*'

"Simon—'*The Tree that hath no Root shall wither away.*'

"Judas—'*Fulfilment of the Law.*'

"Here also was a rich library of ancient dialects, religious and philosophic. Many of the books were set in circular, moveable cases, easy of access, by simply whirling the library round in search of the books sought. Near one of these, at a table, sat the celestial guide—the loving disciple who leaned on Jesus' bosom, clothed in a white robe, glittering like burnished silver. His look was grandeur itself; calm in gravity, the same love-nature, swayed more by wisdom, that seemed as a light and glow of a heavenly sun. Though easy in manner as a child, persuasive and musical in tone of voice, there was an apparent, graceful reserve, inspiring reverence, that prevented any hasty approach. He recognised the medium and his relation with our pilgrim, and held a most happy conversation with his guide respecting the wisest methods of spirit-control. This mansion, or temple, seemed to be a great central battery for spirits and mortals. The medium's

guide had served in the capacity of a spirit psychologist for many years; and to him the spirits there assembled appealed as to an oracle for conclusive measures. Their earnestness upon the subject of mediumship was most serious and fervent, knowing as they did that it is pregnant with the most sacred hopes of all worlds. 'What can be done to avert so many abuses? what to institute better conditions? what to inaugurate more spiritual and fraternal governments on earth?' were among the practical questions for solution. During the conversation of John with this guide about this all-absorbing theme, allusion was made to our Pilgrim, as well as to others, stating that his organic sphere is receptive of influence from that temple; that 'John and James blend in affection:' and he would impress his brother of earth not so direct, but mainly through the mediumship of associated spirits, projecting upon his brain a loving thought, whenever the social conditions demand, the better to reach souls that 'hunger and thirst after righteousness.' Then, as if his words were direct, this beloved spirit said, in language so oft-repeated, so lute-like in sweetness, to our pilgrim—"'*All these shall be thine, child, when thou art worthy. To him that overcometh is the promise of the blessed inheritance.*'"

TANGIBILITY OF SPIRIT FORMS.

By J. B. Loomis, New York.

An article in one of the New York journals, referring to certain recent phases of spiritual manifestations, states that "in Oswego, New York, a blind girl is made the agency by which the spirits *assume form and likeness;* while in this city, but more especially in Moravia, New York, they have been able to *materialise themselves so fav as to be not only distinctly visible*, but also able to speak."

A great misapprehension seems to exist in regard to the nature of these cases, and to the matter of fact involved. Not questioning the occurrence of many circumstances as related, I wish to call attention to, and urge a closer investigation of this subject, in order to ascertain more clearly the principles upon which these and kindred phenomena are based, and thus acquire a better understanding of their nature, and the object for which they persistently recur.

The subject before us for consideration is one of philosophical inquiry, rather than argument to meet the wants of the bereaved and sorrowing. It is therefore addressed to thinkers, to investigators, and those interested in the correlations of matter and spirit. Too long have people been led by curiosity in this matter, and the minds of many have been invariably too much absorbed by the phenomena to study calmly the beautiful philosophy which underlies the novelty and wonder involved.

It is evident to any mind accustomed to study phenomena, and especially such as occur or originate in the hidden or the interior recesses of Nature, that resort must be had to new and yet deeper methods of analysis in chemical physics than any heretofore in use; that, if we would with certainty reach the grand truth occulted by the sublimation and ascent of matter through atoms up to sensitised ultimates or essences, a deeper insight must be employed, a

more penetrating research must be instituted, than has yet been made by scientists in all their investigations during times past.

The phenomena which occur in the atomic or essence realm—in that unexplored realm of unparticled matter, which bears analogous relations to dense and tangible matter that the invisible actinic rays bear to the sensible solar spectrum (and which unparticled matter is a phase of spirit), demand, I repeat, analyses commensurate with such ethereal elements—investigations of an order not yet practised in the schools of research.

Evidently science deals mostly with visible matter—that extreme of entity which is palpable to the senses, which has density or form; while the harmonial philosophy deals with the same matter in a vastly different form, the opposite extreme of the same entity, matter in its translated or ascended condition—a condition advanced above the molecular, and often above the atomic state; in short, it deals with unparticled matter. This is too nearly akin to soul to be reached by ordinary chemical agents. Therefore science knows little or nothing of this realm as a substantial reality, simply because it ever eludes the coarse, formal, and materialistic methods of research employed, in the same manner that life and soul have and ever will elude the scalpel.

Scientific investigations fail to get out of, or beyond, massed or the molecular phases of matter; and, consequently, at this point, ordinary research is utterly blank, and its methods are futile. The chemistry of the schools ceases, its limit is attained, as we make exit from the molecular realm, and enter this realm of essences—as we reach the dividing line between the ponderable and imponderable, or, rather, between so-called matter *and* spirit. Beyond this line is an *infinite* domain, and in it lie inexhaustible resources, perfected and potentialised elements, sequestered because refined atoms—all which will challenge the everlasting investigations and study of the "coming chemist." The *savans* of the present day have as yet hardly discovered that this utterly boundless realm exists.

Atoms that have once been selected by the sentient loom of principles, which builds the living human organism, and which have been woven into its fabric and held in its community of elements, vitalised, breathed upon by the divine breath of its spirit, never lose superiority over the original atoms not thus breathed upon, even when these atoms are released and again cast forth into the boundless ocean whence they came. In this way they not only have acquired a vast superiority over atoms not thus humanised or interwoven—which have not sustained this close relationship to the human spirit—but, furthermore, they never lose their acquired magnetism, or their improved celerity or susceptibility to affinitise, acquired also in this relation. The powers and energies of primary atoms are enhanced a thousand-fold, and permanently so, before they are dismissed from the human constitution; former *electrical* states become exalted to permanent *magnetic* relations; and we

hardly recognise in their new and potentialised chemism the same elements after their liberation. This magnetism, with which these atoms are now charged, can only be imparted by this perfect and most intimate association in the human structure, where these permanent polarities are acquired by virtue of nearness to, and residence with the immortal spirit.

The human organism is constantly receiving accessions of new atoms in the process of rebuilding or recuperation, and is as constantly evolving in a vastly improved state those atoms which have been long enough in its organic association to become thus advanced or perfected. I do not here refer to atomic exhalations from living or decaying *animal* bodies, or to those of the *vegetable* kingdom, for these atoms are not yet sublimed or perfected. These still belong to the material realm, and remain held by its affinities to be worked over in the planet's economy, and in their progress prepared to rebuild the compound human structure. They are not yet potentialised as they are destined to be after they have been woven into the fabric of the human vitality. Essences born at the expense of or by the decay of these humanised molecules are eternal atoms, exhaling to part company for ever with this tangible phase of matter, which atoms as yet are entire strangers to the material chemist.

In an audience, these automic emanations of various qualities are often in great abundance. In them are found all "elements," for these emanations represent the totality of the physical man—the entire microscosm—and this is an epitome of the universe; so that vitalised atoms of nearly all qualities and for all purposes are at hand. Some elements, however, may not be in sufficient abundance proportionately for the purpose required—are not available by reason of temperament or of individual conditions, causing temporary inharmony in polarity of atoms, or of some elements being withheld by mental or physical infirmities. In such cases the successful production of tangible "spirit forms," or fragmentary shapes expected to appear, cannot be effected; nothing in the way of this kind of manifestation can be done.

Now, when manifestations like those at Alton, Oswego, or Moravia, New York, *are* produced, the synthetic chemists of the other life "electrify," or otherwise control a great profusion of these evolving or sublimated atoms—enough to form when condensed a visible hand or arm. The atoms which are to compose it have *once been humanised*, and consequently have a thousand-fold greater affinity, atomic, and molecular motion, than corresponding atoms on the material side which have not thus been humanised; and, having once been associated in the form of an arm, as before observed, most readily take this form again when marshalled into action and order by the energetic will and methods of the unseen chemical synthesist. In a moment, with the quickness of electricity, it may be, these atoms are again dismissed into "thin air."

The remarkable rapidity with which these tangible forms are

produced is due to the advanced or perfected condition of the elements engaged—to the high degree of sublimation attained by these atoms in the human alembic of refinement. The utter silence attending the formation and dispersion, is due not only to the perfected nature of the atoms and the management of their affinities, but also to the exalted phase of the magnetic element employed, which element is a million times more refined than electricity or magnetism as popularly understood, and is proportionally as far within the boundaries of the nature of external sound; for it is a principle that the deeper we penetrate into the hidden realms of nature, the more profound is the silence of her workings—the less jar and noise there are to reach the external ear.

The formations just referred to are of a transient nature, because the atoms or essences cannot long be forcibly held by the unseen operator, and a successful experiment requires more trained skill and knowledge of elements, and a better combination of circumstances than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Hence a failure of manifestation does not necessarily prove the whole thing to be a trick or fraud.

Now it is evident that these productions are far from being the *veritable* arm, or face, or person of a *spiritual* being—not a portion of the body now worn eternally by a spirit-friend, as is generally supposed, and as stated in the article referred to; in other words, not the spiritual body or soul. Spiritualised matter *(uncondensed)* can only be seen with the spiritual sight. The presentations referred to as occurring at Moravia, New York, *are seen by the multitude*, and as individuals of a mixed multitude cannot all be seers—not all equally clairvoyant at the time, the inference is that they all see matter and not spirit in these formations. Hence the beings of the higher life have by no means "materialised *themselves*" as is stated—have not manifested "their *own* face or arm," as the case may be, but some chemical synthesist, who can condense atoms and mould them, has effected a transient formation, which resembles not always the person expected or known even, but modelled some individual departed from us, whom he could most easily represent under the circumstances. When these aggregations of etherealised atoms *do* present a model which is unmistakably recognised, a great and valuable success has been attained. In either case such model, or projection, rightly understood, has an inestimable value, a broad humanitarian purpose in view, teaching all conditions of mind, as nothing else can teach—that this planet-nursery is not the measure of our existence.

These chemists, or whatever they may be termed, are not necessarily in the room as stated; they may not even be in its immediate vicinity. They can produce these effects, *when once the magnetic line is established*, from an immense distance, so self-centred and coherent is this all-penetrating line, and so absolutely do vitalised and perfected atoms obey the behests of law, controlled by the will of the ascended philanthropic operators. It is very true these chemical

operators *may* be near by the effects produced, but not necessarily. To all intents and purposes, they *are* standing where the performance occurs, as, to all intents and purposes, the telegraphic operator stands near by to give you his dispatch, though in person he may be hundreds of miles away.

When an unrecognised formation is presented, it is designed, by its unusual occurrence, to call public as well as individual attention to it; and the selectest attention of *savans* as well as others ought in all justice to be given it, regardless of the charge of unworthiness—the usual cry of ignorance and prejudice. Must the new orbs that glitter in the deep heavens of truth be shut out of our telescope by an intermeddling and crucifying public opinion still?

The grand object at which the ascended aim in producing these material projections is, to establish the sublime fact of immortality—to answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" These wonderful evolutions from the spiritual realm presuppose intelligence and skill behind them, and no other inference, with loyalty to reason, can be drawn than an affirmative answer to this mightiest of all questions.

Curiosity is not the highest attribute of our spiritual nature; and after the fact of immortality is once established in the mind—as these things only can establish it—let us not profane the sanctuary of reason by being constantly led by curiosity for details, in persistently asking those of the higher life about trivial matters, ordinary affairs, or perishable things or sentiments, as is too often the case. Herein a great mistake is made, and the door unwisely opened for troublesome contradictions. These emanate from the sphere of opinions existing in the other life, as well as in this. Let us drop an unwise curiosity, therefore, when once this proof of immortal existence is fully obtained; waive questions that we ourselves may answer by earnest study and careful thought; modestly omit persistent teasing at the very door of this great conviction, and work out subsequently by ourselves, through intelligence, reason, and philosophical study, more than oracles can give, and all the truth and wisdom that we can with benefit entertain. In this light the problem of our immortal career and a better knowledge of our future surroundings having in part been reached and solved by our own endeavours, our faith will grow with a diviner truth and a more lasting harmony.—*Banner of Light.*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICAN LETTER.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

In a previous letter I mentioned the desperate effort made by certain individuals to subsidise Spiritualism, and employ its great and

acknowledged power for political purposes. At first the movement gave indications of success; but the selfish ambition of its leaders became too transparent, and many of their most devoted followers were disgusted and deserted their lead. Mrs. Woodhull, after gaining the Presidency of the American Association of Spiritualists, promulgated a "Message," declaring war against the Government, unless the elective franchise was granted to women within the year. She carried the idea of the aggressive character of Spiritualism into the Woman's Rights Convention at Washington, proclaiming herself its standard-bearer. How miserably her scheme of making Spiritualism a pack-horse for this movement failed, is shown by the Call for the "Steinway Hall Convention," and wherein all reforms are mentioned *except Spiritualism*. At that meeting the superior wisdom of the leading women decided not to make a nomination for the Presidency, but carry on the discussion on the basis of principles. A faction became disgusted at this measure, and seceded to another hall, where Mrs. Woodhull was duly nominated for the Chief Magistracy, although ineligible to that office by our laws, and to carry forward the political campaign, bonds were issued payable when she occupied the Presidential chair! These bonds are fraudulent on their face; for admitting the nominee may be elected, by what right can the President redeem them from the public treasury? They are as truly rebel issue as those of the Southern Confederacy. Every true spiritualist, who has the interest of the cause near his heart, must feel grateful that, before this wild fiasco, Spiritualism was entirely severed therefrom. The drift of public sentiment is indicated in many ways. Two Spiritual journals, the *Crucible* and the *Present Age*, strenuously advocated the necessity of Spiritualism entering the political arena, and sustained Mrs. Woodhull in her social theories, and her claims to the Presidency of the United States. Neither survived the pressure. The *Present Age* has been absorbed by Tilton's paper, which never committed itself, ardent as its editor advocated, in his "Biography of Mrs. Woodhull," her Presidential claims. He has now endorsed a candidate who even opposes "woman's rights," and appears oblivious of the existence of the woman he arrayed in the deceptive garb of poetry.

The *Banner of Light*, at first apparently favourable, has become reticent, and the masterly manner in which Mr. A. E. Newton has ground to dust, and blown away the last vestige of the notorious "Steinway Hall speech," elicits applause from its thousands of readers.

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* has from the first opposed the movement, and sought to stay the tide which threatened to array Spiritualism in behalf of a political faction, which, if defeated, as defeated it must be, would cover it with disgrace. Spiritualism is the friend of no clique or party whatsoever. It absorbs the good from all, and is the just and unswerving arbiter of all. It is like the sunlight, penetrating everywhere, vivifying everything, yet unaffected by the substance it illuminates.

I mentioned what I considered the great mistake in organisation made in the beginning, which has led to the deplorable results of the year. I again advert to the subject, hoping that the friends in England may profit by our painful experience. The absurdity of a *delegated Convention*, the delegates to which have no power to act for the societies that send them, is everywhere acknowledged. The "American Association" is felt to be a farce. The question arises, How shall such central organisation be constituted? The trouble is, the builders began at the top instead of the base; they builded a dome before a column was in place to support it. Until *local societies* were strong, there is no need of a central body, and such *local societies* could not be made compact and utilised, because of the excessive individuality of their component members. As organised, their local societies have been masses of sand, without any expressed statement of belief, any fixed object, or binding membership. They have been mere lecture committees. The fear of a creed, or of binding articles has been so intense, that no one who applied for membership could be rejected, and however reprehensible their lives, could they be censured or expelled, unless they themselves requested their names removed. The ill results from such an association are readily foreseen, and need not be exemplified in detail. They have forced more stringent rules of organisation, awakened Spiritualists to the necessity of enunciating a platform of belief, and a law of membership which shall protect the society from imposition, and preserve its unity. The *Spiritualist Union*, of Boston, leads in this wise movement. They have published a statement of principles which they endorse as representing their present views; and members are admitted by vote, and expelled in the same manner. Associations on the same plan are springing up in many other places, and from them good results are to be expected. The puerile fear of being fettered by a creed is passing away. A creed is simply a statement of belief. There is no danger in such statement—that lies in claiming for it infallibility.

Mr. Lees, of Cleveland, has published a "Catechism" for the children of the Lyceum. A few years ago it would have received bitter rebuke, but public sentiment has met with so great a change, that the children quietly study its pages, or commit its admirable answers to memory. We have learned that if Spiritualism would accomplish its true and noble mission, it must have its fundamental principles clearly expressed, and its aim and purpose comprehended by its recipients.

I presume the English friends have already received copies of *The Western Star*, Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's new monthly magazine. It has every prospect of success, and the initial number is rich with promise. The second volume of "Modern American Spiritualism" is to be published in chapters, and will prove a decidedly interesting feature of the magazine.

Mr. Stebbins has recently published his "Bible of the Ages," a

work which has cost him great labour in compiling, and which, to the ordinary reader and the student, is invaluable. He has brought together the most crystal thoughts of the thinkers of all ages, and thus made a book which is a cabinet of richest gems.

Our friend and brother, J. M. Peebles, soon departs for California, and from thence sails to New Zealand and Australia, to preach the living faith, which is knowledge of Spiritualism, to the people of those remote lands. He intends returning by way of India and the Holy Land, and after two years you will have the pleasure of grasping his hand on his homeward journey around the world.—Fraternally, HUDSON TUTTLE.

CALCUTTA.—"I am glad to see the cause is progressing. It appears to make very little way in this country, it has such strong prejudices to contend against. A believer in Spiritualism seems to stand quite alone here, and the number increases very, very slowly, if at all.—P. WAGSTAFF."

POETRY.

A WISH.

I ASK not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free;
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favoured sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears;
Let those who will, if any, weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied!
Ask but the folly of mankind,
Then, then at last, to quit my side!

Spare me the whispering crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,
To shake his sapient head, and give
The ill he cannot cure a name!

Nor fetch, to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death,
His brother doctor of the soul,
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscovered mystery,
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aërial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born—
The world which lasts when I am dead!

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give;
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze till I become
In soul with what I gaze on wed!
To feel the universe my home;
To have before my mind—instead

Of a sick room, a mortal strife,
A turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA.

STONES THROWN BY INVISIBLE AGENTS.

IN the *Revue Spirite* of last March is a communication copied from the *Gazette de Languedoc*, from which it appears that, in October of last year, the inhabitants of Cabanac, in the Canton of Cadours, in the Department of Haute Garonne, France, were thrown into great excitement by flint stones and fragments of tile, &c., being thrown in and about the house of a farmer, no thrower or throwers being visible, and causing damage to persons and things. The people, thinking the "devil" was at the bottom of it, summoned the priest to lay him. The priest associated himself with two others, and set to work, but in vain; and the people of the farm thought it best to leave the house. The *Languedoc Gazette*, having invited attention to the facts, calls upon science to explain them.

The editors of the *Revue Spirite* say that their attention having been called to this narrative by its being quoted into the *National* of November 30, 1871, resolved, before giving publicity to it in the *Revue*, to have the phenomena inquired into by spiritualist friends near the spot; for which purpose they addressed themselves to the *Cercle de la Morale Spirite* of Toulouse, from the president of which they received the following letter:—

TOULOUSE, January 3, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I shall endeavour to meet your wishes, expressed in your letter. Last November 27th, on which day was reproduced in the *Messager de Toulouse* the article you speak of, we read the account of the stone-throwing at Cabanac at a meeting of our circle, and the question was considered whether the case was one which, in the interests of philosophy, should be investigated by us.

As in all obsession there is a medium, conscious or unconscious, who is most frequently the obsessed himself, we were unanimous in thinking that some member of the farmer's family was a medium, and were equally unanimous as to visiting the farm and, by God's help, doing our best to appeal to the disturbing spirit and bring him into an orderly way. We then took counsel of our spiritual guides, and this was the response:—

"Pray the Almighty that he will permit us to aid you.

"To understand thoroughly, one must see; and it is for this that God permits physical manifestations.

"Spiritualism does not consist, you will say, in believing in manifestations. True, but the manifestations lead to the belief in the future life, and so in the natural consequences of our actions, good or evil.

"The manifestations you are considering are such as must have a strong influence in spreading Spiritualism in these parts; *do nothing to stop them;* leave to the spirits who direct them the care of their producing the effect in accordance with their obsession, and to God the care of bringing out of them the good which he intends.

"LOUIS."

We therefore resolved to limit our action to inquiring into the facts, in accordance with the wish contained in your letter. I therefore addressed a letter to M. de R., the proprietor of the farm where the manifestation took place, and this is his answer:—

"CABANAC, 1st January, 1872.

"SIR,—I have not been able to answer your letter before, in consequence of illness. My wife is also laid up ill. I will only write what I have seen and heard myself.

"When these disturbances first took place, we were away from home. On our return, we were surprised by our tenant telling us that he could not remain in the farm-house in consequence of the alarm he had been kept in. We came home on the Friday, but the extraordinary things he spoke of had ceased on the day before. He

took us to his kitchen and showed us stones and pieces of brick and tile scattered about, and also to the lobby leading from it to where the fowls' grain is kept. After we came home, things were quiet for a week, when my tenant came to say the stones were falling again. I said I could do nothing in the matter. At nine the same evening he came again, with his wife and two domestics, saying it was impossible to remain at the farm. Charity made it a duty to receive them. We left them with our servant to make themselves at home in the kitchen, and retired to our chamber, when we heard a noise like the loud rattling and falling of keys. The servant rushed into the room saying that a piece of earthen pipe had just fallen at her feet. My wife and myself agreed to close the door communicating with the kitchen to seclude ourselves from those there, when my wife, who did not believe in any of these relations, re-entering our chamber, was startled by a noise as of a big stone hurled against the door.

"The next day the tenant returned to the farm-house. The stones were cast about still more numerously, breaking clock, earthenware, glasses, &c. He resolved to endure no more, and so cleared out his goods and left the house.

"The men who helped him to move were struck as he had been. My wife was not thoroughly convinced yet, and went to see the stones fall, as it was declared they were doing. Some minutes after, she, I, and others saw a white stone in the air falling gradually and almost horizontally to the ground. She returned to the house convinced.

"My tenant having gone, with his goods, as I have related, all was quiet. Nothing occurred to disturb those who have succeeded him in the farm-house.

"Twenty-four hours after entering their new abode, in the same commune, my late tenants were attacked again in the same manner with similar stones supplied, it seems, by the ruins of a church destroyed by lightning about three hundred paces from the place of the first commotion; and one evening, their endurance being exhausted, they and their two servants sought an asylum in the house of a neighbour. On their way thither, the man received four blows on the back, evidently from a thick stick which fell at his side; and at night his wife, while in bed, was struck by a chair, which injured her face and made it bleed; the two domestics were also severely pinched.

"Such are the particulars I am enabled to give you.

"DE R———."

I know many cases of obsession about here, but I confine myself to the relation of one now enacting, day after day, at Toulouse. In a certain house, in their own apartment, both husband and wife are assaulted by blows, dealt by some invisible striker. The spirit being evoked at one of our seances, replied:—"Let me alone—I have an object. When I was an old man upon earth, they made

me suffer much—they believe neither in God nor devil. I wish, while having my revenge, to force them to believe in something."

I would reflect upon this, that Spiritualism teaches us by indisputable facts that we pass into the spiritual such as we are in the earthly life, the dominant thoughts ruling our whole being until we pass out of this state of absorption to resume our true life of relations, either through the complete satisfaction of our aspiration, or through some circumstance which God causes to arise for the satisfaction of his justice. Thus it is easy to understand that the thought of this spirit at the moment when he quitted the earth was to be revenged, as soon as he found opportunity, for what he had, or thought he had, suffered from these people.

The passing of material bodies through space under conditions contrary to the laws of gravitation is only the effect of a cause residing in the intelligence which directs it, for material is not intelligent; and if we see it sometimes acting and producing effects, it is only by virtue of spiritual action thus manifesting itself, by combining with it and causing it to move by an operation known to spirits, and altering its ordinary gravity.

If men of science would busy themselves a little less about the means of reproducing effects, and a little more in learning the causes which produce them, they would find the spirits, and instead of charging us with hallucination, they would co-operate with spirits of good faith in promulgating the truths which Spiritualism teaches.

I will finish by quoting from a communication:—

"Patience! the time is not remote when everyone will draw his conviction from facts of his own personal knowledge; the best means for convincing the incredulous are not mediumistic communications, but material facts, which they will not be able to deny; great truths will then become the order of the day, and, whether they will or not, the most unbelieving will be forced not only to open their eyes, but bow their heads in shame, at their past incredulity."

I look forward with confidence to the happy moment to which the present manifestations are but the prelude.

J. Pommies.

DO MEDIUMS LEAVE THEIR BODIES?

From the American Spiritualist.

By J. M. Peebles.

"It is the soul," says Hierocles, "that is *you;* the body that is *yours.*" Bodies are shells—coffin-shells in which mortals tarry for a season. As instruments for use; as houses for earthly experiences, they are upright, comely and elegant.

"Here lies the body of ———" is a false inscription. Better put something like this upon the plain stone that tells of an

ascension. Here lies the *last* of the bodies of ——. Never buried —he was long since off and away!

In the summer years that are coming, corpses will be considered as nothing more than the cast-off garments of living men and women—temples of the eternal in which service is over, and music hushed and the aisles deserted.

Bodies being but fleshly appendages then, is it true that conscious mortals ever leave them before the death-angel taps at the temple-door? Mediums, scores of them, tell us they do, and travel as explorers in the world of spirits. Is it said that "facts do not warrant such a conclusion"? *Whose* facts, pray? Who authorised you to sit in judgment upon others' investigations, or upon a series of well-attested facts coming under others' personal observations? Assertions like the bulls of Pious ix, are of little account. But says the sophist again, "*facts* prove nothing." The reply is,—that without facts,—without phenomena, objective and subjective, in connection with consciousness, and the reasoning faculties, *nothing is proven!* Because an individual has not left *his* body, it should not be inferred that others may have not. Non-experience should not presume to sit in judgment upon experience, neither should ignorance constitute the balancing scales for weighing the investigations; or the experimental knowledge of others.

That certain exquisitely organised persons, aided by the wise intelligences of spirit life, leave their bodies at times we firmly believe, believe upon the basis of the clearest testimony. The separation is complete, too, save the magnetic connection or what an ancient seer denominated the "silver cord of life." This electric cord, often seen by clairvoyants, holds in firm fixedness the vital relations, and aids in the continuance of the circulatory forces during the spirit's absence from the temporal castle.

Once out of their bodies, these mediumistic individuals glide through interstellar spaces, witness magnificent scenery, converse with resurrected souls, and mingle momentarily with vast assemblages of the glorified. Returning, they remember what they have seen and heard—a blessed schooling this, in Heaven!

We accept the out-of-the-body theory because grounded upon psychical facts.

1. Man's nature is triune; physical substance, spiritual substance, and essential spirit. The two last constitute the independent entity. This is neither bound nor confined by gross matter.

2. Seers, seeresses and sages of antiquity—Pythagoras, Appolonius, and some of the Neo-Platonists, as well as the Bibles of the older nations, taught the temporary release of the spirit from the body.

3. Mediums positively declare that they leave their bodies—that they are conscious of being out of them; that they stand near and look at them; that they meet and converse with those they formerly knew, and then, becoming unconscious for the moment, return into them.

4. They are seen by clairvoyants while *out* of their bodies, examining scenery, visiting educational institutions, and listening to the instructions of the gods.

5. Brotherhoods of spirits in whom we have unbounded confidence, assure us that mortals of certain organisations and temperaments can and do occasionally leave their bodies for wise purposes, exploring the golden shores of the better land.

In confirmation of our position, we have the direct testimony of Doctors Van Etten, L. G. Smedley, A. P. Pearce, Boston; E. C. Dunn, Rockford, and many others prominent as lecturers and mediums.

During our Troy engagement we went down to the hospitable home of Dr. G. L. Ditson, Albany, to spend the night with our friend Dr. Dunn. It is a cozy place to visit. Retiring to our apartment he was entranced. The theme of conversation was the interrelations of body and spirit.

When leaving in the morning we said: Doctor, come and see us; come as a spirit to-night, and write us what you see in our room. The next evening we received the following letter:

"ALBANY, February 12, 1872.

"MR. PEEBLES—My Dearest Friend: In accordance with your request, and with the consent and aid of my friends, I left my body last night and visited you in your room in Troy. And now I will give you an account of what I saw, as near as memory serves me.

"You were lying with your face to the south; your clothing was in a chair near the head of the bed. I saw no coat however. I noticed a number of pictures on the wall back of the bed, and thought it a very queer place to hang pictures.

"On the table lay a number of books and papers. The latter were in considerable confusion. At the right side of the table I notice papers lying upon the floor. There was a large book lying upon the table, open at the title page. As near as I can recollect, it was about the 'Fine Arts in Ireland.' There was a pencil in the book, round, smooth and not much worn. On the mantle piece to the right of the stove, I saw a book which looked like a Bible, it was open to Revelations, and in it lay the photograph of your guide. Near this book lay your watch and chain. I tried to pick up a pencil upon the table but failed. I spoke to you several times but could not awake you. Everything seemed as natural as though I was in my physical body.

"I took especial notice of my body after leaving it as it lay in bed at Albany. A part of the circle guarded it. I had a very pleasant time with Aaron Knight, [a spirit], who acted as my guide while absent from the body. The sensations were all pleasant except the terrible dread which always comes over me when returning to my body. Believe me ever yours in friendship, love and truth,

E. C. DUNN."

This description of room, books, pictures, papers upon the floor, photographs in the Bible, watch and chain on the right side of the stove, &c., &c., could not well have been more perfect. The doctor has frequently visited us in this manner, giving the most unmistakeable proofs that he was out of his body. It is not an uncommon occurrence with other mediums—and all proving the feasibility and reality of our position.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The readers of *Human Nature* do not need to be told who Dr. Dio Lewis is, the ingenious adapter of the system of calisthenics, known by the title, "Musical Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children." With the number for June, 1869, the English reprint of his system was offered as a premium to the readers of *Human Nature*, and found much acceptance amongst them. Dr. Lewis has just arrived in London, where we are glad to hear he will remain for some time engaged in literary labours. He is accompanied by Mrs. Lewis and sister, and Miss Boardman. The Doctor does not wear the characteristics of a bookworm, but is a jolly, free, companionable man, about six feet high, and built in proportion. He is willing to lecture on about a score of popular subjects, such as temperance, health, gymnastics, education, and other important topics. Those who can get up meetings in the vicinity of London should bear this in mind, as the public will feel gratified in making the acquaintance of such a genial lecturer. We hope to allude to some of the doctor's most recent works at an early date.

At present a special effort is being made by the friends of the Progressive Library to raise sufficient funds to maintain its operations without involving the proprietor in further responsibilities. This enterprise was commenced nearly ten years ago, entirely without friends; but it has now many in all parts of the world, who, it is hoped, are sufficiently liberal and appreciative to sustain the work there being carried on for the public good. Mr. Grant of Maidstone has offered the sum of £10, if nine others would contribute a similar sum; also a further sum of £5, if nineteen others would do likewise. This matter was referred to last month, and introducing the fact again, we may state that as yet only five £10 subscribers have been received, and twelve £5 ditto. As these subscriptions are conditional, the money is not available until the full amount is subscribed. Should this meet the eye of any of our foreign readers who may be well supplied with means, and have but few opportunities of devoting any part of it to the cause of human progress, we may suggest that their aid and co-operation will be at all times welcome at the Spiritual Institution. A number of suggestions have been made in the *Medium* for contributing annual subscriptions of various sums so as to raise £500 per annum, which is necessary to maintain the Institution in due efficiency. The Progressive Library is adding to its list of friends daily, and no doubt the time is at hand when they will be strong enough to carry on this work with due energy.

Our weekly contemporary, the *Medium*, has favoured us with so many genial notices that we are glad to have a good opportunity of returning the compliment. Through the kindness of Mr. Partridge, our contemporary is enabled to give in alternate weekly

issues M. Dupuis' deeply interesting work on the connection between Christianity and the solar worship. This book has never appeared in English before, so that the publication to which we refer is a very important one. The historical facts and arguments brought forward show that the doctrines and ceremonies of Christianity are derived from the Zoroastrian astrology of Persia, by which the dogmas and rites of modern churches are made plain and intelligible. We earnestly recommend the readers of *Human Nature* not only to procure the *Medium* and read this work for themselves, but to promote its circulation as widely as possible amongst their friends.

We have received the first No. of Mrs. Hardinge's *Western Star*, but too late to allow sufficient space for extended comment this month. It is the best got-up periodical devoted to Spiritualism which the world produces. The type and paging are spacious, the paper good, and the mechanical execution first-rate. As to the matter, we cannot award better praise than to say that the second volume of Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" is being continued in parts of the *Western Star*. The number is occupied by literary articles of much excellence, placing the movement upon a plane which may challenge competition with any other associative enterprise at present occupying the attention of mankind. The numbers are 1s. 6d. each, and orders may be forwarded to the Progressive Library.

The Lyceum movement looks thriving and vigorous. The late anniversary at Nottingham was the most interesting of the series, and the state of discipline was much higher than at any previous year. Mr. Thomas Lees, of Cleveland, Ohio, was unable to be present, but sent a letter by Mr. Burns, and a donation to the funds. We take the following remark from his letter:—"The little motto at the head of Mrs. Low Kimball's paper, *The Lyceum Banner*, is to me a truth—'*Those who educate a nation's children, shape its destiny.*' The Lyceum, in time, will do this better than it has ever been done in the past. The Lyceum is an outgrowth of *Spiritualism*—and *Spiritualism is, and should be, an outgrowth of the Lyceum.*" The anniversaries of the Sowerby Bridge and Keighley Lyceums are also announced.

The Aylesbury boy medium, Charles Swan, continues to develop other forms of mediumship. The spirits are now able to speak through him. The painting manifestations also continue and improve.

NATIONAL JUBILEE AND CONFERENCE OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS,

To be held at Darlington, July 30th and 31st, 1872.

Though this announcement will scarcely meet the eye of our readers before the events occur, yet we give the following call a place in our pages as a historic record :—

ORDER OF THE CONFERENCE AND PROGRAMME OF BUSINESS CONSIDERED.

1. Opening of the Conference by the Secretary reading the notice or call. The chair will then be taken.
2. A hymn by the choir.
3. Invocation.
4. The President's opening address.
5. Address by Mr. James Burns, reviewing the Spiritual movement in England (or the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) during the last seven years.
6. Congratulatory speeches by members of the Conference, and brief reports of spiritual progress in their respective districts.

BUSINESS.

7. Which may include the following amongst other subjects that may be broached:—1st. Considerations of the present standing of "The National Progressive Spiritual Institution." 2nd. Suggestions for its future improvement and pecuniary assistance. 3rd. Official moral approval by the Conference of the conduct of public mediums, relative to charges for admissions to seances, and the manner of conducting the same. 4th. Notice and approval of free seances, family circles, Sunday and week-day Conferences, Lyceums, and Picnics, and especially services in public halls or meeting-rooms, many of which have been provided, free of cost, by noble hearted and generous donors.

It is considered by the committee that the morning and afternoon of two days can be well spent in the development of the foregoing, and that the evening of the first day should be, and hereby is set apart for a protracted Spiritual meeting (for members of the Conference only), which will be opened by the President, and will, we trust be made full to overflowing, by addresses from our invisible friends, through trance and other mediums.

The evening of the second day to be devoted to the general public, to whom Mr. James Burns will delivered an address, reviewing Spiritualism as a speciality, beginning with the family of Mr. Fox.

The Jubilee Conference is appointed to take place in the Central Hall Lecture-room, July 30th and 31st. Doors open at nine o'clock in the morning, the Session to commence at ten o'clock. The second session to open at two o'clock. Public tea for members of the Conference at five o'clock; Spiritual Seance meeting to open at seven o'clock.

Second Day—Doors open at nine o'clock, Session opens at ten; Second Session at two; tea at five. Tickets, 1s. each. Public lecture by Mr. Burns. The chair to be taken at eight o'clock.

Those intending to be present at the Jubilee Conference would oblige the Secretary by signifying the same by note.—On behalf of the Committee,

MARK FOOKS, *Secy.*

Eastbourne, Darlington.

SYMPATHY WITH SHAKERS.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

Sir,—In the February number of *Human Nature* appears an article, signed J. M. Peebles, in praise of the Shakers, whom the writer describes as so many spiritual families, who are advocates of good habits and good morals, and who excel in neatness, industry, integrity, and charity. He concludes by recommending all philanthropists to read Malthus, and carefully study these Believers' teachings relative to chastity, celibacy, and purity of life.

I have no desire to detract from the good qualities of the Shakers, or to do otherwise than endorse the praises of the abovenamed writer, excepting in so far as he impliedly holds up for our admiration the virtue and beauty of celibacy.

A recent writer upon Hereditary Genius propounded a remarkable theory, viz., that the ignorance and barbarism of the middle ages was, in a great measure, due to the injurious effects upon the human race of the monkish system and the prevalence of celibacy amongst the clergy, who necessarily constitute the most virtuous and most learned portion of the population. Whenever a youth displayed a love of study and retirement, he was immediately drafted into the church, to lead a celibate life; whilst his more boisterous and ignorant brethren became soldiers or agriculturists. Thus, the result was that the most peace-loving refined part of the human race were forbidden to marry and have families, and mankind was left to be perpetuated by the most brutal and the most ignorant. If these facts be true, there is little wonder at the slow progress of civilisation in the dark ages.

In view, therefore, of such results as these, it is certainly lamentable that any body of men and women, who possess all the good qualities enumerated by your correspondent, and who are, therefore, so much better qualified than the rough, the noisy, the ignorant, and the intemperate to breed up a race of pure-minded God-fearing men and women, should, in the present age, be so narrow-minded and fanatical as to think that they are carrying out the laws of their being and benefiting mankind by leading the selfish and comparatively useless lives of celibates. I say comparatively useless lives, for this reason, that a man who lives for himself alone, only does one hundredth part of the good to mankind at large that is accomplished by the father of a large family whose children inherit his good qualities, and who trains them up to perpetuate his ideas and teachings, and to afford to their contemporaries the same example of a good and virtuous life that he did to his generation.—I remain yours obediently,

F. A. Binney.

Manchester.

MISCELLANEA.

A Tattooed Man.—Further particulars are given in the *Wiener Medizinische Wochenschrift* of the tattooed man whose case has created such interest both in and out of Vienna. This man states that he is an Albanian, forty years of age, and unmarried. His accounts of his life vary somewhat, but he appears to have been tattooed in Chinese Tartary, by way of punishment for having aided

insurgents. The operation was thus performed:—The victim was held fast by four strong men, his struggles being further quieted by threats of instant death, while for three successive hours daily the artist—always the same man—worked away at him. In less than three months he was tattooed from head to foot. When the man, who is of middle height, and beautifully and strongly built, is stripped, it seems as though the whole of his body was tightly enveloped in a webbing of richly-wove Turkish stuff. From the crown of the head to the tips of his toes he is covered with dark-blue figures of animals and plants, in the interspaces of which appear to be characters of blue and in cinnabar, red. The hands are tattooed on both surfaces, but only with inscriptions. The blue figures stop short at the insteps of the feet, but the tattooing is continued along the toes to the root of the nails in the form of red characters. Through the very hairs of the scalp and of the beard appear also designs in blue. On the forehead, one on either side, are two panthers, "regardant," as heralds would say, and separated in the middle line by red characters. There are altogether on the body no less than 388 figures. All of these are of a blue colour, and represent apes, leopards, cats, tigers, eagles, crowned sphynxes, storks, men, women, elephants, crocodiles, snakes, fish, lions, snails, fruit, leaves, flowers, bows, arrows, and quivers. The inscriptions on the surfaces of the hands belong, according to Professor Muller, to the language of Burmah. The man states that he has been in the region of this country. The skin is everywhere, even over the figures, smooth and supple, and moreover, freely perspires. The figures and characters may be analysed into single blue or red points, of about the size of a pin's head, in the centre of each of which is a whitish scar-like pit. It appears extremely probable that the tattooing has been done with the juices of plants, and not with the usual agents—*e.g.*, powdered charcoal or gunpowder for a blue colour, and cinnabar for a red. The instrument, moreover, with which he was tattooed, and which he has brought away with him, is split like a steel pen at the tip, so that fluid substances could easily be taken up by it. The man has, of course, been photographed. In a short time he will leave Vienna, it being his intention to visit other towns, among them Berlin and London.

The Oldest Man in the World.—The 'New York Tribune' says:—"In 1814, when Pittsburg was but a village, an old man named Jacob Fournais, then aged about seventy years, came here from Canada, and after a brief sojourn, proceeded to New Orleans in a keel boat. That old man died on the 22nd of July, in Kansas City, at the age of 134 years. Fournais was probably the oldest man living. He was a Canadian Frenchman by birth, but for more than half a century was a hunter and a trapper in the employ of the fur company, one of the French *voyageurs* as they were called. He was never sick; and only a few minutes before he died was walking about the room. His age was on the census roll last year as 134 years, which is as near as from the best evidence it could be

fixed. His recollection of important events was very good, and as he was an illiterate man, his memory held to isolated circumstances, not of history as obtained from reading books. He said he was working in the woods on a piece of land he had bought for himself, near Quebec, when Wolfe was killed on the Heights of Abraham. This was the 14th September, 1759, and from what he told of his life previous to that, he must then have been over twenty-one years of age. Thinking he might have confounded Wolfe with Montgomery (1775) he was questioned fully, but his recollection of the names and incidents was too distinct to leave any doubt, and the same account had been given to others long before. Another event which he remembered well, and which he always seemed to look upon as a good joke, was that during the occupation of New Orleans by General Jackson (1814-15) he had been refused enlistment "because he was too old." The old man often told this with great glee. He must then have been about eighty years old. He accompanied the expedition of Lewis and Clark in their explorations of the Missouri, and the discovery of Columbia River in 1803-7. For the past seven or eight years the old man's recollection of faces was often at fault, but his memory of events and incidents seemed as strong as ever—like pictures on his mind—and this retention of occurences was the great help in determining his age. The last thirty years of his life were passed in quiet and comfort. He preferred living by himself, and always had his own house, where he kept his pipe and tobacco pouch, and such things as were articles of comfort to him, mostly such as he had from his residence with the Indians—not forgetting his rosary and a few religious pictures which hung over his bed. He was very neat in his person, clothes, housekeeping, and up to the day of his death attended in summer to his tobacco plants and his cabbages. One of his great desires was to see a railroad, and when the first locomotive came steaming into the bottom near Kansas City, which was in full view of his house, he was nervous as a child until he visited it. He then expressed himself satisfied, saying he 'could tell God he had seen a railroad.'"

For evils of ignorance we want knowledge; for those of false notions we want truth. When the great law of nature—which is the law of God—respecting the reproductive function is clearly known, and the consequences of its disorders and abuses, and the health and happiness that may come from purity and holiness of heart and life, men and women will aid each other in avoiding the evil and enjoying the good. Men will no longer injure themselves and destroy women; women will no longer give the sanction of their tolerance, and even approval, to men of profligate and dishonest lives, wasting their own energies, and making women the wretched slaves of their lusts. Men have to know what is right, and to will to be right. This will is omnipotent. God helps those who have the will, who have even the desire, to do right.—*From Human Physiology, by Dr. T. L. Nichols.*

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES

AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELIJAH.

By J. W. Jackson, M.A.I.

[Mrs. Jackson has placed at our disposal a series of papers with the above general title. The present one is a fragment, part of it having evidently appeared in another publication. We place it first, as the other personages described follow it in chronological order. It may be considered as a continuation of Mr. Jackson's "Ecstatics of Genius," a little work which we cordially recommend to our readers.]

It is no wonder that in the life of such a being as Elijah, nearly all the phenomena of the higher forms of ecstasy should have been successfully exhibited. Thus, in 1st Kings xiii. 46, we are told "the hand of the Lord was on Elijah, and he girded up his loins and ran before Ahab, to the entrance of Jezreel." Here we have the peculiar physical vigour of ecstasy displayed in the swiftness and endurance of the race, as in Samson it had been shown in feats of strength. In either case we see more than ordinary muscular power manifested, as the result of high nervous tension. That this successful effort to precede the chariot of the king was of no ordinary kind, is indicated in the announcement that "the hand of the Lord was on Elijah." This would be quite sufficient for ancient readers, who would thereby readily understand the peculiar kind of excitement under which the energetic Tishbite accomplished his hasty journey to Jezreel. I need scarcely say that it also affords us a glimpse of antique manners, from whence we may judge of their simplicity. For it does not seem that such an act was thought at all derogatory to the chief of the prophets, whose dignity, that even a great Minister of State like Obadiah so readily recognised, does not seem to have been at all compromised by a feat to which no clergyman of Christendom would think of condescending.

Closely following on the foregoing, the sacred narrative supplies us with another instance of ecstatic mission, although apparently of the somnolent order, in the visit of the angel, while the prophet slept under a juniper tree (1 Kings xix. 5-8). The question here will very naturally arise, was the food supplied to the prophet by his angelic provider common bread and water, or was it nutriment of a peculiar quality? I incline to the opinion that it was not material nourishment at all which Elijah received on this occasion. The narrative simply supplies us with his subjective experience, and so affords us a glimpse of the form under which ecstasy sometimes supervened in the case of this extraordinarily gifted and peculiarly favoured man. The angel and the food alike appertained to his interior and not his exterior life. It was a visitation under which his spiritual nature was so effectually aroused into exalted action that the inferior corporeal functions of nutrition, absorption, etc., were suspended, and the higher nervous and muscular powers evoked into unusual vigour of manifestation. In this case, also, the spirit of the Lord was upon him, the increased bodily power being shown, however, rather by endurance than either by swiftness or strength. Somewhat analogous phenomena, though inferior in degree, have been exhibited by ecstatics in all ages, who, when under the inspiration of a great purpose, have often fasted and journeyed without apparent exhaustion or fatigue at all proportioned to the lengthened period of their abstinence, or the immense expenditure of motive power which must have resulted from their prolonged locomotion. The pilgrimage to Horeb, in short, was but a repetition on an enlarged scale of the race to Jezreel. It was the stern march of a mighty prophet, too much absorbed in his God-commissioned errand, too intensely occupied in high soul-communion with a superior sphere of being, to feel the cravings of his corporeal frame, whose carnal necessities were thus, amidst the imperative demands and urgent requirements of this graver duty, postponed to a more convenient season.

The tempest, the earthquake, and the fire—how sublimely poetical, yet how grandly terrible—was the life environment of most of Israel's greater prophets. Truly it is no wonder they were stern in act and severe in reproof. Men who had conversed with God, might well stand unblenched in the presence of princes. The courage that failed not amidst the solitude and the terrors of Horeb, was not likely to quail at the frowns or succumb beneath the threats of the greatest of crowned mortals. Even as imagery, that scene on the lone and lofty mountain transcends, in its combination of moral and physical grandeur, anything in the entire range of profane literature; the elemental forces, in overwhelming power, sweeping round that gaunt,

bare summit, blasted by the storms of uncounted winters, and rugged as with the convulsions of successive geological sequence, not, as might be expected, with some dire form of evil, some personified chaos, but "a still small voice" in their train. The whisper is here greater than the thunder. Nature had spoken to the senses of the prophet, but this is a voice uttering its gentle commands to his soul. He had not been brought to the mountain of God in vain. The fasting but not fainting seer descends with sentence of extinction to dynasties on his lips, and with authority to enthrone the crownless in his hands (1 Kings xix. 15-18).

Discipleship is never absent, when a true mastership is present. The called ever come, when their evocation has been uttered by lips duly potential. The vocation of true leadership seems to involve in it this mystic gift of calling the chosen and they obey. There is ever a moral magnetism in the greater by which the lesser are drawn unto them. When Elijahs call, the Elishas, as of necessity, come; not, however, of compulsion, for it is their will which is taken captive, as by the royal prerogative of these truly sceptred minds. The mantle seems from time immemorial in the East to have been symbolical of the teacher, and the act of Elijah in casting his on the shoulders of Elisha was therefore profoundly significant. Nor does its meaning appear to have been misapprehended by the son of Shaphat. He obviously understood it to signify his adoption as a disciple, and, we may add, probable successor, by the more venerable man of God (1 Kings xix. 19-21). The simple narrative in this paragraph affords us another highly interesting glimpse of antique life and ancient manners. This was doubtless the mode in which many a veteran seer, worn with ill-requited toil, and grey with thoughts as well as years, selected and, in a sense, appointed a successor. Even to this day among the Soffees and other philosophical and mystic sects in Syria and Persia, the patched and many-coloured mantle of the master of the school, which has generally descended through many generations, as the revered symbol of moral and intellectual supremacy, is at his demise placed with considerable ceremony on the shoulders of his most worthy disciple, who is from that hour obeyed as a leader, and consulted as the great expositor of truth. In the case of Elijah, and all true ecstatics, this selection of a successor was doubtless accomplished under a clairvoyant intuition of his fitness and capability. And in the instance before us the master was assuredly not deceived, for although far short of the sublime altitude of his mighty predecessor, Elisha was nevertheless a zealous and faithful witness for the truth, and during the remainder of a long and active life failed not on all convenient

occasions to fearlessly uphold the cause of the God of Jacob against the corruptions and profligacy of the surrounding heathenism.

Immediately following on the foregoing is an episode in which two other men of God are introduced to our notice (1 Kings xx.), the one twice promising Ahab a victory over the apparently almost irresistible forces of the Syrian monarch, and the other forcibly reproving him for suffering Benhadad to escape from his hands. The prophet as such was still obviously a personage of considerable importance, whose words could occasionally incite armies to battle, and whose forewarnings could cast a shadow even upon the minds of princes. And if such were the power of these extraordinary men as a class, it is no wonder that Ahab, oppressed by the consciousness of his cruel injustice to, if not complicity in the murder of Naboth, at length succumbed beneath the terrible denunciations of Elijah (1 Kings xxi. 17-29). Yet in the very next chapter, we have in the case of Micaiah an instance of the ill-treatment to which a faithful seer was not unfrequently exposed, when he dared, in obedience to his internal monitions to prophesy evil in reference to an impending enterprise that chanced to be favoured by the reigning tyrant. It would seem from the question of Jehoshaphat, viz., that the four hundred prophets whom Ahab had assembled must have been heathen seers, and that, as in the case of Elijah, one prophet of the Lord was called upon to face this host of opposing vaticinators. Such conflicts, though on a smaller scale, were probably not uncommon in that day, when both the people and the court seem to have been divided in their allegiance between Baal and Jehovah, and in this miserable halting between two opinions, to have alternately or simultaneously consulted the prophets of either divinity, giving the preference generally to those who predicted something agreeably to their wishes, and being thus not unfrequently led, as by a blind and culpable wilfulness, to their own destruction. Such, on the present occasion, was the fate of Ahab.

We are now approaching the earthly termination of that extraordinary being who has occupied so large a share of our attention. We have purposely devoted more space to the incidents of Elijah's career, inasmuch as that we consider him the model prophet—the great exemplar of his order, the one man, whose life, if not his death, might best illustrate Hebrew seerdom, its mission as a great power, and the destiny which usually attached to its agents. In 2 Kings i., the dauntless reprover of erring princes is again introduced to our notice, not, however, in any new, but strictly in his old character, which he seems to have consistently maintained throughout, as the zealous champion of God's truth against all heathen pretences. Ahaziah's accident

and consequent sickness seem to have evoked another manifestation of that foolish reliance on heathen oracles in preference to Judaic prophecy, which has already been the subject of remark. The fact that Elijah was informed of this intended inquiry on the part of the king, and that he was enabled to forestall it by a prediction of his own to the royal messengers, seem to indicate this possession of habitual clairvoyance. It would seem that nothing of importance in which his presence might be required could take place without his receiving interior information and direction in reference to it. From the general tenor of our observations in this and previous papers it will, of course, be understood that we consider the angel mentioned in v. 3 as the form under which the prophet's ecstatic intuitions were presented to his inner consciousness.

The slaying of the two fifties (2 Kings i. 3-12), like the slaughter at Kishon, exhibits to us the sterner and, in a sense, the high judicial aspect of the prophetic character. Our pulpits and even our platforms preach peace, but the voice of the Jewish heralds of the Most High were often heard proclaiming their Master to be the Lord of Hosts and the God of Armies. To them he moved in the whirlwind and spoke in the thunder, and they, as his divinely appointed agents, not only denounced but occasionally executed judgment against his open and avowed enemies. In the case before us it was perhaps necessary to vindicate the supremacy of the God of Abraham by bringing sudden destruction on the satellites of the tyrant. Probably but for this the moribund prince might have added to the criminality of his former life by the murder of the chief of the prophets, over whom the adherents of Baal would thus, to the popular mind, have apparently obtained a final triumph. The submission of the third captain, and the safety with which Elijah could reannounce the king's approaching death, even in the royal presence, shows the awe with which this tremendous display of his power had inspired even the proudest and bitterest of his foes. Of the possible command of the elements, to which it would seem that man, in a certain stage of mental, or more strictly speaking, moral exaltation may attain, we have already spoken. The consumption of the two bands by fire from heaven we consider then, to have been simply another, though assuredly a grand and terrible instance in point.

"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." (2 Kings ii. 12.) Of the manner of Enoch's translation nothing has been revealed to us, and in the paucity of such awe-inspiring facts we can therefore in the way of illustration, only compare the manner of Elijah's departure with the calmly majestic ascension from Bethany. Of the fitness of the

latter, as a final scene to that unique and wondrous career on earth, of which it was the sublime conclusion, none can doubt. The dawning glory as of humanity's resurrection morn then beamed forth from the mild radiance which engirded that immortal form, bound heavenwards on its journey of everlasting love. While in the horses and chariot of fire, which awaited as celestial servitors on the earthly termination of the God-commissioned Tishbite, we may equally perceive a grandly analogical adaptation to that life of fearless daring, consuming zeal, and commanding energy by which this exalted seer was distinguished from even the most ardently devoted and most marvellously gifted of his prophetic brethren. He who, by his prayerful intercession, had called down fire from heaven on the sacrifice, and whose burning indignation had evoked the lightning as an instrument of his righteous vengeance on the satellites of tyranny, whose whole existence had been a moral offering of himself on the altar of his God and in the cause of his country, and who, trampling under foot all the requirements of his lower nature, had gone on conquering and to conquer in the ascending path of spiritual purification, could scarcely be expected to pass away from the scene of his gigantic but unselfish labours, from the theatre of his dread and utterly unexampled triumphs, like an ordinary mortal. He had been alone in his life, and was unapproachable in his death; in each transcending the noblest altitude to which humanity in its most exalted anticipation dares even to aspire. In him faith had its perfect work, virtue its appropriate reward, and holiness its due honour. In him the life of the spirit had so completely predominated over that of the flesh that he could be *translated*, and thus pass, without the baptism of death, into the portals of Eternity. The once mortal had so far put on immortality that the transition from things terrestrial to things celestial needed no crisis, he having, while still an inhabitant of earth, risen to a level with the vast demands of a heavenly existence. For him the dread abyss of death was bridged as with angels' pinions. To him the Valley of the Shadow was a pathway of light, over which he was borne in triumphant ease as an invincible conqueror, entering his Father's house, not as a humble suppliant, but as an especially honoured and peculiarly privileged guest, a son returning from the wars of time to the paternal mansion, with the halo of countless and unexampled victories on his brow.

Doubtless to many, the glorious departure of Elijah appears as the culmination of miraculous potentiality, while to us, on the contrary, we must confess, it looms out from amidst the littleness and insignificance of ordinary experience as a great and consoling fact in the history of man, as a grand and elevating

revelation of the supernal majesty of that interior being which humanity inherits from the Supreme, and whereby the child of clay, amidst the rags of mortality, is still an august presence, in whose lineaments the diviner features of the Elohim are reflected, not dimly, but as in the shadeless brightness of a living and eternal mirror. Yes, let us say it not scoffingly but devoutly, not irreverently but worshipfully, that with such glory as Elijah departed might we all likewise pass away, if only as zealous and pure, as devoted and holy, as this great, good, truthful, and earnest man of God.

THE DIVINE REVELATION.

In the new science known to us as Sociology, there is an axiom to the effect that a future condition of society may be always inferred from that at present existing, as the latter is, in its turn, the natural effect of that which preceded it; every stage, in either progress or retrogression, being, at the same time, a cause and a result. This law, relating, as it does, exclusively to mundane phenomena, may be, and, in fact, has been, verified by observation of facts recorded in history, and may therefore, by a reasonable analogy, be applied to the transition from this life to another, as it has hitherto been to the transition from one social condition to another.

That the analogy has been so utilised as a basis for argument, cannot but be well known to all whose reading has been sufficiently extensive. Analysing, in the first instance, the composite nature—the two-fold constitution—of man, theorists and framers of theological systems have, from time to time, argued from the nature of that constitution to the eventual destination of the human being, and the purposes for which he has been originally created. In other words, the question to be answered is—What should we reasonably expect to be the future and eternally permanent condition of a being constituted as we find man to be? and the inquiry is facilitated by the knowledge of the fact that natural and instinctive—that is, uniform and universal—tendencies presuppose and point to certain ends, which they have been designed to subserve.

This previous adaptation of means to an end we can ascertain from the uniform operation and results of the instincts of lower animals, which we cannot suppose capable of any rational foresight, or calculation of and provision for consequences.

Taking into account, then, our own faculties, or tendencies, or intuitions—for all these terms signify the same thing—we are led on to examine the nature of the end which they indicate,

and to which they are necessarily suited. In such an inquiry, however, it is quite possible—as we know from existing instances—to invert the obvious and natural process of inference, and argue, to a foregone conclusion, from premises constituted specially to supply it. There is, for example, scarcely any form of superstition that has at any time influenced the minds of large sections of mankind, in support of which it has not, in this way, been proved that it is, of all others, the most suited to the circumstances and requirements of human nature, and that it must, therefore, have been the subject of the only true divine revelation which it is sinful to reject. Those several superstitions, however, having grown out of and been suggested by the respective physical conditions and social relations of communities more or less isolated, or at least differing from others in some remarkable peculiarity, are found, accordingly, to be merely local and temporary in their adaptation, and therein to betray the purely physical and national character of their origin, wanting the universality and uniformity which we would naturally expect to require in any system dictated for our guidance by an omniscient Creator; differing not more in the system of belief and discipline than in the nature of the end to which these are supposed to conduce; and coinciding only in the belief of a future and retributive existence of some sort, which must be assumed from that coincidence to be the only truth involved in and common to them all. The diversity in question will be best illustrated, perhaps, by a review and comparison of the different conceptions of a paradise entertained by the votaries of the social superstitions, according to their respective circumstances and predilections.

We shall, of course, be merely repeating what is already sufficiently familiar to our readers if we place, side by side for comparison, the eternal hareem which the dying Mussulman in his ecstasy sees unveiling its fascinations to his fading sight; the immortality of alternate revelry, tournament, bloodshed, and ale, in the Walhala to which the Norseman used to look forward as his funereal galley burned to the water's edge; the æsthetic delights of the music and poetry of the Greek Elysium; the eternity of quiescence which the Hindu hopes to enjoy upon the lotus-leaves with Brahma; the infinity of hunting-ground through which the Sagamore expects to roam interminably for all the ages of his spiritual life, in chase of game as immortal as himself; and lastly, the immortality of psalm-singing in white surplices, and other ceremonies of abject adulation, which the Christian puritan mistakes for heaven.

Now, from the fact that all those diversities in the idea of the manner of a future existence represent so many different reve-

lations from the Deity, it becomes evident that no one of them can be really supported by any such authority. Their differences prove the false and imaginary character of all; because any one, if it were real and authentic, would necessarily be so plain, distinguished by so much certainty, and of so universal adaptation, that it could not fail to be everywhere and unanimously accepted.

It is evident then, in the first place, that a revelation, properly so called, could never have been given in this way, and that it must be identified not by any one or more specialities, but by some coincidence sufficiently uniform to place it out of the range of question: and, secondly, that no such belief as that involved in any of those theories could possibly have been dictated by any direct communication from the Creator, for the simple and sufficient reason that the capabilities of physical enjoyment are transient, and suited only to a state of brief transition through a material existence; while, on the other hand, the faculties of intellectual activity and moral sentiment are not only, so far as we can at present infer from the analogy of approximation, eternal, but of a nature to be enhanced by duration.

Those various superstitions and inventions of priestcraft being inadmissible, the probability, amounting to a moral certainty, that, to beings constituted as we are, some intimation of our eventual destiny would be communicated, the questions naturally arise—Is there or has there been a divine revelation?—Of what does it consist?—How is it communicated? It is in finding answers to those questions that we must apply the *á priori* argument to which we alluded above. In the first place, examining the phenomena of our own consciousness—our intellectual curiosity, our natural desire of pre-eminence, our faculty of interpreting circumstantial evidence, our tendency to speculate upon the mysterious and supernatural, our susceptibility of pleasure and pain, and our power of reasoning upon causes and consequences of all these—we can certainly not resist the conclusion that we exist for some special purpose, to which we are adapted, and are therefore supplied with certain data for determining what that purpose is: secondly, in order to determine what it is, it becomes necessary, first, to decide what it is not—in fact, to argue, as the logicians say, disjunctively.

Here—as indeed all through this or any other inquiry on the same subject—we have to argue out probabilities; because the most that we can ever attain is but a more or less distant approximation to certainty. It seems then, to the last degree, improbable that the most authentic information we can gain respecting the intentions of a superior being, should consist of ordinances relating to unmeaning ceremonies, of the same class with the inscriptions on the Eugubine Tablets and Cleopatra's

Needle, alternating with a few ethical precepts and a mystic doctrine to the effect that we are all naturally inclined to evil, and doomed to eternal punishment for a congenital defect which, if not imaginary, is rather our misfortune than our fault, and can be compensated only by a vicarious atonement, for which the Deity is said to have visited this little planet in human form, and to have undergone in his own person an ignominious and agonising death, in order to satisfy his own vengeance upon his own creatures whom, when he might and could have done otherwise, he made fallible and imperfect; and that, through this compensation, we may, under certain conditions, be admitted to an eternity of some such exaggerated servility as the courtiers of Jeddo may be supposed to yield to the Taicoon. Almost equally improbable it is that, according to another revelation, inculcating similar but rather less absurd observances, the faithful believers inherit a paradise of sensual indulgences as a reward of obedience, and especially of that enthusiastic devotion which is attested by falling in battle for the faith. But it must of course be at once evident that any doctrine or system holding out any sort of merely sensual or physical enjoyment, must be a matter of human invention, designed for the maintenance of sacerdotal or political despotism; and could not, consistently with any rational estimate of a Deity, have a divine origin. It must also be extremely difficult to believe that any divine revelation, intended for the instruction of all mankind, has ever been intrusted exclusively to any one favoured individual or family; because it must inevitably, in that case, be affected by the uncertainty which attaches itself to every tradition and to every statement respecting which faith is incompatible with experience, and must consequently fail in its object. There remains, therefore, but one alternative; that such a revelation cannot be otherwise than directly and personally communicated to every individual, in those spiritual instincts which are as yet sufficiently developed only to prove the existence and meaning of certain tendencies from which we learn uniformly and infallibly three articles of natural religion—the existence of a Deity; a future and retributive state of existence; and the eternal and intrinsic distinction of right and wrong.

In these intuitions we find all the necessary elements of certainty, which are uniformity, universality, and necessity—by which last term is meant the impossibility of existing without them. They are such as every individual can recognise and test in and for himself, and needs not to accept as a matter of faith from others. They are independent of and transcendental to proof. For or against them there can be no logical demonstration. They stand on this high ground; because we are more

certain of them than we should be if we could logically prove them—such proof being in most cases a matter of memory—and we are to this degree certain of them, because they are a portion of our spiritual nature—laws of our intellect—which we believe, because, constituted as we are, we cannot possibly do otherwise.

H. OWGAN.

THE INNERMOST OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY A SHAKER.

PERSONS generally—the religious as well as the irreligious—are as naturally attracted to, and influenced by, principles of pride, cupidity, retaliation, and sensuality, (which prompt them, more or less, to all kinds of sensuous gratifications,) as is the needle held to the magnet, although they know that all that can be obtained, in the carrying out of those principles, is necessarily *un*satisfying, and yields little else than disquietude, perplexity, mental and physical suffering, condemnation, and fear of future consequences.

These principles, however, do not form any part of *real* human nature, but are *adulterating evils un*naturally attached thereto, and which must be separated therefrom, before that condition which qualifies individuals for the society and bliss of glorified spirits and angels can be reached by such persons as are in those evils. For *true human nature* (in itself) is as good as God could possibly make it.* Yet, nevertheless, good as it is, it does not contain *God*. But

* Especially may this be asserted now that J. W. Jackson has (in the December No. of *Human Nature*) beautifully set forth the embryo condition of man, in his present form, and as being only a promise of its "day of splendour and power—the roseate hue of a glorious dawn." I cannot controvert his positions, and would not if I could, for I like them; they are grand and beautiful—especially *if true*.

Yet it does not appear to me quite *necessary* that this shell, or *body* of ours should undergo changes so immense to render it the shrine of a spirit that may (if it will) become angelically pure and good, and fitted for a heavenly society and abode among the angels of the *upper spheres* of the celestials, by "laying down" the *generative life* of nature, and renouncing all earthly and animal mindedness that grow thereout, or arise therefrom, and living as did Jesus Christ, so as to be able to say *in truth*, as he did, "*I am not of this world.*" I am disposed to believe, rather, that the brilliant ideas advanced by J. W. J. upon this subject will have to be transferred to the substantial and *purified* spiritual body—the *soul* in a disembodied and glorified state: yet probably some may attain to it in even this life. *Why not? Jesus did.*

Or it may and probably will be, that, in the progress of Spiritualism and honest Spiritualists, the *souls* of many will be able at pleasure to vacate the *earthly* bodies, and "fly," or "waft" themselves to other localities,—(not however for the purpose of travelling from "New Zealand" or any other place, "to London" or any where else, to show what *can* be done, but)—to impart glad tidings, or warnings of (or to save from) danger, or to minister healing power, or to call mortals to repentance, and for other good and beneficent purposes.

I think the few developments of this sort that have taken place may safely be received as so many *earnests* of this good thing (now held in reserve), which shall act upon men and women as a new motor by which to draw them from the paths of worldliness, folly, and wickedness, into a *truly* spiritual life in Wisdom's heavenly ways of holiness and purity of flesh and spirit. If so, that may with much propriety be called "*The good time coming!*"

it has a department, or *faculty*, within it, which, when maturely developed, will be capable of receiving all those Godlike properties and qualities that constitute *God*.

It is the expanding or developing process of this now *empty* department, or *dormant* faculty, of human nature that causes the trouble that is felt in the present disordered and diseased *state* of the mental and physical parts of the people of the world, which has become as a thick stratum of hard-pan and clay, beneath which this beautiful and essential property of the soul lies deeply coffined.

By the expansion, or *growth*, of this faculty of human nature, the *mind* is set in motion, and caused to desire and seek something more rational and satisfying. It thirsts for more of *that truth* which pertains to the soul and eternity. It is constantly quarrelling (as it were) or expressing its dissatisfaction with earthly, animal, and sinful things. It causes a change in the physical and intellectual habits of the more animal parts of the man. It sees all things wrong, but knows not how to better them. And, by and by, such will be the effect of the expansion of this *innermost* of man's nature, that a spiritual earthquake will be felt in the soul, produced by the forced entrance of the substantial light and power of *higher truth,—the true Gospel of Christ,*—which is all the time trying to crowd itself through the dark, rubbishy, and destructive principles and elements of this world into its own proper habitation —the *innermost of human nature*.

Then shall this *higher truth* meet with a cordial and thrice-welcome reception by the man or woman to whom it shall be ministered, and by him or her be allowed to operate according to its nature, and the intention of its Author; and then the soul will speedily and clearly see its way to the attainment of health, order, contentment, peace, justification before God and man, and *rest* from the disquieting and afflicting perturbations, deceptions, and disappointments of a sin-benighted and soul-damaging "world;" in fact, it will then plainly see the *way of salvation* from all condemnation, error, and sin; and will be glad to find and secure a portion with those who experimentally know the import and meaning of the words, "Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ: for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before God day and night."

WILLIAM OFFORD.

Mt. Lebanon, N.Y., U.S.A.

ATOMS, FORCES, AND SPIRIT.

(*To the Editor of Human Nature.*)

SIR,—In his valuable lecture on "Attraction, Gravitation, and Planetary Motion," reproduced in the current number of *Human Nature*, Mr. Grant remarks, very truly, that the views therein pre-

sented "will be found to clash violently" with some of our commonly-received opinions. But those views, even though they may "clash" with their opinions, cannot be regarded as novel by the readers of your periodical; the main purport of the two series of papers from my pen, to which you have recently given the hospitality of your pages, being, 1st, to demonstrate the co-existence of the three universal modes of Substantiality, viz., SPIRIT, FORCE, and MATTER, as the three distinct, yet externally-united, elements of what we call *The Universe;* and, 2ndly, to show the part respectively played, by each of those elements, in the production of the infinitely-varied phenomena which make up the totality of LIFE.

In the fourth and fifth numbers of the first of the series referred to, occur the following passages, which I beg to be allowed to recall to the memory of your readers, in order to prove the close accordance of the views which have been, as yet, so little understood, with the progress of scientific discovery which I so confidently await as destined to confirm and complete them:—

"The labours of the numerous investigators who have devoted their lives to the dissection and analysis of material bodies have ascertained that all those bodies consist of atoms possessing the attributes of extension, inertia, ponderability, and impenetrability by one another, separated from one another by interstitial spaces, and combined in varying modes for the production of the various material substances of the planet, the nature and qualities of each of which are the direct result of the particular mode of juxtaposition assumed, for the formation of each substance, by the atoms of which it is composed; and Materialistic Naturalists have accordingly concluded, from this double fact of the atomic constitution of all bodies, and of the absolute dependence of the qualities of these on the mode in which their constituent atoms are combined in each, that the Universe consists only of Atoms as the constituents of Matter, and of Movement regarded as an attribute of those Atoms; the Atoms themselves, through their various spontaneous modes of agglomerating themselves, producing the phenomena of Heat, Light, Electricity, Vitality, Thought, Will, &c. By the Materialistic School, therefore, the idea of the co-existence, with Matter, of a Spiritual Principle, or Element, is discarded. Matter, assumed to be self-existent, is considered, in regard to the phenomena of existence, as being at once both Cause and Effect; and the Universe is thus reduced to the condition of a Body without a Soul.

"Happily for the progress of human thought, freedom of speculation and of experimentation contains within itself the efficient corrective of the errors into which it may seem, for a time, to lead its votaries; and accordingly, by carrying the analysis of material phenomena still farther than has been done by the Materialists, the experimentalists of the Thermodynamic School, with their most laborious investigator, Hirn, at their head, have completely refuted all the various Materialistic theories, by proving, with the aid of the most rigorous mathematical demonstration (G. A. HIRN—'Con-

sequences philosophiques et métaphysiques de la Thermodynamique,' p. 96), *that the inter-atomic spaces in all bodies are the theatre of the action of Forces which are neither vibrations nor any other mode of Matter, nor yet mere abstract principles, but are real entities, though of a nature different from that of Matter, are as really a factor in the production of material phenomena as are the atoms themselves, and are not only distinct from, and independent of, those atoms, but rule the latter with a sway so absolute as to reduce them to the condition of mere executors of their behests. They have demonstrated that the action of those Forces—incessant, instantaneous, ubiquitous, transcending the limitations of Time and Space, and constituting, so to say, the normal and permanent magnetic network which holds planets to their suns, and suns to one another, throughout the immensity of the Universe—determines also the varying proportions of atoms and of interstices which constitute the various modes of atomic juxtaposition to which the various densities and qualities of material bodies are due; that not only the various qualities of those bodies, but the fact of combination, into bodies, of the separate and always repellant material atoms (which would otherwise remain eternally in a state of diffusion), is simply and solely the result of the varying interactions of those Forces upon the material atoms; and consequently that those Forces, and not the inert material atoms—incapable of movement and therefore incapable of combination or of union—are the real producers of the totality of material phenomena.* . . . The Universe of Derived Existence is therefore resolvable into Force and Movement, acting through, and occurring in, an unknown substratum of what we call Substantiality, as the vehicle of Force, and the subject of Movement. . . . When the noble army of scientific explorers (true Pioneers of human progress, though, as yet, in many cases, too much absorbed by the wonders they discover in their special fields of research to be able to look beyond the plane of Result in which they are labouring), shall have advanced one step farther; and—perceiving that, as the inert material atom is but the obedient slave of the formative action of the Cosmic Forces, so, those Forces, incapable of devising the plan of the Universe they are working out, are but the unconscious instruments of the Supreme Intelligence in the ultimation of its Creative Purpose—shall 'discern the traces of a Divine Presence in the interstices of every body,' the recognition by them of Spirit, as the higher, directing principle, or element, of which material forms are only the continent, and the Cosmic Forces only the agents of manifestation, will follow as an inevitable consequence; and Science, having thus reached the true stand-point for the comprehension of the complex phenomena of existence, will cease to be a mere digger and delver in the outer courts of the Temple of the Universe, and will assume its true character as the High Priest of the Religion of the Future."—*Human Nature* for February, 1870, pp. 59, 60, 61; March, 1870, p. 102.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ANNA BLACKWELL.

Paris, July 12, 1872.

MR. GRANT'S ESSAY ON PLANETARY MOTION.

A READER of *Human Nature* kindly addressed to us a letter alluding to Mr. Grant's essay, with the desire that we should forward it to that gentleman. Mr. Grant has written the following letter in reply. We hope Mr. Close, or some other reader, will enter into the controversy more fully, so that the truth may be elicited:—

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

Shirley House, Maidstone,
14th August, 1872.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for enclosing the Rev. Maxwell Henry Close's letter, but, like most that I have received, it is totally devoid of argument, dealing only in dogmatic assertions without offering any evidence. The mistakes and inconsistencies which he supposes my paper to contain are only imaginary, arising, on his part, from an imperfect understanding of the points. It is clear he is strongly imbued with the ideas he has inherited, and accepted apparently without question, and therefore can only see from one point of view.

He overlooks my statement, on page 307, that I do not dispute "Newton's *facts*," as established in his "Principia." I merely combat the theories and hypotheses advanced to account for those facts. This gentleman imagines I neither understand Newton's explanation of the tides, nor his theory of attraction, but he makes no attempt to set me right; and he goes on to flatly contradict "Phillips's System of Gravitation," my explanation of the cause of the roundness of shot, and other statements, without even a word of argument to the contrary; much in the same way as clerical reasoners are wont to deal with adverse opinions upon questionable Church dogmas. He even supposes me to be ignorant of the fact of the inclination of the earth's axis, although I clearly imply it in calling the equator the *mean* orbit line, p. 309. Sir Richard Phillips and his followers do profess to have proved his systems of gravitation and planetary motion by experiment.

The rev. gentleman had good reason to think that it would be useless to read his letter to me. But if he will qualify himself by impartially studying the matter, and then write a good, calm, concise, and *argumentative* article, void of dogmatism, he will no doubt receive the thanks of the readers of *Human Nature*, and especially of—Yours faithfully, THOMAS GRANT.

SPIRIT TESTIMONY ON RE-INCARNATION.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

SIR,—As you have published a letter from M. Bonnemère to M. Gledstanes in reply to my article on Re-incarnation, I hope to be allowed, with that friend's assistance, to say a few words which I think of great importance.

I have a double reason for claiming your kind indulgence: first, because it will give me the opportunity of protesting most emphatically against the accusation which M. Bonnemère, from not knowing me, makes of my appearing to him wanting in toleration, and he advises me "not to criticise too bitterly men of good faith, who are seeking truth by another way than mine, and not to condemn too severely those whose belief differs from mine." This passage, dear sir, grieves me greatly, for it shows me that I must have expressed myself very badly to have been so ill understood. My profound and steadfast belief is that the whole law is in love, that progress can only come through love, that future happiness is only to be found in the expansive power of a greater love. This is the reason why I attack opinions which I think wrong with the energy born of conviction, but I open my arms to all those who profess them; and while I respect their opinions, if I endeavour to modify them, it is only in the name of reason. I neither condemn nor criticise *any one;* if I regard all who belong to the human race as brothers, much more do I feel myself united to those with whom I have so many ideas in common; it is by love and forbearance to one's neighbour that our belief must be established; but persuasion has other ways, and it is to logic and reason that I appeal, while I combat what seem to me the errors of those whom I love.

Your indulgence will also allow me to state that M. Bonnemère has only replied to my arguments by an affirmation without either discussion or proof; he has not endeavoured to show that re-incarnation does not destroy human individuality, scattered, as it were, in the course of successive existences. He has confined himself to giving us the history of his conversion to Spiritism, and to describe the truly extraordinary faculties of the medium he discovered, as he says, on his way to Damascus.

M. Bonnemère is a man of great value, a writer of the highest merit, justly appreciated by us, and he is too enlightened to remain satisfied with the only evidence he has obtained. The argument he adduces from the isolation of his medium is of no value, any more than the acceptation of re-incarnation teaching as a case of inspiration. Every one who has attentively followed the communications through mediums, knows that no absolute value can be ascribed to them; that they are materials, indications, sometimes a rending of the veil which conceals the unknown, but that all that is said must be carefully sifted by our reason. It is remarkable that the communications are always in accordance with the belief of the majority of those present, thus occasioning the most complete contradictions. If Madame L——, during seven years, had constant affirmations of the truth of re-incarnation, I for fourteen have only had communications which condemn it. The eleven millions of believers in America are kept in the same belief as myself. Where, then, is the truth in these contrary assertions? We must make use of our intelligence to find it out, and it is for our reason to pronounce judgment which will vary

from age to age, being modified according as a brighter and purer light is afforded us. It is then to the reason of the Spiritists that I appeal, at the same time calling myself their brother; for our common belief converges to the same goal—love, which should unite us all in the bosom of its genial rays.

L. F. Clavairoz.

A WORKING MAN'S THOUGHTS OF WAR AND OF THE MEN WHO MAKE IT.

Sweet is the scene, when in the western skies
The setting sun throws o'er the earth its flood
Of crimson light, when shadows lengthen in
Its rays, and the fair songster of the grove
Pours forth the evening song ere dews distil
Upon its leafy home. The peasant bends
His weary limbs towards the spot where all
His hopes are centr'd—his faithful wife with
Loving hands prepares the evening meal, while
Rosy babes with noisy glee welcome their
Parent home. Soon all is still, the sun's last
Rays are gone, the tir'd labourer sinks to
Calm repose, and night's cool curtain closes
Round the scene. Then in the busy streets
Of distant towns, the pent up artisan
Recruits his wearied powers, while cooling
Breezes fan his fever'd brow till twinkling
Stars bespeak the hour of rest. Then all is
Hushed, save in the haunts of revelry, and
In the abode of wealth, where, nature's laws
Revers'd, men waste the golden day, and seek
Excitement 'neath the artificial blaze
Till midnight hour—then they too seek repose.
Time moves along with noiseless tread, nor wakes
The sleeping world, till with its wand it calls
From eastern skies the beams of day. 'Tis then
The toiling world awakes refreshed, with strength
Renew'd to struggle for life's daily bread,
To gather in of every kind and form
The countless blessings, scatter'd far and wide
O'er earth's fair bosom, dropped from the Parent
Hand so bountiful and kind.
  Thus days, and
Months, and years would roll, the honest worker
Dreaming not that in the council chamber
Of the men who rule, schemes of ambition,
Cruelty, and crime engage their deepest
Thought. Their plots conceiv'd, matured, they seek some
Pretext to incite to blood; and well-filled
Coffers, fruits of the people's care and toil
Are lavished on the bloody instruments
Of death, and the vast wealth which should advance
A nation's progress, is disbursed to work

Destruction, and call forth all the baser
Feelings of our race. And now a mighty host
Invades a neighbour's lands; the fields lay
Bare, the peaceful homes destroy; fire, sword and
Famine mark the murderer's track. The sons
Of toil called from their useful labours to
Resist the foe, are swept from earth and home,
Their mangled bodies trampled to the dust;
While 'mid the clash of arms, the thundering
Cannon's roar and shrieks of dying men, is
Heard a shout, the hellish shout of victors
Glorying in their shame. Victims of man's
Ambition, in heaps unnumbered, strew the
Blood-stain'd ground; their loving hearts for home and
Friends have ceased to throb; the hands which once were
Usefully employed are clenched in death, and
For the objects of their love, can toil no more!
For what this ruin? That some designing knave,
Reckless of blood, may glut his vain ambition
To the full, and wrest from weaker hands a
Thing called "Fame"!
Oh brother toiler o'er the
Wide, wide world! Oh when shall we combine to
Check these monsters in their vile career? Your
Aid withhold, and then aggressive wars shall
Cease. Think ere you strike a brother man, who
Never did you wrong, who toil'd in other
Climes, that you may share the labour of his
Hands! Think! think of his prattling babes, that, like
Your own, cling fondly round his heart; (And will
You dare to take a life as sacred as
Your own?) then may you live in peace and love,
And never more be driven, like herds of beasts,
Unto the slaughter field; but when your thread
Of life has spun its useful length, you'll sink
In loving arms, away to brighter worlds.
Hasten the time, when, should disputes arise
'Mong Crowned heads, the bold aggressor shall
Be made appear before the bar of nations;
Then right, not brutal might, shall rule the world.
But hark! the din of war is hushed, the cannon's
Roar has ceased, the reeking sword is in its
Scabbard sheath'd, cruel man has done his worst, and,
It may be, the guilty has prevailed; for
Number, craft, and skill can crush the helpless
And the weak, however just their cause. Now
From ten thousand homes the wail of grief is
Heard. Fresh graves are open'd to receive hearts
Broken thro' the fiendish strife, parents and
Children, husbands and lovers laid in far
Off field, will greet their homes no more. Why should
The innocent and poor be made to bear
The penalty so justly due to those who
Breed the strife, while they, with victory flush'd,
Feast on the spoils wrung from their prostrate foe.
Exulting in their hellish deeds, and clothed

In craftiness and guile, with blood-stained hands,
They dare, with pomp and show, those hallowed courts
To tread, where men profess to teach that "God
Is love"! Say, can that God of love, whose tender
Care encircles all that breathe, listen to
Praise or prayer offered to him from lips
So vile, when man presumes to thank Him for
His aid in bloodiest deeds, that only fiends
Conceive, to crush the weak, and leave in ruins
Earth's fair scenes? Is it God's work to wring the
Widow's heart?—to cause the burning tear to
Flow from orphan's eyes?—to cause the untold
Miseries of war? Ah no! 'tis not His
Work; His law is love, so simple all may
Comprehend. "Love one another" is the
Law which bindeth man to man, wherever
He is found. Dare not to thank Him ye who
Have defied that heaven-born law, nor heighten
Your foul crimes with words of blasphemy. We're
Told "one murder makes a villain," and shall
A thousand murders wipe the guilty stain
From off your brow? Man may applaud your deeds,
And dub you with a hero's name, and sing your
Praises in their loudest songs, but who shall
Say that, while unblushingly you raise your
Eyes for heaven's approval, the angels do not weep?

R. Young,

The Hive, Sturminster, Newton,
13*th February*, 1871.

OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

Chapter I.—The Princess Bianca.

At the latter end of the fifteenth century, when the Reformation was penetrating into Italy, aye, even within the very walls of the Vatican, and Germany and England were beginning to be permeated by the purer doctrines of the new faith; when the exigencies of the times evoked such men as Savonarola, Martin Luther, Calvin, and Knox,—the Mother Church, having provoked her children to anger by her long course of unbridled licentiousness and shameless profligacy, lighted the way to her own funereal pyre, and virtually placed weapons in the hands of her rebellious sons to effect her own overthrow. During this exciting period at the court of Ferrara were to be found many of those bright spirits whose names throw a halo over the literary annals of Italy. Prince Nicholas, a man of considerable learning and refinement, sought the society of, and encouraged men of letters to make Ferrara their abode, affording shelter and protection to numbers of

distinguished scholars, who found it a pleasant exile where they might express their opinions more freely than at almost any court in Europe.

The memory of the inspired and poetic Savanarola still lived in the hearts of the people; his martyred spirit hovered over his country, stirring up seekers after the Truth; and it is in those troubled times our story opens, when men's minds were tossed to and fro with conflicting thoughts, striving to sift the truth from the accumulation of error and ignorance under which it had lain buried for centuries—when the marvellous in nature was deemed supernatural, and the dreamer of dreams and seer of visions were held to be in direct communication with the Prince of Darkness.

. . . . . .

The lady Bianca sat in her chamber alone—truly alone. Her noble maidens and ladies-in-waiting were in the adjoining apartments. None save Bianca's favourite and confidential maid remained, busy at her embroidery frame in the recess of a mullioned window, ready to spring at her mistress's call. The Princess had become a convert to the new faith, holding its tenets secretly and in fear. She had already incurred her father's displeasure by adopting these heretical ideas. Bianca's obstinate rejection of the addresses of the Marquis of Monserrat further increased her sire's anger; from month to month, by one pretext or another, she had put off the much dreaded interview, until her father's patience was exhausted. That very morning Nicholas had peremptorily commanded Bianca to not only receive but accept the Marquis as her affianced husband. Her marriage was fixed to take place at the approaching carnival, only some two or three weeks distant. This interval was permitted, that proper arrangements might be made, and that the Marquis might become acquainted with the lady who in so short a period was to become his bride.

No wonder the Princess felt sad and sighed deeply as she gazed upon the miniature she held in her hand.

It was the portrait of a noble youth, the favoured lover of Bianca; in childhood they had learned the same lessons and read the same books; they had been as brother and sister, at least so thought Duke Nicholas. Count Adrian de Urbino was poor, though of an ancient and illustrious house, but the world cared little for his misfortunes so long as the Duke of Ferrara remained his patron. Count Adrian was a nephew of the Duke by his sister Lucia, who had married Annabaldi de Urbino, who perished in one of the sudden brawls that were by no means uncommon in those times, and it was supposed not without the cognisance of his kinsman. The Countess Lucia did not long survive her murdered husband. Remorse for what he had done caused Nicholas to take the orphan home, giving him the same education as his own son, Ippolito.

Bianca, in company with her brother and cousin, had been brought up in the bosom of the Mother Church. Europe at that time was powerfully agitated between two conflicting forms of faith,

the old and the new. The Princess was not the only woman in Ferrara who secretly favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, nor was she the only one who suffered for her opinions. The rack and the stake were not reserved for the male sex alone; noble and gifted women were among its victims; no death or tortures were considered sufficiently severe for those heretics and renegades who dared to question the truth of a corrupt yet powerful Church. A prey to agonising thoughts, Bianca paced her chamber; the stormy interview with her father in the morning depressed her spirits, and crushed out the last ray of hope that even yet she might escape the hated alliance with the Marquis de Monserrat. "Ah, what shall I do? How shall I renounce my faith and marry that terrible Marquis rumour paints so black! Adrian, Adrian! where art thou?"

"How can I marry this man. I do not love him, and never can, stained as he is by perfidy and crime; and then I am morally bound to Adrian. Were we not betrothed two brief months ago; nothing shall compel me to be the wife of the Marquis. I can die—God will not forsake me." And the pale, classic features of Bianca lighted up with the glow of enthusiasm and the fervour of high resolve. An unusual stir in the court beneath attracted her attention, causing the light to fade from her eye, and her heart to beat quicker; stepping on to the balcony, Bianca saw winding along the valley a body of horsemen with glittering helm and waving plume; on the floating banners of the approaching cavalcade were emblazoned the arms of Conrad of Monserrat—the husband her father had chosen was already within Ferrara.

"Oh, my lady! is not that a gay company?" cried Beatrice, Bianca's confidential maid.

Beatrice was a sort of humble friend of the Princess, and to this simple maiden the daughter of D'Este unburdened her heart more freely than to any of her noble attendant court dames, who secretly envied the young girl, and marvelled much at the cause. The sympathy of Beatrice with her mistress's sorrows was as sincere as her attachment to her person was pure and devoted, qualities not to be easily found among the ladies of her father's court. Seeing her gentle mistress so sad and dejected, the maiden sought to dispel the gloom from Bianca's brow, and as her skilful fingers wove many a flashing gem through the dark hair of the Princess she said: "What a happy man is my lord Marquis with the prospect of so fair an alliance."

"And yet, Beatrice, I am very sad."

"My dear lady, forgive my foolish talk; I meant but to cheer you. I have noticed that you do not smile since my lord Urbino went to the wars. Let me twine these gems in your hair ere you descend, or your august father will frown if you be not arrayed as becomes a Princess. You will make my lord Marquis a willing captive, noble lady; he has not seen a fairer face in Ferrara."

"Hush, girl, dost thou too flatter?"

"Nay, 'tis the truth, dear lady; all said there were none so fair as the Princess D'Este at the grand festival given by the Savelli. I went with Lucia, as you commanded, to arrange your robes, and I heard all say the lady Bianca was the loveliest maiden in Ferrara. Sweet saints, what a sight that was!—a hundred servitors in cloth of gold; the jewelled cups, and rich Eastern perfumes. Blessed Mother of God! my eyes were dazzled. What handsome gallants! and, oh, what beautiful ladies! It was a sight to be remembered."

"Would you like to mingle in those gay scenes, among these high-born dames, Beatrice?"

"Aye, madam, I would; but that may never be. I am only a simple village maiden, and have neither grace nor courtly bearing to fit me for such scenes."

"Yet thou art happier in thy humble station than many of those signoras thou enviest; in thy sphere thou canst wed one of thine own choosing; and if thou hast no crown on thy brow thou hast no canker in thy heart, Beatrice."

A page here came to summon the Princess to meet her father and the Marquis de Monserrat.

The colour left the lady's cheek as Beatrice delivered the mandate. Bidding her attendants follow her, Bianca descended to the private apartments usually occupied by her father when he received guests of distinction, whose visit to his court was of a secretly political character, or, as in the present instance, when the visitor was for the first time to have an interview with his affianced bride.

A few of the members of the ducal household were present, chiefly the faithful and confidential friends of Prince Nicholas, wily old courtiers, who had served the house of D'Este, and who could keep their own counsel. Ferrara at that time could boast of being one of the most refined courts in Europe, and round the ducal throne of D'Este were men of noblest endowments, both of birth and intellect. Literature and art were encouraged by all the Italian princes, who seemed to vie with each other in surrounding themselves with the most illustrious scholars of the age; and among these princely patrons the houses of Medici and D'Este were distinguished.

In the midst of such a brilliant and refined court Bianca D'Este moved, a fair, pure spirit; she did not dazzle you by the flashes of her genius, or startle you by the power and depth of her understanding, but rather impressed you, as a gentle, yielding girl, with wonderful capacities for loving and enduring. Fully conscious that all eyes would be upon her, Bianca made a desperate effort to regain her usual serene composure, ere she entered the dreaded presence of her father: instinctively she sought his face to read its expression, but from those pale, proud features only the calmness of an iron will could be traced; the terrible anger of the morning had passed away; Prince Nicholas was serene and smiling, conversing with a dark, Spanish-looking gentleman, to whom he was especially gracious. Apparently the Duke was deeply inter-

ested in the stranger's conversation; he nevertheless keenly, yet furtively, scanned his daughter's countenance. As she entered Bianca's heart failed her; the seemingly affectionate manner of her father, as he presented her to the Marquis de Monserrat, was more terrible than the anger of the morning's interview; there was a threatening frown veiled by the smiling countenance. In person, Conrad de Monserrat was of middle height and dark complexion—a descendant of the royal house of Arragon; but the wear and tear of military service had made him look ten years older than he really was; the elasticity of his frame, and the brilliancy of his deep-set thoughtful eyes, that lighted up when he spoke, redeemed his face from that look of premature exhaustion which it bore when in repose. The Marquis advanced towards the Princess with the polished ease and fascinating smile of an accomplished courtier, and was presented in due form by her royal father; the beauty of the lady satisfied his critical eye—it did more, it dazzled and charmed him.

"Has she a soul as lovely as the shrine in which it resides?" thought the Marquis.

Trembling from agitation, increased by her father's manner, Bianca passively suffered the Spaniard to approach and kiss her hand, as one in a dream.

"Fair Princess, Fortune smiles on de Monserrat in giving him so lovely a bride."

"You do me too much honour, my Lord Marquis."

"Yet rumour declares the Lady Bianca to be very learned and accomplished, that the graces of her mind are more rare than those of her person, and my eyes can testify to them," said her lover, in a low tone.

Great preparations had been made for the entertainment of the illustrious guest. In the beautiful gardens of the palace a comedy was to be enacted, the Adelphi of Terence. Bianca was to play the part of a lover; her brother, the Prince Ippolito, that of a slave; while some others of that distinguished company took the various remaining parts. The Princess rendered her part with spirit; she really felt the part she played was fraught with a deep interest to her, and the Marquis was amazed and charmed.

"She is not as cold as the snows of Sierra Nevada, after all; will she bestow a little love on me, I wonder? No matter, an alliance with the house of D'Este will consolidate my power and gratify my ambition; if Bianca proves an icicle, there are other Italian dames less cold to De Monserrat."

The revels were over; sleep descended on the palace, wrapping prince and page in his drowsy mantle; and for a while the ambitious forgot their soaring aspirations, and the weary their toils. The soft silvery rays of the Italian morn flooded the ducal gardens with light and shade, throwing a kind of beauty over the harder outlines of the scene; in the clear "noon of night," through the flashing spray of the fountain, darted the golden fish so often watched by

Bianca; she heeds not the shining spray streaked with the fires of gold, though her eyes rest on the fair prospect. In that proud palace she alone is sad, and her eyes alone dimmed with falling tears; the angel of sleep folds not his wings over her troubled soul to give it rest.

Chapter II.—The Shadow.

Buried in her own sad thoughts, the lady saw not the muffled figure of a man creep out from the shadow of the orange grove. A slight stir, and a rustling amid the leaves, caused the Princess to start, but her scream is arrested; surprise, hope, and joy, keep her silent; her lover is at her feet.

"Adrian, my beloved, my adored."

"My beautiful Bianca, why those tears? Why weepest thou?" cried the Count, straining her to his heart in a yet closer embrace. She clung to him as the twining vine to the strong elm, as if she could never unclasp those soft arms; heart to heart, and lip to lip, in their deep voiceless joy, they saw not the shadow by the fountain. By degrees the lovers grew calmer, smiling through her tears. Bianca lifted her head from Adrian's breast; as she did so, a slight cloud passed over her fair face. "Why have you returned, my Adrian? why brave such dangers, my beloved? They will kill you if you are found in Ferrara."

"Fear not, sweet Bianca; I only returned this morning from Venice. I heard that the Marquis de Monserrat came to wed you, so that I could not refrain from seeing my Bianca once more alone."

"What madness! a price is offered for your head. The Jesuit Paulo is on your track. Fly! should harm come upon you I should not survive it, Adrian."

"Ah, Bianca! dearest, weep not; we shall be happy yet; fly with me to Venice."

"But my father?"

"Fear not; be my own sweet bride. Can any love as we do, dearest Bianca? ought we not to be happy?"

"We ought, but my heart forebodes evil," said the Princess, shuddering, she knew not why.

The first faint streaks of dawn were stealing over the East before Bianca and her lover parted; with many a lingering kiss, Adrian tore himself away, to make the necessary preparations for their secret flight and marriage—no easy matter. Bianca's rank; the wrath of her father, the Duke of Ferrara; besides, the young lady was so well known that detection was almost certain, unless every precaution were used; even should they succeed in eluding the vigilance of the guard, the Princess would not be long absent before her attendants would discover it. Time pressed; barely three

weeks intervened between Bianca's marriage with the Marquis; they must be away many many miles ere then.

"I will consult the Sibyl, and perhaps she will assist me," said Count Urbino. The weird woman will devise some plan of escape; they who can read the hidden lore of Nature's page, who have penetrated the veil, and brought rare treasures of wisdom from her secret chambers, will assist a poor lover to happiness. Proceeding straight to his lodgings in the Monastery of the Benedictines, Count Adrian sought a few hours' repose to mature his plans of operation. While the Princess, in spite of her lover's encouragement and hopeful assurances, felt sad and agitated, her heart foreboded evil; the Duke's anger would be terrible when he discovered their flight, and Adrian would be its first victim; the consequences to herself she cared little for—she only thought of him, her beloved.

Chapter III.—Traitors.

"A fair even to you, Signora Lucia; I hear there are to be fine revels in the palace one of these days; the Princess weds the Marquis de Monserrat; it will be a fair match—a fair match. Have you heard aught of the Count Urbino? there is a report that he has returned secretly to Ferrara."

The speaker, who addressed Bianca's maid, was no other than Father Paulo, confessor to the Prince D'Este. To this man the pretty Lucia had an insurmountable dislike; yet Father Paulo was not severe; he spoke softly, and never raised his dark eyes to look you straight in the face; and if by any chance his eyes encountered yours, it was a stealthy furtive look, yet sharp and piercing. The soft oily tones of the priest's voice caused Lucia to start; in vain the girl tried to hide the fear that paled her cheek, and made her limbs tremble as she walked along, and with forced calmness returned his greeting.

"Have you been to confession to-day, daughter?" asked Father Paulo, scanning her closely.

"No, father; I did but hear mass."

"Lent approaches, and you must put sin and the things of this world far from you; my child, come to the confessional to-morrow. Did you say the Count Urbino had returned to Ferrara?"

"No, father, I did not," replied Lucia, boldly, while her heart sank within her.

"Ah! I have been wrong; you did not say so; it must have been Master Baptisto, the barber, who told me. Do you think, my child, the Princess favours the Count Urbino, and loves him more than the lord of Monserrat?"

Again the penetrating eyes of the priest read the thoughts of the girl, and a sinister smile lighted up the handsome but crafty face.

"The Princess will wed the Marquis ere many days; all Ferrara

says the Marquis is greatly captivated with my lady's beauty and learning," was the maiden's reply.

"Think you the Lady Bianca loves the Spaniard?"

"I have heard her highness say, she could never wed where she loved not."

"Aye, Signora Lucia, but noble ladies like the Princess D'Este must often wed against their wills, and where their hearts lie not; rumour says your mistress loves the Count Adrian Urbino, and that she secretly nourishes heretical and damnable doctrines; as a friend I would warn her that Mother Church has long arms, and can strike offenders, no matter how exalted their position."

They had reached one of the side entrances to the palace when Father Paulo wished Lucia "Good night."

"The reverend father means no good to my mistress or the Count Urbino. I will warn her, poor lady; with all the glitter and splendour of a court, I would rather be Lucia di Cola than the Princess D'Este," muttered the girl.

The monk sought the ducal presence, plotting mischief to Bianca and her lover as he went; Father Paulo was an intellectual, refined, but dangerous man—one of those spirits who exercise much influence over others for good or evil; men like Father Paulo unconsciously throw out a baneful magnetism upon those they approach, so subtle in its workings, that the more sensitive spirits who come within its action are unwittingly biased, and their better feelings and judgments warped and distorted. Had any one been rash enough to tell Nicholas he was completely under the power of the crafty priest, the proud Prince D'Este would have felt mortally insulted.

"Benedicite, fair son," said the monk, with humble reverence, as he entered the lofty chamber where D'Este sat alone.

There was a cloud upon the brow of the Prince.

"Ah! good father, come near. What news?"

"Alas! my son, there is no news that will comfort you; these heretics are increasing in number and strength, threatening the very overthrow of the Church; in your own court there are heretics and lukewarm friends against whom I would warn your highness."

"Who are they, holy father?"

"Know you that Adrian Urbino has returned to Ferrara?"

"Adrian Urbino, whom we banished from our court on pain of death?" echoed the duke, in haughty surprise.

"Even so, my son."

"How dared the rebel return?" cried Nicholas, fiercely confronting the priest.

"These heretics are led by their father the devil to commit all manner of sin and insubordination, and set at naught the commands of God, as well as the edicts of their lawful rulers," returned Father Paulo, with feigned grief.

"By heavens! he shall not brave us, if there be dungeons deep

enough in Ferrara. When did the traitor return?" demanded the Prince, sternly.

"Within the last three days."

"Art sure, priest?"

"Aye, sure; he hath spoken to your daughter in the garden beneath her chamber-window but yesternight."

"Soars his presumption then so high, the ungrateful offspring of a traitor! How dared he to hold converse with the Princess?"

"Aye, Prince Nicholas, how dared he and the Lady Bianca to plight their vows of mutual love, and conspire against your State, glorying in their apostacy, planning a secret flight from Ferrara."

"How came all this to your knowledge, father?" inquired the Prince, suppressing his anger.

"The Church has many ways of finding out the guilty, my son," was the evasive reply of the ghostly father, who did not feel inclined to enlighten his sovereign as to the true source of his information.

"I will cure my daughter of these strange doctrines, father; and do thou watch the Count Urbino more closely; this matter shall be sifted thoroughly."

"My son, be not rash; the child's religious principles have been corrupted by vile example: let the Church take her to task for this seeming disobedience; perhaps her sin is not so heinous. Mother Church is gentle with her erring children; with your permission, illustrious Prince, I will exhort the Lady Bianca, who has always been graciously pleased to listen to the teachings of her humble servant."

"Do so, good father, I have had some unpleasant interviews with the Princess concerning that very subject, and could have wished it had ended differently. Heaven prosper you in your undertaking, and I will silence her importunate lover."

Chapter IV.—Count Urbino.

Adrian Urbino was not unworthy to be the lover of Bianca D'Este, nature had been lavish in her gifts to him. Endowed with great personal attractions, Count Urbino added to those, the more lasting charms of a richly stored mind; even in that refined Court, young Urbino was looked upon as a rare and brilliant spirit; his near connexion to the Duke D'Este gave greater prestige to the young noble's attainments.

At that time the Reformation was rapidly making its way into Italy, and gaining many learned men and noble women as its disciples; among the numbers were Adrian, Ippolito, and Bianca. The Church looked on with a jealous eye, though, as yet, the Prince and Princess D'Este had not openly severed themselves from her confessional; but influences were at work that were silently alienating them more and more from the faith of their fathers. With young Count Adrian it was otherwise; his more earnest spirit

pondered over the new tenets deeply and anxiously; young as he was, he could not shut his eyes to the vices and immoralities of the clergy. Long and earnestly did he pour over the words of the New Testament, "The just shall live by faith;" to him they seemed strangely at variance with the enormous sale of indulgences then filling the coffers of the Church with gold; and after much deliberation, Adrian abjured the Romish religion, and became a convert to the new form of faith. As might have been expected, this bold act drew upon him the displeasure of his uncle Nicholas, who, though he abhorred her wickedness, still upheld the mother church. Banished from the court, separated from his much loved cousin, a homeless wanderer under the ban of the Church, liable to be seized at any moment and dragged before the secret tribunal of the inqusition—Count Urbino fled from Ferrara, intending to quit Italy and seek an asylum in Germany, when tidings reached him of the betrothal of the Princess Bianca to the Marquis de Monserrat. Refusing to listen to the counsels of his few remaining friends and followers, Adrian braved the duke's anger and the terrible Inquistion, and returned to Ferrara to hear his fate from Bianca's own lips.

Persecution is not the best way to extinguish a new doctrine or a forbidden lover. After the banishment of her cousin from Ferrara, Bianca pined and drooped, nothing could raise her spirits; the pleasure she derived from her studies was gone, because *he* was not near to share them; drawing and music were now laid aside, and the pale broken-hearted girl would pass whole days in weeping or reading the bible Adrian used to pore over in bygone times. At first she read it for her lover's sake, and finally for its own, kissing the marginal notes because his hand had pencilled them. This alteration in his daughter's appearance and behaviour did not escape the keen eye of Duke Nicholas; he forbade her to read the New Testament on the pain of his severe displeasure, and as the best mode of driving such foolish notions out of her head, betrothed her to the Marquis de Monserrat, thinking the brilliant festivities and revels usual on such occasions was the surest way to banish Adrian from her mind. How far he succeeded the reader will be able to judge for himself.

The undiminished affection of Bianca for Adrian, amply rewarded him for all risks he incurred; in a short time she would be his own wedded bride, beyond the power of her tyrannical father, and in Saxony they would find a secure refuge from the persecution of the Church of Rome. With thoughts like these Count Urbino consoled himself, as he sought the shelter of the monastery of the Benedictines. Confiding all his griefs and plans to the gentle hearted brother Sebastian, who secretly favoured the doctrines of the Reformation, concealed in the disguise of a page, and with brother Sebastian's advice and aid, Adrian anticipated a successful issue to his enterprise.

Chapter V.—Olympia Colonna.

In a quiet portion of the city, near the outskirts, stood a substantial looking mansion, built more for strength than elegance; the strongly barred windows and massive oaken doors of the house impressed the stranger with a sense of awe; it was a gloomy sombre house, and no doubt the turbulence of the times demanded such defences.

One evening at the dusk, Count Urbino sought this lonely mansion; after considerable delay, and loud and repeated knockings, a middle-aged woman opened the ponderous door wide enough to obtain a limited view of her visitor.

"I would speak with the Signora," said Adrian anticipating the domestic's question.

"The Signora is in Padua."

"In Padua?"

"Yes, she went a month ago, and will not be back for sometime."

"Has your master gone too?"

"No my lord, he is within."

"I will see the doctor, Zamora; lead the way."

Admitting Adrian, Zamora bolted and barred the door, then led her visitor through a long corridor lighted up with lamps of coloured glass, diffusing a fragrant odour around. Opening another door of equally strong proportions, Count Urbino found himself in a spacious chamber, dimly lighted with lamps similar to those in the corridor. The windows were strongly barred, and concealed by crimson velvet curtains; a mass of drapery divided an arched aperture evidently forming an ante-room, but so thick and heavy were the folds of the curtains, that every sound of the voices inside were rendered almost inaudible. The room in which Adrian found himself was large and handsome. A few fine portraits adorned the walls, and the young noble's eye rested on the face of a beautiful girl; she seemed to live and breathe on the canvas; it was a face seen once never to be forgotten, of purely Greek type, the forehead not very lofty, but wide and beautifully formed—large, dark, sparkling eyes, and finely chiselled nose and mouth—soft, ripe lips, that seemed ready to brighten into a smile; nothing could exceed the graceful poise of the head on the matchless neck. The splendidly-shaped bust and arms of the young girl were set off to great advantage by the dress of dark-blue velvet; a small cap of the same material rested on her head, embroidered with pearls; and a profusion of golden hair fell in many a luxuriant curl round the beautiful countenance and neck, forming a fitting frame for that radiant face with the dreamy eyes, that seemed to penetrate into the world beyond.

Deeply in love as Adrian was, he could not look unmoved at the beautiful portrait, more especially as he knew the fair original far surpassed this faint reproduction of the artist.

"My beautiful sibyl, I wish you had been here to aid me with your sweet counsel," murmured Adrian, thoughtfully.

Rare gems were tastefully arranged on ebony cabinets; many of them were covered with Indian characters, and supposed to be talismans of wondrous power. Rarer than all these costly gems were many old folios—curious books and manuscripts—arranged with care near the arch. A lute and some truly feminine pieces of embroidery lay upon a curiously carved table, showing that a sweet womanly spirit illuminated that weird-looking dwelling.

Adrian had ample time to note all these objects; though he had been often there before, yet he never seemed weary of observing all that was in that room; to-night the room seemed gloomy and deserted, because the beautiful being who made sunshine there was gone. Between Count Urbino and Olympia Colonna there had spruug up a warm and lasting friendship; in the days of Adrian's prosperity he had known the Doctor and his fair daughter. Doctor Colonna had been the instructor of the D'Este family; but, through the machinations of Father Paulo, had rather fallen into disgrace, and resigned his post at the court, disgusted at the weakness of the Prince in listening to every idle report. Marco Colonna was a man of great and varied learning; even among the men of that time he was looked upon as the leading mind, and one of the most profound and liberal thinkers of his day. An Italian by birth, in early youth he had espoused a noble Greek maiden, who died many years before our story opens, leaving him a daughter, dowered with all her mother's wondrous beauty and her father's mental vigour; for the daughter was nearly as profound a scholar as the father.

The venerable and still handsome figure of Doctor Colonna emerged through the curtained arch; and, as he is to play a prominent part in these pages, it may be well to introduce him to the reader at once. Like many scholars of that day, the Doctor wore the long flowing robe: rumour whispered the Doctor studied the black art and other forbidden sciences of a like nature; whether he did or not remains to be seen; but this much we know, he had the twelve signs of the zodiac wrought in gold and purple, forming a girdle round his waist. Of a tall and commanding figure, noble and expressive face, the features handsome and strongly marked, deep set, piercing black eyes, and long, flowing beard, he inspired the timid with a feeling of awe and the strong with admiration. In repose, the old man's face might be called stern and cold; in every lineament of that pale, proud face might be traced the workings of a strong will, but the high intellectual and benevolent forehead and winning smile imparted an expression of great sweetness and tenderness to the otherwise rather stern countenance. The ruby-coloured cap and flowing silvery beard reaching to his girdle gave an Oriental appearance to the grave Italian scholar.

"Ah, my son Adrian, I knew not it was thou," said Colonna, greeting his late pupil cordially.

The Count embraced him affectionately.

"Dear father, will you assist me? I am in trouble."

"And why art thou in Ferrara? Is there not danger and disgrace in returning?"

"You know, father, I love the Princess; when she was betrothed to De Monserrat I came back to hear from her own lips if I were forgotten; she loves me still, and will not wed the Marquis; she will rather die. Will you assist us? you will not betray your children—Bianca loves you as much as I do: were it not thy years I should feel jealous. Thou wilt help us, father; thou canst feel for us, because thou hast loved," said the young noble, leaning on the scholar's shoulder.

A grave, stern look passed over the old man's face.

"Aye, boy, I have loved, and can sympathise with you; but Nicholas of Este is a hard, proud man, and how would he feel if I assist you to robbing him of his daughter? Would I like any man to wile my Olympia away from her father's care? let us be just, my son.

"Aye, father, but Bianca is to be sold to a fierce Spanish noble who loves her not; she is to be sacrificed to feed her father's ambition. Would'st thou have stood tamely by and seen thy chosen bride torn from thy bosom and made no effort to save her?" asked Adrian, passionately.

"Thou art right, my son," said the old man, sadly. "I may not appear in this matter, but will aid thee with my counsel; would that Olympia were here; her woman's wit would serve thee better than all my lore. What would'st thou have, my boy? what are thy plans?"

Adrian gave his friend a very confused account of his plans; he said Bianca and he meant to elope together, she disguised as a page.

The worthy Doctor smiled and shook his head.

"My son, thy plan is not quite perfect; remember there will be hot pursuit after thee; the Princess Bianca is too great a lady to be easily hid; moreover, the Church will take the matter up; thou art a heretic, and are already under the ban of the Pope's displeasure. Bethink thee, Adrian Urbino, well upon the step thou art about to take; the Church hath long arms: the rack and the horrors of the torture-chamber await thee if thou art discovered and fall into their hands."

"Dear father, I have counted the cost, and am resolved," returned Adrian, resolutely.

"Remember, my boy, they will imprison thy beloved in a convent, and subject her to cruelty and disgrace. Think well—thou wouldst not harm one hair of that dear head; once within the convent walls, her father himself cannot save her."

"Oh, father, such evil will not befal us—we must succeed. Oh, my father, aid me in my plans."

"I will, Adrian; but my heart misgives me. I will try the mirror, and see that thou tell me what it reveals," said Colonna, sighing.

Chapter VI.—The Magic Mirror.

Leading his old pupil up a winding stair, Colonna entered a chamber, right overhead the one they had just left, curiously furnished; strewn in the most admired disorder were vellum-covered volumes, half-completed horoscopes, crucibles, suspicious-looking phials, containing wondrous compounds, two or three stuffed serpent skins; and on the floor was a black circle, with the twelve signs of the zodiac cut inside this circle. All this mystic paraphernalia was half revealed by the dim light of a lamp. One side of this weird apartment was covered with a curtain; on an elevated reading-desk lay an open volume, consisting of spells and invocations, near which stood a tripod, supporting a chafing-dish, that ever and anon emitted the fumes of a pungent, but agreeable incense, that floated in soft clouds through the room.

As young Urbino had never been here before, he was not a little startled at beholding so strange a congregation of mystical and occult accessories; in fact, he felt rather nervous, and began to think he had not counted all the costs as he had so confidently affirmed a few minutes before. Perhaps the keen eyes of his late master detected what was passing in Adrian's mind, for he said to him very gently—

"My son, if thy heart misgives thee, turn back."

"My father, I did but marvel at all those strange things you have here. I know you have wrested secrets from nature the vulgar think diabolical and unhallowed; but, dear father, I came for aid, and am not dismayed by all these mystic preparations," replied Adrian, ashamed at having betrayed any weakness or doubt. He loved and revered Colonna as a father, and placed implicit faith in him.

"It is well, my son; drink this wine—it will sustain thee," said the Doctor, putting a silver beaker into Adrian's hand.

All was now ready. The Doctor went to the reading-desk, and read from the ponderous volumes some spells or incantations, in a solemn or rather monotonous voice; in his hand he held a wand, which he moved slowly to and fro in the direction of the drapery; the curtain divided, and, at every wave of the rod, moved further apart, revealing a clear and highly polished mirror of steel to Adrian's astonished gaze. Soft, sweet music broke on the young noble's ear, dreamy and distant at first, then nearer, but so soft, so sweet and heavenly, as if a choir of angels were sounding their harps in Jerusalem the Golden. At the first sounds of the music Dr. Colonna ceased reading, but still kept moving his wand, beating time, as it were, to the faint strains; the incense from the chafing-dish had collected into a cloud of great density; Adrian was awe-stricken and ravished—he wished these sweet sounds would last forever. A soft languor crept over his senses, and steeped his soul in a delicious repose; the past and the future were nought to him; the present was so glorious, he never wished

that sweet, dreamy present to end; but, alas! the awakening came too sternly and too soon, for now, by some peculiar law of gravitation, the vapour from the chafing-dish had settled thickly upon the mirror.

"Approach, my son, that inner circle, and see that thou stand within the ring and look at what the mirror reveals," said Colonna, motioning Adrian to draw near, at the same time dispersing the cloud of incense with his wand.

Dimly, as through a cloud, Adrian recognised a man's form reflected in the mirror, bearing a striking resemblance to himself; he looked earnestly at the figure, which gradually grew fainter, until it finally disappeared. Presently the mirror seemed peopled with figures; and in a dark prison Adrian saw the likeness of himself lying pale, bleeding, seemingly lifeless, on the floor, and the figure of a priest holding a goblet to the patient's lips; in the farthest end of this gloomy apartment stood, partly concealed by a black curtain, the rack and its horrible adjuncts.

"Art thou satisfied, my son, or wouldst thou see more?" asked the sage, pityingly.

"Yes, father."

Again the mirror was obscured, and again cleared. This time the youth saw himself in chains, seated on a waggon between two priests, with an angry crowd of faces hooting and shouting at him; then came the stake and the burning faggots; through the curling smoke Adrian saw his own image slowly blacken and fall a charred heap of ashes, and the hangman collected them and threw them into the river.

With a low groan Adrian sunk to the floor, in a deep swoon; when he opened his eyes, some hours afterwards, the original of the beautiful portrait was bending over him.

"The rack and the stake! good heavens! how terrible a death!" murmured the young noble.

"Poor boy! his mind wanders. Olympia, my child, give him some wine—it will restore him. Poor Adrian!—poor boy!" said the Doctor, kindly stroking the dark curling locks of the youth's head.

"I am not dreaming—I am not dead! Speak, beautiful spirit, who art thou?"

"It is I, Olympia—thine old friend! hast thou forgotten her?" said the young girl in a sweet low voice.

"Olympia Colonna! she was divine; on earth, she moved like one of God's own angels," muttered Adrian.

"Count Adrian, Olympia speaks to thee; rouse thee and look! she hath but returned from Padua within this last two hours," said Colonna's daughter, with a radiant smile.

The sweet tones of her voice recalled Adrian's scattered senses.

"'Tis thou, fair signora; when did'st thou return to Ferrara? how beautiful thou art, Olympia; thy beauty will cause many to sigh."

"Thou dost flatter, Count. See, my father wonders if thou hast recovered from that faint," said the girl gaily.

Chapter VII.—Plans.

The presence of Olympia effectually dispelled all the gloomy forbodings that oppressed the young Count's mind; who could resist the cheering influence that her joyous spirit shed around?—such sunshine and happiness that inspired hope into the breast of the most desponding; certainly not the young noble, who adored her with the reverence given to the saints.

"When did you return to Ferrara, Olympia, mia?" said Urbino, when he had sufficiently recovered from his fainting fit.

"But two hours since; I left Padua sooner than I had intended; our friend, Lorenzo, was coming here on some business of the Grand Seignory, so I availed myself of his protection, for it is unsafe for a maiden to travel unguarded. But why do you remain in Ferrara—has the Duke recalled his unjust edict against you?" questioned Colonna's daughter.

"No, fair Olympia! I am still an outlaw; but have returned to claim my bride." Adrian then proceeded to enlighten the Signora how matters stood respecting the Princess, and requesting her counsel and help.

A shadow fell on her beautiful face as she listened to her old playmate; her heart misgave her; too well she knew the fearful risk Urbino ran in his mad attempt—the almost certain detection, and the inevitable consequences. Vainly Olympia sought to dissuade the Count from his perilous enterprise; the rack and its horrible adjuncts awaited him should he fail, and anguish and perpetual imprisonment sure to fall upon the lady Bianca. She pointed out and dwelt upon the suffering he would entail upon himself and the unhappy Princess, if they were discovered or betrayed; but Adrian was not to be intimidated by anything Olympia could urge—her arguments for once fell upon unbelieving ears; the young noble dreamt not of failure.

Meanwhile Doctor Colonna had anxiously watched Adrian; he hoped his daughter's counsels would dissuade the infatuated young man from his mad adventure. Doctor Colonna forgot his pupil was no cold-blooded philosopher who could reason calmly upon such matters, but a hot-headed lover, smarting under grievous wrongs; and so, of course, all Olympia's sweet womanly advice was completely lost upon her surly friend. Really pitying Adrian, and sincerely wishing to aid him in his trouble, and seeing the boy would take his own way at any rate, Colonna said gently:—

"You see, my daughter, Adrian will not hearken to our counsels, therefore set your woman's quick-witted brain to work, and devise a plan whereby we may aid this wilful youth and the lady Bianca to escape."

"I fear, my father, any plan will be fraught with danger to us all. Whatever influence I have, the Count Urbino is twice welcome to benefit from my poor efforts. In the deep sleep in which the future lies revealed to me, I will search for a means of escape

for you and the Princess; meanwhile get a tress of her hair and bring it to me; see none touches it but her own hands. Wrap it in this," said the sibyl, giving an embroidered pocket to the Count, who promised obedience and withdrew.

Unable to procure a lock of Bianca's hair himself, Count Urbino commissioned his trusty page to pay a visit to the little Beatrice, the Princess' favourite waiting-maid, who bore to her unhappy mistress a letter and ring of Adrian's, beseeching Bianca to give him a little lock of her beautiful hair, bidding her be of good cheer, for deliverance was at hand. Of course Bianca religiously complied with her lover's request, carefully wrapping the long raven tress in the embroidered pocket given by Olympia, besides forwarding by trusty hands a long sweet letter to Adrian, beseeching him to incur no risks—that her happiness depended upon his safety. It was a long, loving letter, such as pure-hearted women have penned in days long past, and such as will be inscribed in days to come. Love never dies—it is one of the immortal flowers of heaven that deigns to blossom on earth.

Returning with his treasure to the house of the sibyl some days afterwards, Adrian gave the hair to Olympia, who said to her father rather sadly—

"I dread this examination, my father, but let us trust that the Invisible Source of Goodness will make our troubles pass away like mist off the mountain tops."

"Amen!" said Colonna, gazing fixedly into his daughter's large lustrous eyes. Olympia returned her father's steady glance for a few minutes, and then the sweet eyes grew hazy. Adrian could see them quiver tremulously, and then close. Olympia slept; yet her father still continued to make long downward passes for a few minutes after her eyes were sealed, until her soft regular breathing assured him she was in the magnetic sleep; in her hand lay the packet containing Bianca's hair, which she slowly drew from its wrappings, pressing it first to her breast and then to her forehead. A long pause followed this action; neither Dr Colonna or Count Urbino spoke, Adrian hardly daring to breathe lest he should disturb the sibyl's slumber. Presently Olympia spoke, in low yet distinct tones—

"There is only one way by which the Count Urbino may win the Princess Bianca, and even it is fraught with dangers, perhaps defeat, which is certain destruction to us all."

"Proceed, my child."

"Well, then, on the evening before the Princess weds the Spaniard, let her take a potion, such as you know how to prepare, that will cause the lady to sleep for forty-eight hours; so deep and deathlike shall that sleep appear, that the court physicians will think her dead, and her father and friends, weeping, shall consign her to the tomb in the vaults of the D'Este. In the night I will go and stay by the Lady Bianca, so that when she awakes she may not be afraid in the charnel-house; only let Count Adrian

be wary and prudent—it would be better if he remained here until the appointed time; better some other than he should acquaint the Princess of the plan of escape; certain death awaits Count Urbino if he goes to the place."

"Have you aught else to communicate, Olympia—any other plan?"

"None, father; there is no other."

The sibyl sunk again into deep slumber, in which Colonna allowed her to remain for a considerable time, as she seemed exhausted by her long examination. Surprise and admiration kept Adrian silent; he could have worshipped Olympia as she slept, for her noble office to be with Bianca, when she awoke in the last resting-place of the D'Este. To induce Bianca to swallow the draught was the only difficulty—the rest seemed easy; this accomplished, the conveyance of the Princess from the charnel-house, and their escape from Ferrara, was, in the hopeful lover's eyes, a thing imaginable—only Bianca might hesitate to run the risk. She might dread the potion would be fatal in its effects; Olympia had now awakened, and Urbino kissed the fair white hand warmly.

"My thanks and gratitude for your goodness. I hope Bianca and I shall live to repay you with more than mere words."

"Nay, Count Adrian, all the boon I ask is, that you will be silent, forget what has passed, or that we have aided you," said Colonna's daughter gravely. "When the Lady Bianca has recovered from her supposed death, you will both leave this, and seek an asylum elsewhere. None will look for the daughter of D'Este in the house of the Colonna; while she remains here she will be safe, but when you quit Ferrara, forget that you ever knew Marco Colonna the necromancer or his daughter the witch. Farewell, Adrian, be wary and prudent: I will look at the hair again and will meet you at the vault of the D'Este." Dr. Colonna had listened to the final conversation between Adrian and his daughter. "Forget that you have ever known Marco Colonna the necromancer or his daughter the witch," rung in his ear and seemed to have struck a chord of bitterness in the old man's heart. Drawing himself proudly up, he said with withering scorn as if expressing some thought that stirred him,—

"They call my daughter a witch and her father a wizard, in league with the devil and powers of darkness, and the holy Mother Church keeps a sharp eye upon my beautiful Olympia. Fain would she drag the maiden before the secret tribunal, and crush her tender frame on the rack, but they dare not; truly men have degenerated since Pythagoras and Apollonius taught. They do not understand or appreciate the wisdom and beauty, nay, the necessity of occult sciences, and ignorantly ascribe what they cannot comprehend to infernal machinations; because I heal the sick as did the Egyptian priests in the temples of Isis, by the imposition of hands, the people pluck my robe and spit upon me in the streets. Yet learned men can praise these same priests of Esculapius, investigating closely

all those frictional processes employed by the classic Esculapiadæ; but if I, a poor scholar, imitate these grand theories of the past, I am hooted at and struck—men call me the devil's godson. The successors of Saint Peter are afraid the people should penetrate the veil of mental darkness it is their interest to keep them in. They dare not imitate the example of their arch-extatic head and founder, for he went about healing the sick, openly teaching in the synagogues, and performing many wonderful cures, and all by the same processes as the ancient Egyptians did ere Moses was taken from the bulrushes, and initiated into their mysteries. 'How has the fine gold become dim;' the primitive teachings of the Nazarene have become corrupt and base; a hoary sinner sits in the chair of Saint Peter; virtue and truth are a mockery and a farce; bigotry and grovelling superstition fill the coffers of the Church to pamper Pope and priests," said Colonna, in a grieved and sorrowful tone. The old man's heart was heavy, and foreboded evil.

(To be continued.)

WHENCE DID WE COME?

Curious Facts that Squint toward Darwinism.

A Professor having recently been criticised for a lecture delivered in Rochester, partly supporting the Darwinian theory, replies in the *Democrat and Chronicle*, from which we make the following extract:

To those whose only aim is to find the truth, let me give two facts which have transpired in Rochester within as many weeks.

First, a dentist pulled a "wisdom tooth" with three fangs.

Second, the *post mortem* examination of a woman revealed the fact that her death had been caused by the presence of a grape seed in the cæcum.

The facts seem trivial. Let us see, if we can, what they mean.

No man can take the first step in science unless the tap-root of his thought is this: nothing transpires in nature which is out of relation to everything else, and therefore meaningless. We walk through a corn field and find an ear in which the silk and tassel, the female and male flowers, are blended. The flower is hermaphrodite. You ask me what it means and I tell you "it is reversion, a slipping back into an earlier condition of the corn." You understand this very well, when you see in your child a resemblance to your grandfather.

I have seen in English homes light-haired, blue-eyed children, having no resemblance to either parent, and—I have been told—no resemblance to grand-parents. The Saxon eye and hair reappear now and then, transmitted through a millennium's blood-circuits. And the three fangs by which the "wisdom tooth" of an ape is implanted reappear now and then on the "wisdom tooth" of a Rochester lawyer, teaching him a law older than any written in books.

If the reader will take up any standard work on anatomy, he will find a plate representing the digestive system. He will see a little branch of the intestine ending in a cul-de-sac. It is called the cæcum. If a cherry-seed, or grape-seed, or anything else, slips from the main intestine into its cul-de-sac, it cannot get out. It causes inflammation, and frequently death. Now, why is the cæcum there? It serves no use. It is variable in size and occasionally it is absent altogether. It is worse than useless. It is as a little deadly trap set to catch a berry-seed and hold it fast for our destruction.

If I ask you why it is there, you tell me "God made it so," and you think the answer has at least the merit of piety. You deceive yourself. Neither our religion nor our science will permit us to regard this cul-de-sac as the result of a primal creative act. Let the student turn now to the beaver or the kangaroo, and he will find this cæcum very long and large and useful.

It reaches its fullest development in the beaver and the kangaroo —animals which stand low on the scale, It is still quite large in the sheep and in the grass-eaters generally. The food of these animals is coarse, and the ducts which take up the nutriment must have a large extent of surface, hence this second intestine. From the kangaroo, as you pass up to man, you will find the cæcum growing less and less important, and smaller and smaller, till it appears as a mere rudiment. It is in man as a silent letter in a word, useless but historical. Is it too much for your credulity that some remote ancestral form ate grass like a sheep?—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

POETRY.

A TYPE.

I.

I KNOW a bird who casts a spell
O'er many an upland, many a dell;
Who humbly warbles, always gay,
On the dull earth his roundelay.
Now, singeth from the elm tree's crest,
Of all the feathered troop the best;
Now, (when a home he fondly seeks,
Far, far above the mountain peaks,)
How do those quivering wings and voice
The pilgrim's raptured soul rejoice!
Sweeter the pœans cheer the skies,
As higher the glad pinions rise;
Harmonious most when form and wings
Fade to imaginary things.
All lost to sight, wrapt admiration,
Gives vision to imagination.
List! faint and fainter still! the ear
Rests doubting, and we cease to hear.
Now, lost to sight, from hearing gone,
Imagination left alone,
Still lingers musing, wond'ring where
Those lofty aspirations dare.

Woodlark, thy tiny wings are light,
Yet bear they thee a hardy height.
Woodlark, thy slender form is frail,
Yet from the bosom's depths exhale
Hymns dulcet thro' yon regions bright,
Grand songs, ambitious as thy flight;
If to seek ether be ambition,
When to seek ether seems thy mission.
Wondrous indeed! if it be so,
No place too high, no place too low;
Empyrean realms or earthly base,
For thee, no place seems out of place.
Is happiness then not in place,
But in the way we run our race?
Is happiness, say, this transition,
Less change of place than of condition?
Dear bird, thou of the winning heart,
Blythe source of joy where'er thou art,
Not only thou exempt from sadness,
But copious spring for other's gladness;
Tell me thy secret, let me share
Thy fairy spell to banish care.
Hallowed by joys without alloy,
How dost thou kindle other's joy?
Tell me, bird, whither dost thou fly
To gain this catching sympathy?
Thou who stoop'st low with cowering wings,
Meting the worth of humble things;
Thou who may'st know our weary life,
Our anguish, folly, envy, strife;
Say, sweet Prometheus with a lyre,
Whence dost thou snatch the sacred fire?
Thou casual wanderer of the sky,
Must bring thy secret from on high.
I pray that secret rare impart
To every earnest, aching heart;
Ay, be that peerless blessing known
To me, to all let it be shown.

There is an angel home above;
Thence urged by strong, imperious love
The angels from their dwellings bend,
And mortal suffering attend.
To succour with mysterious hand,
The angels compass sea and land.
Severed from love and mercy's balm,
No place for these can shed a charm.
To follow them must be your aim,
To love as they, your highest fame.
This is the secret rare, and this
The magic charm of holy bliss.
For they are spirits ministering,
Sent forth to minister and bring
Rejoicing from the spirit's day-spring
Sped with unbounded mediation,
For every soul of every nation.

To every suffering, every prayer,
These solace sure responsive bear.
Swifter than rays of light they dart,
To rouse the conscience, touch the heart;
But to be present is to will;
But to desire is to fulfil.
Kindly and heartily they serve;
Seen rarely, felt through every nerve;
God their delight, and man their care,
Their home, their heaven everywhere.

II.

High, very high, in murky sky,
The vulture soars above me,
Lower he bends, hither descends,
What dark forebodings move me!
He brings no good, no hopeful mood,
O'er my sad senses stealing;
He bodes unrest to my behest,
He taints the better feeling.

Does not the sight of that low flight
Augur of deeds detested?
Is not that croak an evil cloak
Of evil thoughts suggested?
Black, black as night, he doth alight
Upon the path before me;
Bird, I descry thy baneful eye!
Good Father! God! restore me!

Avaunt! avaunt! thou can'st not haunt
My dazed senses longer;
Being grotesque, unpicturesque,
It is I who am now the stronger.
I dare thee now, loathsome and low,
Such will I ever hold thee,
And no more pain from thy base bane,
Shall, through thy wiles, enfold me.

A squalid load, "squat like a toad,"
Gorged with material greeding;
Gladly thou wouldst, if but thou couldst,
Tempt others to like feeding.
Thou Caliban! no noble man
Will heed thy hateful features;
Yet dost thou bring a fatal sting
To gross and grovelling creatures.

Live not for self, trust not in pelf;
Trust not in crafty faces.
Pause not, but strive straightway to drive
Base spirits from high places.
For we must fight to do aright,
While scorning their advances;
Lest they should touch, then firmly clutch
Our weak and wayward fancies.

And we must pray in our own best way,
In sure and safe dependence;
For with communion there must be union,
Whichever way the tendence.
Where we confide, there is the guide
Who holds us in his keeping;
And time will show, that as we sow,
Just so will be the reaping.

W. R. T.

ON THE DEFECTIVE STATE OF SOCIETY.

To the Editor.

FURTHER reflection and experience of this world's ways and doings only confirm me in the consciousness that something ought to be managed by us relative to the matter introduced to your notice in *Human Nature* for February, 1870.

The religious contentions of all sorts, and the contentions of capital and labour, only serve to deepen the conviction that the great problem of civilised life has yet to be solved.

Fun's illustration of John Bull's query as to what the workers can do without capital (as if their brains and physical resources were nothing), points the issue, by way of start, for a new state of things; for no step can be taken until the possibility is demonstrated of superseding this money-worship by a system of mutual combination, where capital shall stand in true subserviency to the best interests of man.

It is said that all are, in the sight of God, equal, and such I hold they ought to be on coming into this world, and such ought they to appear before Him under all circumstances. "Property" then, in any exclusive sense under this view for a new state of things, would necessarily be considered usurpation and robbery, and could never arise but through a vicious exercise of power over the weak and unfortunate—which, in all right-minded humanity, means the blessings of a beneficent "Creator" perverted to the basest uses, as we see it throughout the present state of things, where so large a part live in idleness and all sorts of wrong-doing, or upon the labour and degradation of their fellows.

The only intrinsic wealth exists in the mind of man, and herein we must look for it, and a state of society that shall more truly represent it.

It appears, beyond all question, impossible to meet the spiritual requirements of the present times out of the present social arrangements and conditions. To the vast many of humanity life is an unceasing struggle and soul-destroying scramble for the temporary means of subsistence. And it further appears utterly impossible to stem the current of those proceedings by any of the ordinary resources of our philanthropy; and no principle of mutual respect

or forbearance can be exercised in such hot contention, and where existence depends throughout upon this spirit, all our national system of education and moral appliances to the contrary notwithstanding.

Something must be radically wrong with that state of society wherein the wisest and the best are not allowed a subsistence at all; for thus does the past history of the race testify against it—and that those who have afterwards become glorified as "saviours" were, in their lifetime, treated as the despised and rejected.

Surely it were time some effort were made to meet these anomalies, and that some state of society be established amongst us wherein these truth-loving lords of the universe might come and be received to all the ordinary means of subsistence as to their normal heritage. Surely there can be some happier mode of managing ourselves and the resources we possess, and some principle be established for promoting each other's good that shall meet all the ordinary requirements of our nature, and at the same time develope all our capacities and powers in righteousness and truth, instead of the converse, as at present, to say nothing of the higher revelations of the soul when existing under more healthy and favourable conditions.

To start, then, it is believed that men have the power to govern themselves, and thus to become crowned true kings of life, and masters of all that can be betwixt the cradle and the grave. Another real philosophy of life is to show forth some state of society that should more befittingly represent this power and privilege of their creation.

We find the man of the world avails himself of its resources to promote his ambition and physical enjoyment, and so on, throughout all human experience, man stands incontestably free either to work out the heaven of his aspiration or sink himself to the lowest depths of iniquity.

Let us then have done with inherent depravities, and all that sort of thing, and no longer trouble ourselves as to how or from whence we come; but thank God, under a deep consciousness of our responsibilities, that our day has at last arrived, and, with such powers as we have, honestly speak forth all that may appear to concern our present and future on the planet. For, until we show forth some true and practical meaning to our Christian philosophy, and that it can be lived and be made the rule of conduct throughout every circumstance of life, the world will *neither believe* nor *be convinced*.

R. D., *Manchester*.

MY HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES.

When I went to Bridge of Allan, the doctor told me that "life is change," and so I take it that man requires a change of scene and circumstances extended to him, as well as a constant change of the elements of which his organism is composed; and, may I also

add, that mentally and spiritually, man requires a continuous succession of thought and motive and influence—at least, I may safely conclude, without meriting the epithet of a vague speculator, that a holiday, if not an absolute necessity of human life, is a most agreeable and salutary divertisement. The merchant on 'change, the statesman in the senate, the tradesman behind the counter, the clerk at his desk, the literary genius with his pen, the mechanic in the workshop, the labourer at his toil, the idle drone of the human hive surfeited with the honey of industry, the priest at his ceremonies—all exhaust the faculties which their occupations call into action, and to restore harmony, health, and happiness, a change of circumstances is necessary.

The most melancholy phase of this subject is, that the most deserving members of society have the fewest opportunities of obtaining this reward for their industry and toil; and when they do seek enjoyment, they search for it too often amidst habits and associations which are worse than the slavery of toil, and waste means which might afford the happiest results if profitably put to use. Even with the more favourably circumstanced, much money and precious time are often squandered with but small compensating advantage; so that, to most persons, the question—When, where, how shall I spend my holidays—is a matter of some importance, and warrants due consideration.

Every temperament and condition of the body requires different treatment in the matter of recreation—some enjoying activity, and others demanding quiet and ease. Prone under a spreading tree, one man will gain health and vigour, while another will fare better scaling mountains, or struggling with the turbulent sea-waves. Yet it is not to be doubted that those who require it most derive the least benefit from their periodical trip. For this unhappy result I have alighted on a happy cure. I took medical advice on the matter, and went to a place where recreation is conducted on scientific principles—in fact, I went to Ochil Park Hydropathic Establishment, Bridge of Allan, under the medical superintendence of Dr. Hunter.

The first advantage which the visitor derives is a thorough examination from the doctor, with suitable advice. For this no extra fee is charged, and to one who is desirous of improving his physical condition, and intelligent enough to turn it to good account, this seance with the doctor is most valuable. He asks a heap of questions which no one would think of, and draws conclusions from them as startling as they are instructive. Dr. Hunter divides diseases into four classes—those which pertain to the brain and nerves; those which involve the pulmonary organs; those which affect the digestive system; and those which manifest themselves in derangement of the functions of the skin. By a process of physiological investigation, in which the doctor is most happy to enlighten his patients, it is easy to arrive at a correct diagnosis of the disease, or physical condition rather, for it is not necessary to suppose that

the visitor is absolutely sick. Having thus paved the way to the temple of health, a speedy entrance is ensured by such treatment, dieting, and other habits, as will tend to restore functional harmony, and thereby physical strength. The means used at Ochil Park are not of an empirical kind, inflexibly consigning each visitor to the same unvarying line of treatment. The patient's feelings, as well as the peculiarities of the case are carefully consulted. The doctor is accessible several times daily; besides, the details are entrusted to experienced attendants, who administer intelligently that which is prescribed. A Turkish bath at Bridge of Allan is a very different affair from the same thing in a pent-up city, in an obscure nook, full of reeking humanity, to which is oftentimes added arbitrary, careless, or defective attendance. A very salutary perspiration may be obtained without occasioning the least unpleasant symptoms in the head or accelerating the circulation. By baths applied to the head and a wet bandage, the circulation is controlled, and, where their employment is indicated, the soothing ack and other appliances are substituted.

In a suit of baths which cost £3000 in erection, there is every convenience for producing the best results with the greatest comfort to the bather. Some will be disposed to question the benefit of inducing perspiration in a person who is undergoing a process of repletion. Does it not weaken, does it not tend to dissipate the flesh you are so eager to augment on the exhausted patient's bones? Not at all; but, on the contrary, it tends to promote the thriving process, by exciting activity in the capillaries where nutrition goes on, by eliminating worn-out obstructive matter, and by toning the system up to greater vital energy generally. A visitor told me he went to Ochil Park not able to walk the length of the platform at the railway station, but before he left, he could take his walk four miles out and four miles in.

But come, you will frighten people if you talk about disease and debility in this way. We don't want to go to an hospital, but for a jolly, soul-and-body, refreshing holiday. We want not only to get health for the body but change for the mind. We want to see strange cities, different peoples, objects of art and antiquity, rivers and shipping, classic scenes, rugged mountains, lonely tarns and bosky glens enlivened by the weird echoes of the waterfall and beautified by curious ferns and sombre shades. We want to bathe in Nature's open baths—in salt and fresh water, to row the boat and pace the deck of the gliding steamer, to peep in upon mountain fastnesses and regale our eyesight on magnificent landscapes. If so, then go to Bridge of Allan, and the particulars already entered into, if taken advantage of, will help you to enjoy all these goodly elements of a thorough recreative holiday, for they are all at the threshold, so to speak, of the resident at Bridge of Allan. A short ride by rail will take you to Edinburgh or Glasgow. Stirling Castle, and many themes of song and story, are within a few minutes' walk. You may bathe in the Forth or lakes, or reach the sea,

with the trouble of making a little pleasant exertion. The grandest scenery of the Highlands can be reached in a few minutes by frequent trains. Circular tours, in all directions and with every mentionable kind of scenery, can be made daily for a mere trifle; and every advantage to be derived from extensive travel may be had, and avoid the obnoxious hotel system. Four excellent meals a-day, safety, cleanliness, the attractions of a home, absolute repose or briskest activity may be had for a rate per week which would have found me inferior accommodation in a hotel for a much less time. And then I had "advice and treatment," which made the money spent much more advantageous.

Some people cannot get away in the summer, and feel disheartened at the thought of finding enjoyment late in the season, or in the winter. To such I would say, go to Bridge of Allan. Sheltered from the north and east winds by the finely wooded Ochil hills, and supplemented by artificial heat and shelter, Ochil Park is one of the most suitable places for a delicate person to winter. The district is famous on this account, but the hot-air baths present facilities for resisting cold and damp which no natural conditions in this insular climate present.

I did not think I was about to trouble the reader, with such a long epistle on hygienics. I felt grateful for having derived much enjoyment, and great benefit, at a moderate expense, and without distressing fatigue and tear and wear of the system. I have heard fellow-passengers exclaim, "Oh! how glad I am to get home and have a rest. I am completely done out. I have been crowded into stuffy dens at hotels, been disturbed at all hours of the night and morning by arrivals and departures, and have absolutely seen nothing fit to eat for days. I am travel-soiled and toil-worn, and what a fool I have been to expend £20 to get so thoroughly disgusted." I thought my experience might prove useful to some adventuring wanderer; therefore I trouble the readers of *Human Nature* with it.

What progress! In my younger days hydropathy was pushed as an up-hill idea—now it has become of commercial value. I heard that the establishment at Bridge of Allan was owned by a firm of Glasgow merchants, who had expended £20,000 in fitting the place up, and were reaping a dividend of 8 per cent. on their capital thus invested. My parting wish is that there were more such places equally well conducted and patronised.

A Shrivelled Cockney.

THE JUBILEE AND CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS AT DARLINGTON.

Agreeable to the announcement which appeared in *Human Nature* for August, a series of meetings took place in the Lecture-Room, Central Hall, Darlington, on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 30 and

31. There were two sessions each day, a public tea-party, a seance on the Tuesday evening, and a public lecture by Mr. J. Burns on Wednesday evening. N. Kilburn, jun., Esq., of Bishop Auckland, made an agreeable and efficient chairman. The morning session of the first day was occupied by an address, from Mr. J. Burns, reviewing the progress of the last seven years, followed by reports of progress from various delegates. The business of the Conference may be summed up in the following measure and resolutions, which were cordially agreed to. A full and official report of the discussions thereon appears in the *Medium*, No. 127:—

A MEASURE FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

Resolved,—That the following be recommended by this Conference to all Spiritualists for practical use, in aid of the National Progressive Spiritual Institution in London, including *The Medium* as its organ:—

1st.—That collectors of funds be nominated by the Secretary of the Institute (volunteer collectors may be accepted) in any and in every district on the earth. And that collectors so appointed are authorised to receive weekly or other contributions, and also gifts, anonymous or otherwise—which funds should be recorded under date in a suitable cashbook.

2nd.—That remittance to the order of the National Institution be made as frequently as prudent, which, on receipt, should be recorded under date to the credit of the sender.

3rd.—That the Secretary of the Institution report quarterly (or oftener if he think it best through *The Medium*, or privately,) the amount or total of funds raised or received from all voluntary sources—and such other items of information as he might deem right, which would enable the collectors to meet their subscribers and donors, and to inform them of the prosperity (or otherwise) of the National Institution.

4th.—A guarantee fund of annual subscribers may also be established in correspondence with the Secretary of the Institution.

RESOLUTIONS.

1.—That under existing circumstances, this Conference is in duty bound to extend, and hereby does extend, its approval and moral support to public mediums engaged in the propagation of Spiritualism who are obliged to charge for admission to seances; and also to declare that a fairly conducted seance, that is, *according to custom or stipulation*, whatever may be the result, removes any further responsibility.

2.—That this Conference earnestly calls the attention of all Spiritualists to the paramount importance of private and family circles, believing that, to all who desire to arrive at a knowledge and realisation of spiritual truth, the family and private circle are as necessary to success as are the class-room of the scholar and the laboratory of the chemist, in their respective departments of learning.

3.—That, as the next step in progress after the family circle, this Conference earnestly recommends the order of weekly conference as a means to normally develope and unite Spiritualists. By canvassing and conversing about the facts and the principles of Spiritualism, etc., the mind is developed, and the power of expression increased, preparatory to more practical co-operation or business efforts to support and extend the cause in the lecture-room, etc.

4.—That as a third degree of societary progress, the Conference most cordially approves and recommends to every district the services in public halls or meeting rooms open to attendance by the general public.

5.—That this Conference with great pleasure calls the attention of Spiritualists to the subject of healing mediumship, as a most desirable means of spreading Spiritualism and benefitting humanity.

6.—That this Conference most cordially approves of lyceums and picnics for the young and for adult Spiritualists.

7.—That this Conference calls the attention of Spiritualists in every district to the great importance of establishing branch progressive libraries and bookstand, or depot, for the sale of Spiritualist literature.

FREE LOVE.

WHAT THE GREAT HIGH PRIESTESS HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE DISGUSTING THEORY.

In a recent speech at Steinway Hall, New York, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, the high priestess of the Free Lovers, in reply to the question from the audience, "Are you a Free Lover?" responded, "Yes, I am a Free Lover. I have an *inalienable, constitutional,* and *natural* right to love whom I may, to love as *long* or as *short* a period as I can, to *change that love every day,* if I please, and with that right neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere; and I have the further right to demand a free and unrestricted exercise of that right, and it is your duty not only to accord it, but, as a community, to see that I am protected in it. I trust that I am fully understood, for I mean just that, and nothing less! Why did Mrs. Fair kill Crittenden? Free love was not the inciter. It was because she believed in the spirit of the marriage law, that she had a *better right* to him than Mrs. Crittenden, to whom the law had granted him; and, rather than give him up to her, to whom he evidently desired to go, and where following his right to freedom he *did* go, she killed him. Could a more perfect case of the spirit of the marriage law be formulated? Most assuredly no! If Mrs. Fair told him to go in peace when he desired such freedom, would it not have been the more Christian course, and would not Mrs. Crittenden have *loved* her for so doing? I have learned that the first great error most married people commit, is in endeavouring to hide from each other the little irregularities into which all are liable to fall, since nothing is so

conducive to continuous happiness as mutual confidence. If our sisters who inhabit Greene Street and other localities, choose to remain in debauch, and if our brothers choose to visit them there, they are only exercising the same right that we exercise in remaining away, and we have no more right to abuse and condemn them than they have to abuse and condemn us for exercising our rights *our* way."—*American Paper.*

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

THE Locomotive Engineers of the United States and Canada have for the last seven years been organised into a Brotherhood, embracing all good efficient men, without regard to country or race. The purpose is to improve the ability, and raise the status of members as engineers and men; they exclude everything of a sectarian character; they have nothing to do with politics; and they expect to obtain all they are justly entitled to by peaceful measures alone. They publish a monthly journal, which is well patronised, the circulation reaching nearly ten thousand copies; and from it we learn that the Brotherhood has one hundred and thirty-six branches, located in all parts of the United States, with five in the Dominion of Canada, and that the number of members exceeds seven thousand. Connected with the organisation is a widows, orphans, and disabled members' fund, and the surplus revenues are disposed of in answer to calls for various charities. At the last annual meeting, which was held in Toronto, a memorial was drawn up to be submitted to Congress, asking it to pass a rigid and discriminating law, to guard the post of engineer from the intrusion of unreliable or incompetent men. The leading ideas of this proposed law may be synopsized in a few words:—It provides that on every division of every American railroad there shall be a board of examination, consisting of the superintendent, master mechanic, and one first-class locomotive engineer of said division, whose duty it shall be to examine all engineers employed on the division, and grant them certificates on forms supplied by the Secretary of the Interior. The certificates will be of two classes. First-class engineers alone will be competent to run passenger engines; the second class may have charge of engines on "freight, yard, or construction trains." Any railroad neglecting to organise these boards, or found guilty of employing an engineer in a capacity not authorised by his certificate, will be subject to a fine. Drunkenness or incompetency of any kind are to be held fatal to the retention of a first-class certificate. With this intelligent and just statute thus blocked out, it is to be hoped that Congress will do its part promptly and gladly. It is not alone the railroad companies, nor the engineers themselves, who are to be benefited; the whole travelling community is interested in a law which would increase its trust that no incompetent or rum-crazed man shall ever stand between the throngs who travel and the countless forms of death by rail. As a class, the locomotive engineers of America are already probably superior in intelligence and capacity to those of any other nation. But they are not yet satisfied. They aim to be still more sober, honest, and efficient. Their Brotherhood is one of the few associations of working men that does not seem to have a single objectionable feature If there is any vocation in life as truly commendable as it is useful it is that of a loyal, upright engineer, who, by his own unwavering exertions, has built up for himself a respectable place in society, where the responsibility is great with moderate earnings, and his value to society greater than that of many with ten times his income and a hundred times the fleeting, false, worldly honour.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

OCTOBER, 1872.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES
AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.
ELISHA.

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

WE have now to delineate the character and career of the disciple and successor of the glorious Tishbite. Elisha, although beyond question a great and faithful prophet, distinguished alike by the ardour of his devotion as well as the magnitude and importance of his miracles, yet stands at an almost immeasurable distance beneath his mightier and more illustrious master. The call of the latter was apparently from God direct, without the intervention of man. We hear of no predecessor from whom he had inherited the more than royal, the sacred mantle of wisdom. He bursts upon us, suddenly and unprepared, the completed prophet, speaking in the thunder tones of commanding authority, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand." His appointment and inspiration seem to have been in no respect derivative, but altogether and essentially primal. He shone with no reflected or planetary light, but blazed like a glorious and cloudless sun, suffusing the empyrean with its exhaustless radiance. But it was otherwise with his spiritual and adopted heir. Elisha was called of his master, the God-appointed disciple of the Tishbite. A simple farmer's son, he would apparently have been contented to follow his comparatively humble occupation of husbandry through life, but for the resistless evocation of his grander predecessor. We can readily understand how the soul of the zealous and fiery Tishbite must have yearned amidst the general decadence of Israel for a suitable companion in his arduous and self-denying labours. How, as the shadows of advancing age, or

rather the dawning glories of his approaching and triumphant deliverance, pressed more and more closely on his long tried and forecasting spirit, he must have looked anxiously around among the rising young men of his nation for one with whom he might freely commune on the idolatrous apostacy of priest and people, and to whom, without misgiving, he might intrust the further prosecution of that momentous mission, to which he had so faithfully devoted his own untiring energies. Such an one was at length revealed to him by God on Mount Horeb, where, among other things, he was commanded to announce Elisha the son of the shepherd as his successor. And the readiness with which this extemporised disciple assented to the intimation and obeyed the summons of the symbolical mantle was an earnest of that persistent faithfulness with which he afterwards, during a long life, discharged the duties of that exalted office to which he had been thus appointed. "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." What warmth of affection; what beautiful simplicity; what a kindly, genial, unperverted, and obedient nature is here indicated as the hopeful basis on which was thereafter to be erected the sublime superstructure of the prophetic character. It would seem that Elisha was with his master during many years, ministering to, and learning from, this great exemplar in the path of seerdom. As such, he was doubtless not only a spectator of many of the marvels which Elijah wrought, but also a not unobservant witness of the dauntless courage and unswerving faithfulness of this true servant of God. Of all the schools then in Israel, none, we have reason to believe, were equal to that furnished by the practical tuition of this greatest of the prophets.

From the many, though vain, attempts made by Elijah to induce his faithful attendant to tarry at successive places on their last day's journey, as well as from the observations of the sons of the prophets and Elisha's reply to them, it is obvious, that not only did Elijah know of his approaching departure, but that his more immediate disciple was equally well informed on the subject, while even among the prophetic schools a similar impression extensively prevailed. These mystic and holy confraternities appear to have been composed of devout young men, probably selected by the senior prophets as likely or fitting subjects for seerdom. They were a species of rude though effective theological colleges, in which, during the darkest era of idolatrous corruption, the spirit of primitive devotion was kept alive, and whence, at intervals, issued those fiery messengers, whose fearless rebukes were spoken in the face of kings, and whose stern reproofs sounded in the ears of armed and hostile multitudes. It was probably from a remnant of these that the later Essenes derived

their existence. Whether distinctive processes were used in these religious seminaries avowedly for the purpose of developing ecstatic exaltation we can scarcely say, as there is no Biblical authority on the subject. But, judging by the customs of other eastern nations, we are justified in assenting to it as probable. Fasting and various forms of self-denial, together with solitude, prayer, and meditation, were doubtless among the means employed for developing the lucid crisis. Judging, however, by the general tenor of Biblical history, it would seem that the superior class of prophets, those honoured by special mention in the sacred narrative, or whose proud destination it was to contribute to its pages, were not reared in these establishments, but had either a primal call like Elijah, or a special evocation as in the case of his disciple.

From the fact that the sons of the prophets wished to send fifty men to seek for Elijah after his ascent, it would almost seem that such occurrences as occasional aerial exaltation were not so uncommon as might be supposed. Here, at all events, was a procedure which, from its being so urgently pressed on the consideration of Elisha, would seem to have been customary in such an event. Was then "lightness of body," as it is sometimes termed, developed at times among these Jewish, as it has often been among other ecstatics? We rather incline to this opinion. Such phenomena have been so often narrated by independent witnesses, so widely separated by time, place, faith, and language, that it would be the height of groundless and unphilosophical scepticism to doubt the probable existence of such effects as facts in nature.*

The sweetening of the water at Jericho was obviously an act akin to that narrated of Moses at the well of Marah, and we must therefore refer the reader to what we have said on the subject under this head. The slaying of the forty and two children by the she-bear and her cub would indicate that Elisha must, among other prerogatives of higher ecstasy, have attained to that of resistless command over brute natures. The power to magically calm the rage of these inferior beings has undoubtedly been possessed by many high-wrought lucids, and why, therefore, may not the counterpart of this pacifying influence be at times exerted by the same class of persons. We very logically conclude that he who could allay might with equal facility evoke a tempest, and if so then we shall be equally justified in concluding that he who could have calmed, might also, under eminently provocative circumstances, enrage and invite beasts of prey to the performance

* The levitations occurring so frequently in the experience of modern spiritualists cast additional light on the subject thus reasoned out by the author, who wrote this article long in advance of his knowledge of Spiritualism.—EDITOR.

of their destructive, though appropriate, functions. That such a use of this mysterious power was wholly unworthy the generally merciful and beneficent character of Elisha we do not for a moment deny. To use the carnivorous instincts of brute creatures as the blind instruments of his vengeance on scarcely responsible children, and for an act in which he would himself probably at their age have taken part, was altogether unjustifiable, and would, if frequently repeated, have rendered the prophetic character as detestable as it was terrible, as dangerous as it was awful. Combativeness and destructiveness must, for the time, have held unresisting sway over the mind of the exasperated seer; the radiation of whose potent influence, under such circumstances, would be like the lightning and tornado—a destructive, not a creative force of nature. Such a display of unbridled ferocity was wholly different from the righteous indignation and fiery wrath of Elijah when he slew the priests of Baal at Kishon, or consumed the satellites of despotism by fire from heaven.

When the kings of Israel, Judah, and Edom were met in league against Moab (2nd Kings iii. 9), and found their assembled hosts ready to perish for want of water, they, as it was usual with the crowned heads of that day when reduced to such an extremity, instead of sending, after the modern fashion, for an engineer, sought out a prophet. Here we have another instance of the effect of music in favouring the afflatus or oncoming of the prophetic spirit. Elisha, appealed to by these kings, asked for a minstrel, and when he played, "the spirit of the Lord came upon him" (ver. 15). The exalting, yet harmonising, effects of music on individuals of ecstatic temperament has been noticed in all ages, and this aid was obviously resorted to by the Jewish seers as well as by their heathen brethren, or rather rivals. The water which appeared so opportunely was probably the effect of a heavy thunderstorm, or, perhaps, waterspout on some distant mountains, from whence it ran with impetuosity into the neighbouring valleys, carrying the soil with it, and obtaining its red colour. The real marvel was not the production of the water, but the power to accurately foretell its desired arrival, together with the subsequent defeat of the Moabites. This was of course due to the presence of the clairvoyant intuition at the time in the mind of the prophet, exalted to ecstatic lucidity by the ministrel's stirring strains, resounding possibly with some devotional anthem or some patriotic pæan.

In the case of the widow's oil (c. iv., v. 2), we have another instance of that multiplication or increase, to which allusion has been already made when speaking of a similar exercise of power by Elijah; there is therefore no necessity for further remarks on the subject in this place. The Shunammite and her son also afford

a very near parallel to the widow of Zarephath and her son, for whom the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal had been endowed with such properties of unfailing supply. The fact that Elisha did not know the object of the Shunammite's visit to him, is only one of many indications that these "men of God" were not universally, or at all times lucid, but only on special occasions in relation to certain events. The poisonous gourds at Gilgal, and the "death in the pot," which resulted from their use, together with the facile remedy provided by the prophet in the shape of a little innocent meal (ver. 38-41), affords an interesting instance of a power said to be wielded by a few of the earlier ecstatics, that of rendering deleterious food and drinks innocuous. To be fire and poison proof was one of the many attainments coveted by most, and said to be possessed by some of the more distinguished magicians of antiquity. This would arise from a change in the functional condition, and therefore a modification in the normal relationship of their bodies to the elemental forces of nature. But to be able to render injurious substances nutritious and beneficial, would seem to imply an exercise of still greater power. The meal was probably but a sign, or at the most a vehicle of benignant influence. The act of Elisha in this matter was that of blessing so potently, as to overcome the material curse by spiritual force—the quality of the gourds by the introduction of this effluence, as that of certain chemical substances is by the admixture of others of a different or opposite kind.

It would seem that the fame of Elisha's miracles was not confined to his own people or the small territory of Palestine. The captives of Israel carried the report of his wondrous achievements into the land of their bondage, and as a result, the great Syrian commander came to be healed of his leprosy. Here the condition imposed, that of bathing seven times in the Jordan (chap. v., ver. 10), must be considered not only as a sign, or a test of obedience, but also as in part a means, or more strictly, as a conducing cause of Naaman's recovery. The prime motor force, or, shall we rather say, the positive healing power in this case was doubtless the sanative effluence rayed forth by Elisha on the system of the Syrian soldier, prepared and attempered for the reception of this beneficent influence, by childlike and unenquiring submission to a command, uttered, doubtless, with the authority of a seer, but for such unquestioning acquiescence in which no sufficient motive appreciable by the understanding could be assigned, except that it was done at the dictation of one too wise to err, too good to deceive, and to whom implicit credence might therefore be given, and in whom unbounded confidence might be placed, as in a holy person sanctioned by God and familiar with the counsels of omniscience. Not for a vain show of power, not

with a wilful assumption of undue authority, did the prophets of old so frequently make the exercise of their healing prerogative dependent on the patient's submission to some apparently arbitrary or fanciful command. Faith harmonises the passions, purifies the affections, exalts the sentiments, and concentrates the thoughts, and thus increases and intensifies our sympathy with the person in whom we place such unqualified dependence. It deepens our susceptibility and enlarges our receptivity, and so prepares us to be more effectually acted on. Faith is attractive and assimilative, promotive of union and conducive to interspheration, while doubt, on the contrary, is repulsive and antagonistic, and surrounds us with an influence hostile to interaction. It is the moral element of chaos, and produces a tendency to isolation. Now, obedience, as in the case of Naaman, would be an evidence of the mental state of the patient, and his fitness or otherwise for being acted on by the healing power. But, in addition to this, every repetition of the act of obedience would, from the condition of thought and feeling accompanying it, prepare the nervous system of the patient for more readily receiving the radiate influence of his operator, in the instance under consideration, a holy prophet, working, not scientifically with the intellect, but religiously with the sentiments, and so achieving whatever he accomplished, not slowly and by visible and tangible means, but with that virtuous ease and triumphant facility which ever characterises the works of faith as compared with the labours of knowledge.

If we wanted evidence of the existence of mesmerism among the nations of western Asia, there could scarcely be stronger proof adduced that that afforded by the remark of Naaman on the rather cavalier manner in which he had been treated by Elisha—"Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and *strike his hand over the place*, and recover the leper" (2nd Kings, v. 11). The passes of the medical mesmerist, combined with the religious invocations of the magician, are here obviously alluded to. Such processes were doubtless customary among the Syrians of that day, and hence Naaman's expectation that something similar would be resorted to by the Jewish prophet. From the entire tenor of the narrative, however, it is obvious that the zeal of Elisha for the credit of his order, and in a certain sense, we may say, his jealousy for the majesty of the God of Israel was aroused, whose superiority to, and supremacy over all the deities of paganism he seems to have determined to demonstrate on the present occasion. Hence, probably, his rather haughty reception of the great soldier, to whom, on any other occasion, he would probably have been willing to accord something of the respect due to his exalted rank in the military service of a neigh-

bouring and friendly potentate. He obviously wished to impress on Naaman that the cure of his leprosy, which had proved so intractable under the treatment of Syrian physicians and healers, was but a light matter to a prophet of Israel working with the delegated power of the true God. And in this he succeeded, despite the indignation and wounded pride of his patient, whose sudden conversion and lively gratitude are eminently characteristic of the nobler order of Oriental minds. The entire scene is redolent with features of Eastern life, and has probably had its precursors and successors in various ages and countries of the Asian continent.

We have spoken of Naaman's obedience as a conducing cause to his effectual reception of the prophet's blessing. Conversely, we may remark that the covetousness, guile, and disobedience of Gehazi, while eminently calculated to evoke the anger of his master, were also of a nature to render him especially susceptible to the effects of the justly kindled anger of the holy man, whose indignation was aroused, not merely by the deception and meanness of his servant, but also by the fact that these dishonourable practices were resorted to on such an occasion, when it had been the especial object of the Israelitish prophet to raise his order and his God in the estimation of a distinguished foreigner. We might here say much on *sin* as a producing cause of disease in general. Suffice it, however, for the present that we do not hesitate to avow it as our deliberately formed opinion, that all disease is an effect immediate or remote of the violation of some moral or natural law.

In this severe though, perhaps, justly-merited punishment of Gehazi, we have a notable example of the transference of disease from one system to another, a power which some of the ancient magicians are said to have possessed, and, as in the case under consideration, to have been occasionally exercised. Christ manifested the same terrible prerogative in causing or permitting the devils which he had just cast out from one possessed to pass into a herd of swine. It should be remembered that the ancient prophets wrought much more by mental than physical mesmerisation, and accomplished vastly greater effects by the exercise of their will than we can achieve by the most vigorous manipulation. Now, it is possible in certain cases of extreme susceptibility to communicate many of the symptoms of a diseased patient to a bystander placed in the line of our passes, and so situated, therefore, as to receive the contaminated emanation of the sick person. If so undesirable a result then can be accomplished by physical means, why not by moral ones also? If mental as well as material mesmerisation can effect a cure, why may it not also be equally productive of infection?

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKWELL.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

SIR,—In the absence of my friend Mr. Bonnemère, who is travelling with his family, and will probably not see the letter of Mr. Clavairoz for some months to come, I beg to be allowed to offer to the consideration of your readers a few remarks suggested by the third and fourth paragraphs of that letter, from which it would appear that Mr. Clavairoz bases his rejection of the idea of reincarnation, partly on the denial of the spirits who oppose it, partly on the "the destruction of human individuality" which he thinks would be a consequence of our reincarnation, supposing it to take place. And as the two objections thus brought forward are precisely those which naturally occur to every one on first turning his attention to the subject in question, I will, with your permission, endeavour to show what they are really worth.

As for the first of these objections, it is practically disposed of (*though not explained*) by Mr. Clavairoz himself, who says, and truly, in the third sentence of his fourth paragraph: "Every one who has attentively followed the communications through mediums knows that *no absolute value can be attached to them*." Consequently, by his own showing, the doctrine of Reincarnation is no more *disproved* by the *denials* of his medium or of any number of mediums who assert it to be false, than it is *proved* by the *affirmations* of Mr. Bonnemère's medium or of any number of mediums who assert it to be true.

This first objection being disposed of by Mr. Clavairoz, and the "fourteen years" of "condemnation" of the doctrine in question by *his* medium being thus seen to be of no more "absolute value" than the justification of that doctrine which thousands of mediums have been receiving for nearly a quarter of a century, I proceed to the consideration of the second objection urged by Mr. Clavairoz, as the one on which he, in common with most other opponents of Reincarnation, appears mainly to rely.

The theory of Reincarnation does undoubtedly *modify*, and most profoundly, our conception of the *nature* of human life, and of all human relations, including that most elementary one, hitherto so little understood, but which lies at the very root of the subject we are considering, viz., *the relation of the soul to its body*. But, so far from "destroying" our "individuality," that theory is believed, by those who hold it, to strengthen, refine, and ennoble it, by doing, in regard to our conception of the nature of human relations, just what astronomical discovery has done in regard to our conception of the nature and relations of the planet we inhabit.

The idea of the other planets of our solar system being inhabited has appeared in the past, and still appears, to minds not yet ready for its reception, to destroy the importance and value of our earth, by reducing it to the rank of one of a countless host of similar habitations disseminated through the infinity of Space. Yet who does not see that the conception of the inhabitedness of all planets invests our minute globe, as a related element of a boundless universe of kindred life, with a dignity and importance immeasurably nobler than the barren and aimless isolation which we formerly attributed to it?

In like manner, to those who have, as yet, considered the subject of Reincarnation only from the popular and superficial point of view which takes it for granted that our present human life is our first and only one—just as we have, for so many ages, taken it for granted that our infinitesimal earthlet was the first and only theatre of human existence—the idea that we may have already lived many lives in this and other planets appears to destroy the importance and value of our present life, by showing its various relations to be only the conditions of one of the countless steps of a career of never-ending development which began far back in the Past, and is to extend through the infinity of future Time. And yet —just as the inductions of modern Astronomy have ennobled our conception of the planet in which we find ourselves, by showing it to be an element of the vast system of inhabited worlds around us—does not the theory of Reincarnation ennoble our conception of our present life, by showing it to be, for each of us, the direct and natural result of the long sequence of our former experiences and the direct preparation for the next step of our educational career, and by connecting us, through affectional links that are none the less solid and real for being *at present* hidden from us, with other beings and other spheres of the vast system of mental and moral development in which we thus see ourselves to be included?

To regard our "individuality" as the *result of our present perishable human organization*, instead of regarding that organization as being *a result of the higher and enduring individuality of our spiritual part—our soul*—is a "putting of the cart before the horse," a confounding of the man with the garment which he wears today, but will throw aside to-morrow; and as our present garment of flesh is incessantly changing, and will soon be resolved into its chemical elements, the ordinary view of "individuality," held by Mr. Clavairoz and by all who, like him, regard it as being a *result of our present human life*, really destroys that "individuality," by depriving it of the only theoretic basis of belief in its persistence, viz., *that which is furnished by the hypothesis of the gradual formation and education of an immaterial and there-*

fore imperishable entity, or soul, endowed by its Creator with the power of forming for itself, at each new step of its development, a new material body in harmony with the needs and possibilities of its degree of advancement.

But, while thus profoundly *modifying* our conception of the *nature* of human relations, the theory of Reincarnation enhances, immeasurably, our sense of their importance, by showing us that all our mental, moral, affectional, and social conditions, our wisdom or folly, our strength or weakness, our friendships and our enmities, our dearest affections and our most painful and onerous life-burdens, are always the direct result of our right or wrong action in our former existences, and that every thought, word, and deed, of our present life is preparing for us, by the inevitable law of natural fruition, the happy or painful conditions of the next phase of the educational process which is bringing us up, slowly but surely, to higher and higher orders of existence, in which all the faculties, powers, affections, acquired by us in all our previous existences, will be possessed by us in the transformed and glorified modes appropriate to those more advanced degrees of "individuality."

What other view of human life—with its joys and its sorrows, its inequalities, its hardships, and seeming injustices, its shortcomings and aspirations, its painful grapplings with the mental problems that can only be solved through our attainment of the higher intellectual stand-point afforded by the acquisition of nobler orders of corporeal organization,—what other view of life, I confidently ask, is so reasonable, so logical, so consoling, so encouraging? What other can offer such powerful incitements to activity and self-denial in view of noble ends, to the thorough discharge of every duty, to the exercise of the large kindness which sees in every enemy at once a former victim and a future friend; in every stranger, one who may have been united to us in the past by the ties of interest or of affection; in every affection, the gradual growth of past existences and the assured companionship of the future?

Among the various important questions intimately connected with the subject we are considering, but upon which it is obviously impossible for me to enter in this place, are the *nature* of the unitary memory which will eventually enable us to recall at pleasure all the former phases of our existence, and the *rationale* of the suspension of that memory during the earlier phases of our life in planets, both in the surface-sphere and in the spirit-sphere of the latter; a suspension which explains the fact that the majority of the spirits of our earth, incarnate and disincarnate, are still unaware of their past existences, the power of recalling which has not yet been acquired by them. I can

only remark, in regard to this latter question, that the remembrance of our past lives would materially interfere, in the majority of cases, with the usefulness of our present life; and that the spirits who claim to be now charged with the work of making known the law of Reincarnation to the people of this planet assign, among other reasons for the Providential delaying of its promulgation among us, our ignorance in regard to Electricity and other departments of Natural Law, which has hitherto prevented our understanding the *nature of bodies*, and has thus rendered us incapable of the rational acceptance of the law in question.

For the subject of Reincarnation does not stand alone, but is intimately connected with every department of life and of thought, and can only be decided in connexion with the vast and complicated question of the Pre-existence of the Soul; a question requiring, for its elucidation, the combined indications of every branch of natural science, interpreted by the light which our extending scientific knowledge will enable us to receive from disincarnate spirits of higher degree.

That the majority of "the eleven million of believers in America," to whom Mr. Clavairoz (notwithstanding his denial of any "absolute value" to spirit-teaching,) so triumphantly refers, should be still in ignorance of the law of Reincarnation, is therefore only what, from the Spiritist point of view, is naturally to be expected; and equally natural is it, from that same point of view, that the doctrine in question, already widely proclaimed in nearly every country of the Old World, should now, as Mr. Clavairoz pathetically laments in the commencement of his former article, be effecting an entrance among the "believers" of the New, in which cradle of the great modern movement of *rapprochement* between the two spheres of our earthly abode, the doctrine so violently objected to by Mr. Clavairoz and others is making rapid progress. In a letter from Mr. Peebles, recently forwarded to me by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, the writer remarks, in reference to my humble endeavours to spread the knowledge of what I believe to be the most important and urgently-needed truth now knocking for admission at the doors of our distracted planet:—"Her views on Reincarnation are meeting every day with wider acceptance in this country. The *Banner of Light* openly advocates Reincarnation; and many of the spirits controlling Mrs. Conant, who is considered to be our best American medium, emphatically assert the truth of this doctrine. It cannot be denied that it melts away many hard theological problems, that no other teaching has hitherto been able to solve." He might have added that it also furnishes the only solution of the various problems which are effecting the disruption of our present social

fabric, and with which no other theory, religious, political, or economic, is competent to deal.

As Mr. Clavairoz, notwithstanding his (perfectly-founded) denial of spirit-competence in the matter, attaches so much importance to the numerical superiority of those who are not yet aware of the law of Reincarnation, I may add that some English mediums are beginning to receive communications confirmatory of its truth; that one of your subscribers, not personally known to me, writes me that "many of his friends assure him that they distinctly remember the scenes and events of their former earthly lives"; that another of your subscribers has admitted to me that he remembers a former life of his on this earth, and that this power of recalling passages of a former earth-life is also possessed by his married sister, who knows nothing of Spiritualism; and that I hope, ere long, to procure the necessary vouchers for several most interesting and conclusive instances of this remembrance of anterior earthly lives by persons of our own day, to add to the great mass of evidence already collected in support of the theory of our successive lives in this earth and in other planets as the indispensable preparation for the extra-planetary realms of existence to which we shall eventually attain.

Commending the foregoing considerations to the attention of Mr. Clavairoz and all other opponents,—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ANNA BLACKWELL.

WIMEREUX, Sept. 12, 1872.

ERRATUM.—In *Human Nature* for September, 1872, p. 397, for "externally-united," read "eternally-united."

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SPIRITS AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

BY HENRY E. RUSSELL.

EACH new phase of evidence from the Summer Land, as it unfolds itself amongst us, seems constantly to remind us that the vast congregations of individualised intelligences on the other side are working with us in the disintegration of the material veil which hides their spiritual life from our mundane existence. They are blending a purer atmosphere with our own, causing the upturned eye of mortal to behold the brighter realities of the eternal home, and the descending rays of love and purity to break up the clouds of ignorance and superstition which have so long obscured their source. A life beyond this present probationary sphere of progress is clearly demonstrated; a world of

beauty and of constant progression is shown through the dissolving mists of materialism; the glad voices of our dear departed ones sound once more in our ears; their loving hands again clasp our own, and lo! we are once more conversing with them face to face, whilst we enjoy the now indisputable fact of an eternity of life and upward advancement with them for evermore.

Had such a reality as this been predicted but a few years gone by, how ready would even Spiritualists have been to doubt its accomplishment in this our day! And yet the fact is now evident before us. The fulfilment of angel promises has come so gradually upon us, that it is only when we compare the present with the past that we perceive the rapid progress of spiritual revealment. Yet, where will all this end?—to what perfection will our present intercourse with the inhabitants of the comparatively unknown regions of the eternal arrive whilst we still remain behind to welcome their return? Who shall say? But, on reflection, we are not so much surprised at the present unfoldments to our view of the many evidences of our own immortality. As we have seen, the acquired experiences of the commonly invisible intelligences are brought continually to bear upon the science of spirit and matter. They are experimenting, and bringing all their resources of knowledge and experiment to work with us, and their numbers are hourly growing more numerous from the spiritually educated minds from earth ascending each moment to their own plane of existence. Hence the rapid advances which have taken place even within the last few years in diffusing the knowledge amongst mortals of the purpose and destiny of each individualised soul. The golden links in the eternal chain of effect and cause are becoming brighter and brighter the longer they are gazed upon, and the higher we ascend in the scale of advancement, the more we long to grasp with unfettered hands the glittering talisman which will lead us nearer and nearer to the end, immovably anchored in the heart of the Eternal First Cause, whom we call Our Father.

But there is apparent, not only an eternity of working progress before us who have been recipients of spiritual teachings, but we see how much is to be accomplished before the world generally accepts of the same divine truths. The would-be scientific minds of the present age are content with their smattering of knowledge, and prate of demonstrable limits to human acquirements. Yet this, as far as we know to the contrary, has always been so throughout all past ages. Even Jesus lived on this earth in advance of his generation, and those who heard his teachings and the revealments given through the medium of his exalted mind, considered him possessed of a devil or mad. The world at the present day condemns as distraught every one who

has the unlicensed hardihood to think for himself. But what have we to learn from this? Simply that the Subtle Power, the Creative Cause, the Infinite Parent, works out His own will according to His own immutable laws of unswerving evolution. That which is thought to be eccentric or inapplicable in one age is commonly accepted and utilized by a succeeding generation; the ideas which take but embryotic shape among a certain class of mankind but pave the way for a more mature stage of progressive thought amongst others. We see this almost daily exemplified now. That which is set as the boundary line beyond which science cannot pass is swept away by the deluge of supramundane knowledge. Amongst all classes of minds is the gradual elimination of error and the illimitable aspect of truth now being discerned. Traditionary teachings are being set at nought, or estimated at their real value, and the leaning upon the opinions of fellow mortals is becoming less common, as the truer and purer experiences of the "great cloud of witnesses" penetrate each household, and revolutionise society with the very breath of Truth. The present aspect of spiritual intercourse and knowledge is gradually but surely eradicating the accumulated dust and cobwebs of past ages from the intellectual growth of the present generation, and seems to indicate that the time is fast approaching when every man shall truly "sit under his own vine and under his own fig tree," and pluck the fruit of the present teachings of the immortals.

These reflections have been suggested in thinking over my own experiences, and comparing them with the almost unprecedented manifestations from the spirit world with which I was particularly favoured on Sunday, the 1st instant. On that day I had the privilege of a visit from Mr. Williams, the well-known spirit medium. Mr. Champernowne, whose name is so widely circulated in spiritual literature, was an eye-witness, with two other friends, of the greater part of what I shall now attempt to describe. But when I come to the actual putting into words the marvellous things made evident to our senses of hearing, sight, and touch, I find how difficult is the task before me.

I have conducted with Messrs. Herne and Williams several experiments under stringent test conditions in order to fully satisfy the outside world that of what has been accorded to me and others through their mediumship, we could solemnly speak of that which we know to be truth, and testify of those things which we have seen, heard, and felt. But more immediately was this done in order that these gentlemen might be fully and entirely publicly exonerated from the gross accusations which have recently been brought against them and other mediums by those who seemingly would lay down arbitrary laws of their own

by which spiritual beings should be governed in their communication with mortals.

On the Saturday evening preceding the date I have named I was in London, at Messrs. Herne and Williams' rooms, when the spirits, amongst other manifestations, showed themselves with the phosphorescent-like lights, and gave many tests of identity. The spirit, "Katey King," then said, "Harry, we are coming down to you to-morrow, and intend to give you something good." On the following day, however, Mr. Herne was prevented from coming, and so the fulfilment of "Katey's" promise depended alone on Mr. Williams' mediumistic power.

Adjoining the room at my residence, to which I have given the ennobled designation of "photographic studio," and separated from it by a panelled partition, in which is inserted a large square of ruby-coloured glass, is a "dark room," about six feet by ten feet in dimensions, in which the various manipulations of my photographic experiments are made. In this inner room, and nearly opposite the red window, is a large cupboard in which a chair can be placed, and was on a previous occasion when Mr. Herne was present, selected by the spirits for an improvised cabinet for the materialisation of spirit-forms. We placed a chair within this cupboard for Mr. Williams, and partly closed the door, then ranging ourselves on the side next the closed door of the "dark room," quietly awaited what would follow. Almost immediately the spirit "Katey's" gentle voice was heard, telling us to keep quite still, and not to touch her till she gave us permission, if she were successful in being able to materialise herself. Soon the door of the cupboard was pushed open from within, and the spirit appeared standing on the threshold, plainly seen and heard by each present. She was clothed in flowing robes of spotless white, with a turban on her head, and kept talking to us while she stood there. We were, however, directed to again get the medium to sit in the same manner later in the day, when she would be able to walk out before us. I was then asked by "Katey" if I would like to have her portrait. Of course I gladly assented. She said she would try and do what she could for us. The plate, a new one, kept in a place known only to myself, was now cleaned, and prepared for the dark slide by my own hands in the usual way, and Mr. Williams sat close to a small round table. Just as the plate was about to be exposed the voice of the spirit "John King" was heard, and the cap was taken off by invisible agency. After the plate had been sufficiently long exposed, I was requested by "John" to replace the cap, and finish the remaining parts of the process. On development, a fine and clearly-defined spirit form appeared on the plate, robed in flowing white garments, and wearing a turban,

but the features are slightly indistinct, giving evidence of the movement of the head of the spirit during the exposure of the plate. A second plate was then tried, but without any result further than a good portrait of the medium. In the spirit photograph a very curious phenomenon is apparent. The chair in which the medium sat appears to have been removed some three or more feet from the table, whilst a part of his arm is seen in the position in which he sat, and yet he had not moved during the time the lens was uncapped. How can this anomaly be accounted for? Can any of our scientific spirit-photograph critics satisfactorily explain this seeming mystery? This would seem to throw a bright ray of light through the clouds of calumny which have been wafted around the head of Mr. Hudson. It shows that no mortal at present clearly understands the spiritual laws on which these photographs depend. "Katey" told us, the second time we met her later in the day, whilst in the dark room, and she walked about and stood before us, talking with us face to face, whilst we saw her moving lips as she spoke: "Neither the chair nor the medium were moved. The appearances you see on my photograph are due to the spirit-aura. The success of our manifestations in these cases is to bring ourselves within the sphere of the sitter, and to amalgamate that sphere with our own. When rays of light pass through this mixed aura, they are refracted, and often cause things to be apparent on the plate which you cannot account for. You will know better about these things by-and-bye." We thanked our spirit friend for this useful information, and I could not help hoping that those who have been so hasty to condemn without a shadow of real proof of wrong would ere long listen to the voice of reason, and await in patience the issue of their friends' efforts on the other side.

But one of the most remarkable manifestations of the afternoon commenced by "Katey" telling us to go into the other room—the studio—and she would take her medium downstairs. Accordingly we adjourned to the front room, and as I being the last to leave the "dark room," turned to close the door, I saw the medium with his eyes closed and evidently entranced, being walked out of the cupboard, the hands of the spirit resting on his shoulders, whilst the folds of parts of her drapery fell over him as she walked behind him. Instead of immediately turning to the right to go down the stairs, the door of the room in which we were waiting opened, and the medium appeared as I have described, whilst the voice of "Katey" was at the same time heard, "Not there, Ted, not there; you must go down the stairs. Shut the door, Harry." We heard the medium walked by the spirit down the stairs on to the landing below, and then return. When they again passed the door of the room in which we were,

"Katey" said, "Now you may all come in here again. I intended to have taken my medium down and showed myself to the two girls," meaning my sister and Mrs. Williams, "but I thought when I got down there that perhaps they might have been frightened." We conversed awhile with the spirit, and afterwards held a most delightful seance at Mr. Champernowne's house, where the spirits showed themselves with the phosphorescent lights. Whilst at tea at my house, the tea table, with all the usual appendages, was floated several times high in the air without mortal contact, and again in the evening a most successful and instructive meeting was held at Mr. Champernowne's house, when various beautiful manifestations occurred, one of the most soul-edifying of which was an earnest and eloquent prayer offered by "Katey," in which she prayed our All Powerful Father, the Lord of Life and Death, to bless the attempts made by all spirits to manifest His love and goodness to mortals, beseeching that we, the children of earth, might be ever benefitted and instructed by spiritual communion to fulfil our duties here, and to fit us for the truer life beyond. To which "John King" and the other spirits manifesting, exclaimed, with deep emphasis, "Amen, and amen!" I could most heartily re-echo their words—Amen and amen!

KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, *9th Sept.*, 1872.

AMERICAN LETTER.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

THE great quartennial cyclone is now sweeping over our political sea with more than usual fury, and, for the present, little else is thought of but President-making. The discussion has taken an intensely personal form; and both parties indulge in the vilest slanders, the lowest invectives, and an utter disregard for the amenities of refined life. We shall never stagnate as long as there is a presidential campaign ahead. It no doubt has a beneficial result; but for the time being there is spiritual lethargy, and to the sensitive the very air is impregnated with contentious forces. Our President, like the British Monarch, is so invested by constitutional guarantees, that there is little permanent difference who is elected. He is a figure-head to our ship of state, rather more useful, and many times far less ornamental than figure-heads on board ship. England has had sovereigns she is not proud to name, and we have had presidents and presidential *aspirants* we prefer not to mention. Nature presents an

anomaly in man, who is greedy of power, aspiring the most when least qualified to exercise it. This presumptuous ambition is intensified by our present system of education, which places success above its methods; and the public opinion which gives superficiality the first rank, providing it has the unscrupulous egotism to push itself forward. If Spiritualism could once penetrate the dark recesses of our government, and lift our politicians out of the mire of selfishness, diffusing higher and purer ideas, its mission would indeed be a blessed one. It assuredly is slowly accomplishing this work, and is planting the seeds of great changes in the future. As more and more of our statesmen become receivers of the higher views of living it presents, they will concrete its noble principles into our laws. What it will do is illustrated by what it has done. The martyr Lincoln was upheld by the strong arms of his spirit-friends during the gloomy years of the rebellion. They informed him how to be successful, and warned him of impending calamity. He consulted them often, and heeded their words of wisdom. Even his death occurred because of his disobedience to their voice, as he was repeatedly warned not to attend the theatre on that fatal night. The result of his spiritual susceptibility was that impartial justice, purity, and honour ruled our nation, and integrity of motive assured us of success so far as he could personally contribute to that result.

The silent and unobserved growth of Spiritualism is far greater than is supposed. Night and day our angel-friends by subtle processes are wearing away the bulwarks of superstition and selfishness and instilling pure and noble ideas of life. As an organic force it has thus far failed, and a shade of doubt is cast over its ardent receivers whether it be practical or possible to unitise its elements into a great power. The failures of the past have taught this truth if no more. Spiritualism is not to found a sect or party, but to be the vital force of all parties and sects. Whatever failure has resulted is not its fault, but the fault of those who pour its new wine into old bottles, religious or political —in other words, attempted to harness it in old methods. We want not another sect added to the countless number existing; we want not a new political party to force its doctrines on the state; we want it to remain the umpire of all our issues, fettered and circumscribed by none. This great lesson is yet to be learned by many, that Spiritualism means vastly more than "modern" phenomena. It is the vital breath of the religious systems of every age and race, and embraces the inspiration given on the banks of the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Jordan, as well as the utterances of Swedenborg, or the mediums of the present. Iconoclasm has its uses, but if it turn aside from the stream of

life flowing down from the past, rejecting all that *is*, as false, it only reveals its own ignorant intolerance. The worst form of religion could not exist for an hour, unless based on some vital truth, and the thinker will pause before he condemns, unqualifiedly, systems which have broken the bread of spiritual life to successive generations, even though they be rankest fetichism of savages.

A reaction is strongly felt in favour of scientific culture and investigation. The necessity of this has long been experienced by the best thinkers, but nothing like organised effort has been made in that direction. Organisation looked to the church for a model, insisting on the advent of a *new* religion, rather than to the colder forms of scientific associations. The latter, as expressive of the present order of thought, are undoubtedly the best models, and your own angel-planned "Institution" holds the keynote to success. It is doing the work necessary to be done in the right way, and at the right time. As proselytism is impossible, all the machinery employed for that purpose is worse than useless. A spiritualist is such by thought, not acceptance of a creed, or the joining of an association. He becomes by growth, through study and investigation worthy of the name, which no other method can bestow. We want faith—the blind acceptance of things not seen—no longer; we want demonstration. The old theological and metaphysical methods have passed away before the accuracy of observation and reasoning from the known, which is termed scientific. They have passed, never to return.

S. B. Brittan, well and favourably known as an author, a lecturer, and a student of psychology, has broken ground in this direction, and if he actualises the vast plan he has sketched, New York will possess a great spiritual centre, from which an inconceivable influence will be exerted.

The establishment of a society devoted to the study of the occult problems of man's spiritual nature is one of the features of this enterprize, and the foundation of a publishing house and depot of distribution, and a library are among the more prominent features.

As the initial of this enterprise, a Quarterly is to be established, the prospectus of which is already issued. It is entitled, "Brittan's Journal of Spiritual Science, designed to illustrate the Dynamics of Subtile Agents; the Relations, Faculties, and Functions of Mind; Philosophy of Spiritual Life and World, and the Principles of Universal Progress." It is to be conducted by S. B. Brittan, and, unquestionably, will be a success. The prospectus says: "It must be conceded that a large part of the current Spiritual literature exhibits a want of early culture and proper mental discipline on the part of the writers; amazing freedom

from rhetorical rules and logical restraints, with general poverty of thought and profligacy of style. The learner of the spiritual idea naturally creates a kind of effervescence, that often results in a *cacoethes scribendi.* These facts are quite too obvious to the critical observer to admit of series controversy. Indeed, so large a portion of the books issued from the Spiritual press are of the class already described, that they rarely find a place on the tables and in the libraries of our more cultivated citizens."

This is the truth, and unpleasantly such, yet we cannot suppress a vague feeling that the writer places undue weight on style, and if he does not overestimate the value of culture, which would be impossible, a reflection is cast on the early labourers, uneducated unfortunately, but who bore with great hearts the burden of an unpopular cause, and by whose efforts it has won its unparalleled victory.

When thirsty, we find no fault with the broken vessel or rude cup that brings us the refreshing water, so we shall not criticise the vessels which have brought us spiritual sustenance, though they bring but a few drops, with too severe a manner. We shall not refuse a silver cup or a golden goblet because accustomed to coarser vessels. We rejoice that we have progressed to the better and more affluent time.

No one has had better opportunities or more varied experience than S. B. Brittan. An early friend and admirer of A. J. Davis, editor of the "Univercœlum," the first published Spiritual paper, and one of the many illustrious corps of the *Spiritual Telegraph,* one of the best journals ever devoted to the cause—a polished writer, able speaker, and close thinker; he is not only a host in himself, but will rally around him the ablest talent and purest inspiration afforded by the ranks of Spiritualism. His name assures the success of the "Quarterly." All he says in his prospectus of the vast field opened before the student is beautifully spoken, yet he will find that it is to be explored by *methods yet to be invented.* The crucible and balance will not serve, and "subtile discrimination in the analysis and use of materials, patient thought, and scientific elaboration," are not every-day qualities. Where there is one purely scientific writer there is an hundred employing the effete metaphysical methods, ready to crowd the pages of any journal that will accept their effusions, and only by the most extraordinay watchfulness can the "Quarterly" be kept up to the high ideal presented in its prospectus.

The second number of the "Western Star," has been issued. We judge it is entirely written by several spirits through Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. The style is fresh and peculiar, and the articles of absorbing interest, yet there breathes from every line an indescribable mystery, a vague uncertainty, such as surrounded

the sibylline oracles of old. It is certainly one of the best specimans of what may be called purely spiritual literature the movement has evoked, as Mrs. Britten is one of its most remarkable personages.

A. E. Newton has recently published a work for children under fourteen years of age, on the "The Body," to be supplemented by a second part on the "The Spirit." They treat the subjects in an entirely new method, or nearly that suggested by A. J. Davis in his Lyceum system; although for children, few adults can read a single one of its beautifully arranged pages without instruction. When both are issued, the children will have a complete treatise on Spiritual Science, far preferable to any yet produced. Mr. Newton has attempted a most arduous task, but the severest critic must pronounce favourably on its completion.

With the appearance of new journals, we are compelled in sadness to record the withdrawal of some of the old and tried champions. The *American Spiritualist* has suspended publication; and the "Lyceum Banner," the chaste and interesting paper ever welcomed by the children of the Lyceum, is likewise overborne. Mrs. Lou H. Kimbal had by years of unexampled labour secured it a firm basis when the terrible fire swept her all away. She began again with determined energy, but the trial was more than her weak physical body could endure.

"The Little Bouquet," once published by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, is to be revived, so that the children need not be unsupplied. I have written, in a previous letter, in high terms of "*Die Tafelrunde*," a German paper devoted to Spiritualism, published at Washington, D.C. As it depended for support entirely on the German element of our population, its circulation of necessity was limited, and it could not be longer sustained by the sacrifice of its editor and publisher.

J. M. Peebles, after a most successful series of lecture engagements, has departed for Australia, by way of California, and by this time is rocked by the long swells of the Pacific, as he is wafted to the Sandwich Isles, which he intends visiting. He has been engaged on a work of a theological tendency, which he proposes to publish in Australia as soon as possible after his arrival.

He will preach the new gospel in New Zealand, and from thence he will go to India, and after two years you will have the pleasure of greeting him on his return, in London. Truly he is "pilgrim and *avant courier*" of the dawning truth. The very singularly composed biography of his, unique in its style and method, has had an extensive sale.

In olden times epistles were closed by invoking the blessings

of the Father. We can add an invocation to our spirit friends:—May the angels keep you all, and extend the beneficent influence of your institution to the full measure it so richly deserves.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY J. W. JACKSON.

One of the most ominous features of existing civilization is the utter want of Stoicism by which society is characterised. Everywhere a refined and amiable Epicureanism, that shrinks alike from the endurance or the infliction of suffering, has taken the place of those sterner and more manly virtues which distinguished our ruder ancestors. Our very philanthropy is maudlin. We don't believe in the unavoidable penalties of crime, and as a necessary corollary from this false premiss, we virtually fondle sin and pet iniquity. Our chosen hero is not the man who struggles victoriously with temptation, but rather he who weakly succumbs to it. As we cannot rise to the height of admiring the former, we sink to the depth of pitying the latter. Our sympathy is in exact proportion to the offender's criminality. A mendicant, found guilty of being poor, is an object of contempt, whereas had he attained to the rank of a felon, and in place of humbly soliciting our alms, violently extorted a purse, we should have regarded him with respect. But the crime which of all others most profoundly stirs the heart, more especially of the religious portion of the community, is *murder*. This, as the very acme of baseness and turpitude, the culmination of diabolic culture, the crowning evidence that the fiend has conquered the man, seems to give the dire offender supreme claims on the heartfelt sympathy of the sentimentally benevolent. To defeat the law in his case becomes at once the sole absorbing object with large classes of weak but well-meaning persons. To strip Justice of her sword is now regarded as the first duty of a good citizen, and heaven and earth are moved to save a scoundrel from the gallows. Nay, to such an extent has this proceeded, that Justice is, for this supreme offence, virtually paralysed, and the grave formalities of our courts of law are often little other than a solemn farce. Nor is this all, for supposing, as is sometimes the case, that from the aggravated character of the offence, or the commendable firmness of the Home Secretary, a pardon is unobtainable, and Justice takes her course in this world, then all the resources and appliances of a special piety are exerted for the next, and the wretch who was not esteemed fit to associate with men on earth is, with much ado, prepared for eternal communion with angels in heaven. Here again we have additional and unmistakeable evidence of a morbid sympathy with crime. The

laborious peasant, or industrious artisan, may die on any day in his thatched cottage or narrow room, like a dog, or at the most some kindly neighbour or poor city missionary may perchance administer a few passing words of consolation, to sustain this weary way-farer in his last sad struggle with the sorrows and trials, the burdens and oppressions of an obscure and toilsome, yet honest and useful existence. But it is quite otherwise with the capital offender, whose name is to be emblazoned in all the notoriety of the newspaper and the Newgate calendar. To sustain him under the cruel infliction of the halter, divines of learning are specially provided, and preachers of celebrity eagerly volunteer their enthusiastic services. And under such guidance, and with such help, his successive spiritual states, from the hardened impenitence of brutal criminality to the warm softness of despair in the immediate prospect of inevitable death, having been duly chronicled, this grossest of offenders against God and man is finally launched into eternity, with something like pæans of triumph at the prospect of "a crown of glory that fadeth not away," awaiting this gentle martyr to the blameable inflexibility of a barbarous and bloodthirsty code. To affirm that such things excite the unutterable disgust of every rightly-constituted mind is saying little. They do far more. They help to unsettle all ideas of *justice* in the mind of the community. They undermine respect for the law, and thus help to weaken the very foundations on which society rests. Nor can they fail ultimately to provoke a reaction in favour of promptitude and severity, under which there is a danger of our being carried to the opposite extreme of cruelty and haste in the infliction of the law's last great penalty upon crime. Here indeed lies one of the gravest evils of this maudlin philanthropy. It proceeds at last to such an excess as to threaten a dissolution of the bonds which hold society together. But under such circumstances society will not perish. It refuses to die at the hand of a blindly exacting mercy, regardless of consequences, so that it can but secure an immunity from suffering to the dangerous classes. So society wakes up sometimes in an agony of fear, when martial and even Lynch law is apt for the time to supersede the more mild and regular forms of our ordinary courts, and the temporary cruelty of a Draconian code supplements the deficiency of a previously weak and vacillating executive. Let us never forget that the gentle and amiable Robespierre retired from the office of judge, under the old regime, because he could not inflict the punishment of death for any offence whatever! Poor fellow! Let us hope that our cotemporary philanthropists, whatever their errors and absurdities, are, at all events, not exactly of his quality, and not destined therefore to his unhappy career of expiation for their folly.

THE SPIRITUAL INSTITUTION.

A MORE general effort is being made by progressive minds to identify themselves with the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, London, and this magazine and *The Medium* as its organs. The twenty subscribers of £5 each, suggested by Mr. Grant, have been obtained, and the three subscriptions of £10 each, still deficient, to make up the conditional ten, are allowed by Mr. Grant to be substituted by £5 subscribers, if they can be obtained. One has come forward and five more are still required. One of the subscribers is the same friend who, with Mr. Grant, originated the movement in favour of the Spiritual Institution last year. The subscription for this year was enclosed with the following letter:—

To the Editor.

MY DEAR SIR,—Desirous of seeing your magazine sustain itself as a common ground for the dispassionate investigation of the various important topics connected with the great subject of spirit communication, I herewith send you the second contribution of £5, promised by me when I sent you, in May, 1871, the five-pound note which, with the similar sum from Mr. Grant that reached you by the same post, initiated the movement, and which I cordially hope may result in placing your undertaking on the basis of an assured and sufficient pecuniary support.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A FRIEND TO FREE THOUGHT.

September 7, 1872.

REPLY TO MR. GRANT ON PLANETARY MOTION.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read, in the present number of *Human Nature*, Mr. Grant's letter respecting mine, which you sent to him. It is quite true that my letter was "totally devoid of argument;" but it is a mistake to suppose that it was therefore intended to be dogmatic. I only wished it to be a protest; and therefore I merely pointed out some of the particulars that I objected to. The matter in hand is one in which dogmatism and authority have no place at all. Hence, indeed, my complaint that Mr. G. should imply, as he so frequently does, that any capable student of the *Principia* accepts the principles and conclusions therein, on the authority either of Sir Isaac Newton or of any one else. Although we work out our sums "according to Cocker," yet no intelligent person accepts the rules of arithmetic on the authority of Cocker, but because they are demonstrably true. Here I would point out the following, not from pugnacity, but partly because it really affords some excuse for some of Mr. G.'s mistakes. Whilst erroneously bringing the above objection against others, he declares that Sir R. Phillips is the "authority" he himself principally relies on; and he tells us, in another

place, that he accepts Phillips' positions without having followed his mathematical reasoning!" *

Now, in the first place, the mere denial of that statement is, of itself, sufficiently absurd; for that the moon does fall so much from her tangent per minute, is simply a matter of fact, which follows at once from her ascertained distance and period of revolution, without reference to any hypothesis whatever. In the second place, the grounds of Phillips' denial makes the matter, if possible, still worse; for we see therefrom that he laboured under a total misconception of the subject he was speaking of. Let any one of your readers—who is interested enough, and who understands this purely mathematical and quite simple question—verify my quotation and judge for himself, whether my accusation be true or not. I have selected this instance from a *host* of others, because it can be concisely stated, and because of its transparent absurdity.

Mr. G. is all along confusing between the *law* of gravitation and the *nature* or *cause* thereof. He ridicules Sir W. Thomson for speaking of the "law of gravitation" as Newton's grandest discovery. Now, sir, Newton has *demonstrated* this law from previously ascertained phenomena of the solar system. Let Mr. G. read the *Principia*, which I do not think he has done, and *then* deny this assertion if he can. But Newton has not proposed anything as to the nature or cause of gravitation; he expressly declares that he would not offer any explanation of this—"*Hypotheses non fingo.*" Mr. G. shows in one place (p. 307) that he is aware of this; nevertheless (and this is but one of his numerous inconsistencies), he constantly speaks elsewhere (p. 355, for instance) of Newton's gravitation "hypothesis" or "theory," which words he evidently, but incorrectly, uses as synonymous. Newton has *proved*, by the strictest mathematical method, that the bodies of the solar system tend towards each other with forces which vary inversely as the squares of the distances; and then he has proved certain consequences which necessarily result from that. His law of gravitation means nothing more than this; and his demonstration thereof cannot be affected by any hypotheses or discoveries as to the nature or cause of gravitation, which is a totally different question. Again, it does not signify a straw, as far as the *law* of gravitation is concerned, whether the force of gravitation be attraction or attrusion, as Mr. G. would have it; the great Faraday also thought it might be the latter. It is practically true that the sun attracts the earth; and the word "attraction," as Newton used it, did not necessarily imply any assumption whatever, erroneous or other. Newton's law of

* Mr. G., however, is not to blame for being unable to follow Phillips' mathematics, which were of a very extraordinary character, as the following specimen will show. The moon, as is well known, falls from her tangent sixteen feet per minute nearly. Phillips ("Million of Facts, 1846," chap. on Astronomy, col. 411) objects to this statement, that *the moon falls from her tangent in every quadrant, or fourth part of her orbit, a quantity equal to the radius or distance;* and that, therefore, if she fell but sixteen feet in a minute, a lunation would last 597 years (!!!)

gravitation has been verified, since his time, in numerous ways, both by observation of the heavenly bodies and by direct experiment, such as the famous one of Cavendish, especially as it was so accurately carried out by Baily. Not only does that law explain at once a host of facts, some of which Newton himself was not aware of, but it has enabled men to predict that so and so would be found to be the case, if proper observation were made. Thus it was by this ridiculed law of gravitation that Adams and Leverrier, independently, could declare not only the existence of an unknown planet, since called Neptune, but could indicate its position so nearly, that it was found, after a very short search, with the telescope.

It would be impossible for me to state all my objections to Mr. Grant's paper, and to give the desiderated "arguments" for them without filling a whole number of *Human Nature*. I shall, therefore, notice but two particulars, both fair typical examples of their respective classes—the first, one of his objections to Newton; the second, one of his own demonstrations. First, then, let us take the tides, one of the matters which are at once explained by the law of gravitation. Mr. G. either misunderstands, or, as I am rather inclined to believe, is unacquainted with Newton's explanation of the tides; for his objections to that explanation are entirely inapplicable. Let him read that explanation in the *Principia*, and he will not require from me any proof of this last assertion. However, sir, if you choose to grant the space, you may insert the following, which I have made as concise as I could.

The earth is attracted—I beg pardon—the earth tends towards the moon, as the moon towards the earth, owing to the action of a certain force, whatever it be. If it were not for this force the earth and the moon would separate from each other, on account of the centrifrugal force caused by their revolution round their common fulcrum, as Mr. G. calls it. Since the first mentioned force is demonstrably inversely proportional to the square of the distance, it acts more strongly on the side of the earth next the moon than on the body of the earth; consequently, the water on that side will rise slightly in a heap away from the somewhat rigid body of the earth. For the same reason, the water on the far side of the earth from the moon will tend towards the moon less strongly than the body of the earth does; it will, therefore, be left behind, as it were, to a slight extent, and rise in a gentle swell, though somewhat less than the first mentioned water. A precisely similar effect is produced by the force tending towards the sun. This effect is smaller than the other, owing to the immense distance of the sun, in comparison with which the earth's radius is a very insignificant quantity, although this is not insignificant compared with the moon's distance. The slightest consideration will show that, when the sun and moon are on opposite sides of the earth, they will not be, *as regards the tides*, "pulling against each other, by Newton's theory," as Mr. G. supposes; they will be by that theory acting with each

other and causing the spring tides, which we know to occur at that time. It is when they are in quadratures that their tides must, by Newton's theory, tend to annul each other, so producing the neap tides which, as we know, take place then. Since the tidal force connected with the moon—call it what you please—is, as we have seen, a *differential* force, being the only difference between the action at one side of the earth and that at its centre, it is very small indeed compared with the whole of the force connected with the moon; and this is true *à fortiori* of the tidal force connected with the sun. This refutes Mr. G.'s other objection respecting the tides.

Newton seems to have been wrong by defect, not by positive error, as to a certain point connected with the tides. Some, however, deny this, as they contend that his language has been misunderstood.

At the bottom of p. 313, Mr. G. suggests an experiment by which his theory of the tides can be verified. I solemnly declare that I have not tried it, and have never heard of its being tried, but it is self-evident that it will not answer his expectations. *Let him try it*, and he will get only one tide or overflow, and *that* the one that Phillips regards as but secondary, and the consequence of the other; the overflow will be at the far side from the second centre of rotation. I have risked a prophecy; the experiment is very easy. Let Mr. G. carry it out, and, if he can, confirm Phillips and demolish me.

Turn we now, in the second place, to Mr. G.'s diagram, p. 309. He asks me to write calmly. This I have done, and will do; but I candidly confess to you, sir, that just now it costs me some effort to do it. Observe that what I have to say now has nothing to do with the discoveries of the obnoxious Newton; we need not go beyond the range of the most elementary treatise on mechanics. Where shall we begin? Well, with the axis of the earth, which he draws perpendicular to the plane of her orbit. He says, in his letter, that this is its mean position; which is undoubtedly true in a certain sense; but I feel certain that he had not that sense in view, because it has no relevance whatever to the matter in hand. The earth's axis has a retrograde angular motion, giving rise to the precession of the equinoxes, by which it describes a cone in 25,868 years; its mean position is certainly the axis of the cone, which is perpendicular to the plane of the orbit; but it is never actually *in* its mean position, but always moving round it at the civil angular distance of about 23° 5′. To explain "centripetation," or anything else, by the rotation of the earth, surely we must take the actual rotation with its actual axis, and not ideal mean ones, which never have any real concrete existence. We may safely give Mr. G. credit for this much, that if he had drawn his diagram aright, he would have perceived at once that the "direction of the rotary force," as he loosely expresses it, will not be represented by "horizontal" lines, but by sloping ones, whose inclination to the plane of the orbit is always

varying, throughout the twenty-four hours of the day, at any particular place on the earth's surface; he would have seen also, that, in accordance with his own ideas (p. 310), the other (supposed) component of the centripetal force must likewise vary independently at that place, because of the varying distance of the place from the plane in which the earth's centre moves; and that, therefore, both the amount and direction of gravity would vary, and widely too at that place; but this we know to be contrary to fact. But let us grant for the sake of argument that the diagram is right, and also that there is such a thing as the "collapsing orbicular force," still Mr. G. will gain nothing, for the so-called rotary force (by which must be meant the centrifugal force of rotation, for there is none other that will act along his horizontal lines) acts in the contrary direction to what he contemplates. Moreover, the "collapsing orbicular force" is, he states (p. 310), proportional to the latitude; consequently, where the latitude is zero—that is, at the equator—there that force is likewise zero; so that, at the equator, there is nothing but the *centrifugal* force of rotation to play the part of a *centripetal* force! But, besides all this, the "collapsing orbicular force"* is a pure nonentity; for—but enough.

I presume that the motto of *Human Nature* and of the "*Progressive* Library," from which it emanates, is "Excelsior," and its aim progress. Now we shall never ascend to the heights of physical truth from the mud-flats of unscientific pre-Newtonic physics by striving to drag Newton to the ground, but by mounting on his shoulder, which he holds for us as a stepping-block, whence we may climb still higher, and leave him far below. This is what the Muse of Science is doing at the present day. Progress consists, not in demolishing the true work of our predecessors (the law of gravitation is true to demonstration), but in taking it as a vantage ground and starting-point for further exploration and discovery.—Faithfully yours, M. H. Close.

The *Newport (R. I.) News* says:—A New York lady visiting in Providence the past two weeks was strongly impressed that she ought to go home, and made arrangements to go last Friday night, but was prevailed on to stay over Sunday so as to have a relative's company. On Sunday morning about four o'clock she awoke, and saw her sister that she had left in New York standing in her room, and got up to meet her, when the vision vanished. She returned to her bed, fell asleep, and was again awakened with the recurring vision, and by noon received word that her sister, whom she had left at home well, and of whose illness she had not heard, had died at that very hour.

---

* There is a happy congruity in its title (I imagine that Mr. G. is not responsible for the title; for, when speaking in his own language elsewhere, he uses the word "orbital"). "Collapse" is a verb neuter, meaning, to *fall together*, to *shrink up*; "orbicular" means *round*. Imagine, if you can, a round force which shrinks up together! Phillips, no doubt, meant to say "compressing orbital force," though there is no such thing. There is, indeed, a certain compressing force connected with the tides, but it is a different thing altogether, and is never more than about the 12,000,000th part of gravity.

OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

Chapter VIII.—The Confessional.

Eager and impatient to see Bianca and explain their plan of escape, Adrian hurried from the house of Colonna straight to the ducal palace. To scale the outer wall of the courtyard was a work of considerable difficulty and danger, but Adrian was young and active, and dreamt not of defeat. Springing nimbly up the carved pillars of the balcony, Count Urbino looked cautiously in at the open window. Only the Princess and Lucia were there. The muffled figure of Adrian caused Lucia to look round, and a low cry of terror burst from her lips. Bianca's quick eyes knew who stood there, and, pale as death, came forward to greet her lover.

"Oh, Adrian! why do you risk your life?—why come here? Spies are even within this chamber. Fly, my beloved," murmured the Princess, tearfully.

"Nay, fear not, Bianca *mia;* the good Colonna is our friend. Ere many days you shall be my own sweet bride." Then hurriedly Urbino told the unhappy girl the plan suggested by Olympia Colonna.

Her answer set his anxious heart at rest.

"I will do all you wish; but I am sad, and my soul is overwhelmed by a premonition of impending evil. Only yesterday Father Paulo met Lucia, and questioned her sharply about you. He knows of your return to Ferrara, aye, and of our last interview. Oh, Adrian! leave me to my fate and save yourself." Her fair arms encircled him in a closer embrace, as if they could shield him from harm.

Whispering hope, and cheering Bianca with a promise of speedy deliverance, Adrian withdrew, and escaped the vigilance of his enemies once more, not without considerable anxiety about Lucia, and what the unscrupulous priest might extort from the poor girl.

Nor were Count Urbino's fears groundless; the Jesuit had plotted his destruction, and used every means in his power to ensure his diabolical purpose. Father Paulo sat in the confessional chair in the Church of the Assumption, and a fair penitent knelt before him. Her eyes were streaming with tears, and her girlish form convulsed with sobs. Surely such sorrow was enough to wash away any little lapses so youthful a maiden was likely to commit. It was Lucia di Cola who knelt there, and the reverend father was quite unmoved by her distress, while a stern, cruel light gleamed in his dark eye.

"Tell what thou knowest concerning that heretic rebel, on the pain of eternal damnation. If thou concealest aught, I have the power to send thy guilty soul howling into the lowest pit; while worse than purgatorial pains shall rack thee in these horrible regions," said the priest, fiercely.

"I know nothing, holy father. What can a poor maiden know of the noble Count?" replied Lucia, weeping.

"Palter not with me; thy sex have all the softness of doves and the wiles of devils—thy simple looks will not save thee. By Eve Adam was tempted and fell, she being tempted by the devil. Take care lest we make thee speak, and the rack open thy mouth; it will tear those dainty hands thou wringest so sadly. Thy duty to God bids thee denounce the traitor—the Church will reward thee. No harm will befall thy mistress or the Count Urbino—we would only correct him mildly, and set him at large," said the Jesuit, in a gentler tone.

Still the girl wept, and remained silent.

"Declare what thou knowest of the Count Urbino, and thou art safe."

"Father Paulo, I cannot tell what I do not know. I know nothing of Count Adrian—where he is or where he goes—I do not see him," said Lucia, firmly.

The priest regarded her fixedly for a few moments, then hissed out, "We shall see whether thou wilt remain obdurate. Return to the palace, and pray to the Holy Virgin, in whose blessed name we adjure thee to divulge all thou knowest concerning this apostate and rebellious heretic."

One week from the interview with her ghostly confessor, while seated at her embroidery frame, Lucia was startled from her reverie by a hand suddenly laid on her shoulder. A chill of horror prevented the poor girl from shrieking aloud as she recognised a Dominican, one of the familiars of the Inquisition, who said, "Follow me."

Mechanically she obeyed, fascinated by the fearful spell, and followed the familiar through a number of vaulted corridors leading underground to a distant part of the building directly under the monastery adjoining the church. In these gloomy dungeons captives were confined and tortured, none but the stern inquisitors to hear their groans.

Lucia and her evil-omened guide entered a dimly-lighted chamber draped with black, where two other men were seated at a table covered with writing materials, ready to take down the extorted confessions of the unhappy victim, who still persisted in declaring her ignorance of any knowledge of Count Urbino's whereabouts. Lucia's long veil was rudely removed, and with her hands tied behind her, they suspended the fainting girl to a pillar, awaiting the order of the chief.

"Let her recover, and then she will feel it more," was the inhuman comment of Father Paulo.

"Lucia soon showed signs of returning consciousness, and the inquisitors held a little wine to her lips.

Again Father Paulo implored her to confess all she knew about the Count Urbino, and again she refused.

"Proceed with your work," cried the priest, maddened at the girl's obstinacy.

Lucia heard the Jesuit ask her to confess, but, poor child, she could not comprehend his meaning; her soul was paralysed with terror.

The cord by which the unhappy victim was suspended from the pillar was suddenly let go, causing her to fall with a jerk towards the ground, but not to touch it.

A piercing scream echoed through the vaulted chamber. Again and again it rang on the strong roof, till these hardened men shuddered.

"Will you confess what you know of Count Urbino?" asked Father Paulo, unmoved by the agony she suffered.

"Release me; I will confess," groaned Lucia.

Goaded to madness by the torture, the wretched girl disclosed all she knew respecting Count Urbino and the young Princess Bianca, and her confession was taken down in writing.

"Now," said the priest, sternly, "remember the Holy Mother Church can make her rebellious children speak truth. She is long-suffering, but when her wrath is kindled it is terrible. Go, and sin no more; the Church pardons thee, daughter."

The permission to go Lucia was unable to avail herself of—every limb was dislocated, and tingling with exquisite pain she lay on the dungeon floor. A litter had to be prepared for the poor victim, who was conveyed to the palace, with an ominous slip of parchment directed to the most noble Princess Bianca—"The fate of the maid may be the fate of the mistress. Beware!"

None could tell who brought this dire warning. That it foreboded evil to herself and one far dearer than life itself Bianca too well knew.

Chapter IX.—The Betrothal.

Grief and indignation at the treatment Lucia had received roused Bianca to a sense of her own danger, and acting on the first impulse of her just anger, ere calmer reason could counsel her, the Princess D'Este summoned the priest to appear before her, and bitterly reproached him for his tyrannical conduct and treachery to Lucia.

"How dared you, priest, exercise such cruelty upon a defenceles woman? Did you forget that she was *my* handmaid? First to wile her to the confessional and then to the torture-chamber, wringing from her in her agony half truths. Are ye not afraid that God, who sees all things, who knows your black hypocrisy and baseness of heart, will not permit you to escape unpunished? Learn mercy: Christ, whose minister ye say ye are, was merciful even to the thief on the cross," said the Princess, with flashing eyes and kindling cheek.

The priest heard her with folded hands and drooping head, but a gleam of hate shot from out his eyes. Lifting up his head, he replied in a calm, passionless voice:

"Noble lady, I am only a poor, sinful man, seeking the furtherance of Christ's kingdom on earth. Let my zeal for your highness's interest plead my excuse."

"Begone! my destruction is nearer your heart than my happiness. Take care, priest, a day is coming when tyrants shall pale before the avenger of the saints you and your brethren have slaughtered," said the Princess Bianca, in accents of grave displeasure.

Left alone to her own meditations, Bianca reproached herself in giving way to her anger, fearing, with good cause, she had only made a more deadly enemy in Father Paulo. The poor lady wrung her hands in despair. "This base monk will be on the alert for Adrian, and incite my father to further severity. Oh, would to heaven we were away from this unhappy country! It would be well if Colonna would make the potion strong enough that I might never waken."

A page tapped softly, and announced the arrival of the man she detested, the Marquis de Montserrat, the Cardinal de Medici, and a train of distinguished nobles, to celebrate her public betrothal to the Spaniard.

Summoning all her courage and resolution to her aid, the Princess met her father in the ante-room adjoining her own suite of apartments. Her cheek was pale, and her heart sank within her, but to the casual observer the lady seemed composed and serene in the midst of the beautiful Italian dames who composed her train, all envying Bianca the proud position she cared so little for, nay, hated and dreaded, for the gallant Spaniard was much sought after by many a noble house. Mammas were as prone to matchmaking in those days as they are in our own, exerting all their diplomatic skill in securing an eligible son-in-law to confer additional lustre on their illustrious house, never inquiring whether the young lady had an opinion to give on a subject so nearly concerning her earthly happiness.

The young Princess D'Este was not different in that respect from hundreds of other noble ladies in the land. She was only in her sixteenth year, and therefore supposed incapable of judging correctly as to what was best for her.

The connection between her and Count Adrian Urbino her father looked upon as childish folly, blaming his shortsightedness in throwing them together. It was certainly very foolish in Nicholas to do so, but it was also very criminal of that Prince when he had killed the father in an unjust quarrel, to rob the son of his patrimonial estate, causing young Adrian to be dependent solely upon his (Nicholas') rather capricious favour. For sweet Bianca's sake her lover bore all.

The agonising thought flashed through Bianca's brain—"What if Adrian brings not the potion?" She almost fainted as the Marquis saluted her on entering the presence chamber.

Like one in a dream, the unhappy lady replied to the numerous questions addressed to her. With great self-control, that often seemed on the verge of giving way, Bianca spoke to the glittering throng of knights and ladies around her, receiving their congratulations upon her betrothal with ill-concealed disgust.

"The Princess seems to care little for her illustrious betrothed," said the Lady Guilla Castelano to her friend the Signora Contarini.

"Rumour says she loves the Count Urbino, whom the Prince has banished from his dominions."

"Foolish child, the Marquis is noble, and has great influence with the court at Avignon, and in these times, when every man's hand is against his neighbour, she should consider these things," answered Lady Guilla.

"Aye, my lady, but the Princess thinks only of her lover, a fault young maidens often commit," replied the Signora.

"This is the grandest festival the court has held for many years. There has not been so many knights and ladies, nor such a display of gold plate and jewelled cups, since the Prince Nicholas brought home his bride, the Lady Bianca's mother," continued the Signora Contarini.

"Hush! the ceremony is ended; the Princess is the betrothed bride of the Marquis. See, he leads her to the banquetting hall—how pale she is!"

Further remarks on Lady Castelano's part were cut short by a burst of music, and the bustle and stir of the nobles selecting their fair partners preparatory to entering the spacious hall, where a regal banquet was prepared for the guests.

The evening was to terminate with a grand masqued ball. The gardens round the palace were lighted up with lamps suspended from the trees—the orange bower through which Bianca and Adrian used to rove in happier days was tastefully decorated with wreaths, festooned from lamp to lamp. All were gay and joyous save she for whom all this pomp and parade was made.

Chapter X.—The Hidden Foe.

By a special dispensation from the Pope, the marriage of the Marquis de Montserrat with the Princess D'Este was to take place on the day following their public betrothal, and the festivities were to be kept up for twelve days after the celebration of their nuptials. Duke Nicholas had his own reasons for hastening his daughter into this marriage—he feared some mischief was brewing, and that Count Urbino was at the bottom of it. Bianca's last hours of freedom were rapidly drawing to a close; ere another sun sets she will be the espoused bride of De Montserrat. Surely Adrian will keep his promise. Heavens! if he should fail; but no, she will not think of failure.

Pleading fatigue, the lady retired to her chamber, to find relief for her overburdened heart in tears—the day's trials had been too much for her. Dismissing her attendants, and bidding them join the revelry in the palace, she stood by the balcony trying to pierce the darkness, or listening breathlessly for a footstep that came not, and the night waned apace. That night Adrian promised to stand within her chamber window with the sleeping potion when the midnight hour tolled, and two had struck in St. Paul's tower. Wild fears of the dark priest haunted Bianca—her heart beat loud, and her brain thrilled with feverish anxiety.

"O God! what keeps the devoted youth!—has he forgotten to-morrow sees me the unwilling bride of that vile Spaniard?" moaned the unhappy Princess, wringing her hands.

True to his promise, Adrian hurried to the house of the Colonna to obtain the magical draught that was to give him his much loved Bianca—that was to melt like snow in summer's heat all the obstacles so shortly before deemed insurmountable. Eager and hopeful, Count Urbino entered the hospitable dwelling of his old master about sundown, and as he had some hours to wait ere he ventured forth on his peculiar undertaking, the young noble, much to the surprise of Olympia and her father, pleaded hard for another introvisional examination, particularly as to what was going on in Bianca's apartments, and how she fared. Rather reluctantly, his fair hostess complied, as though she feared the disclosures would pain him. With a little hesitation, she allowed her father to put her into the magnetic sleep in the same manner as has been before described.

When a sufficient time had elapsed, Colonna said, gently, "Olympia *mia*, what do you see?"

"I see in the grand audience-chamber in the palace of the D'Este a throng of nobles standing near the throne, and the Lady Bianca——"

"What of her?" asked Adrian, hastily.

An imperious gesture from the Doctor warned him to be silent.

"Her father has put her hand into that of the Marquis de Montserrat and sealed their betrothal, and Cardinal de Medici has given the benediction—nobles and priests murmur 'Amen!'"

A dark flush of passion at Olympia's last words gave a deeper tinge to Adrian's bronzed cheek.

"What else do you see, my daughter?" asked her father, tenderly.

Olympia now showed signs of agitation in her sleep.

Touching her closed eyes, Colonna repeated his question.

"The Lady Bianca has retired from the festive scene, and tramples the jewelled ring of her betrothal under her foot—it is broken into fragments—and seeks the orange bower by the fountain. Oh, she weeps!"

"Can you see aught of Father Paulo, Olympia?" again asked the physician, after a long pause.

"He is in the Church of the Benedictines, giving information to the Secret Council of Count Urbino's return to the city."

Thunderstruck at the revelation, Adrian and her father gazed at each other and then at the sleeper in speechless amazement.

"How came the priest to know of Adrian's return, my daughter?"

"By putting Lucia di Cola to the torture. A plot is laid for Adrian's life—let him remain here—the danger awaits him if he attempts to reach the palace." The latter part was uttered in such pleading tones that Colonna turned to his pupil.

"Be warned, my son, Olympia is never wrong. Hast thou aught else to ask?"

"No, father; I will brave this priest and his myrmidons."

"Rash boy! how many lives have you to spare? I see you will rush into the snare laid for you. Should aught befall you, and your foes drag you to the rack, swallow this," said the alchemist, giving a vial to the young noble, who drained it.

Obtaining the sleeping draught for Bianca, Adrian, in spite of the earnest entreaties of Colonna and his daughter, persisted in his mad attempt to reach the palace ere midnight.

"Pray for me, Olympia—be faithful at the hour, and all shall yet be well," and the Count hurried into the darkness, leaving Olympia and her father filled with dire forebodings of coming ill.

The good old man sympathised with his pupil's wrongs and his ill-fated love. He remembered the time when his own spirit was as high and impetuous as this youth's, and could as little brook control and contumely

Years had only added wisdom and experience—they had not quenched the aspirations of his youth and riper manhood, nor chilled the warmth of his affections. Marco Colonna was still young in spirit—the snows of seventy winters had only covered but not extinguished the volcanic fire of manhood's strength. Though his locks were white with years of obscurity and courtly neglect, Colonna's heart beat as responsively to human joys and woes as in the days he won the beautiful Greek maiden to share his humble lot. Too soon did she leave her gifted husband to work alone. Yet not wholly alone; in her no less beautiful and richly-endowed child, Irene still kept her memory green in her husband's heart.

Chapter XI.—The Prophecy Fulfilled.

Thinking old Colonna was getting into dotage—approaching in very deed to second childhood—Adrian hastened on with impatient strides, leaving the friendly shelter of the Doctor's house, far behind him. There was no moon, and he hoped by the aid of the darkness to escape any foe or spy who might be lurking about. It was past midnight, and he had promised to be with the Princess ere then. Drawing his plumed hat closely down over his brow, Count Urbino sped on, and was near the palace gardens when he imagined he heard voices and footsteps approaching. Quickening his pace, Adrian climbed a low part of the wall, and entered the gardens, creeping cautiously through the shrubbery. The palace was within view, and threw its dark shadow on the gloomy scene. A few lights gleamed from its windows, and, as the young noble began to breathe more freely, the next step brought him into the midst of armed men. There was no time to retreat—the men had observed him, and nothing for it but to fight his way through them, if that were possible. The darkness was so dense, he could not count his foes.

"Who art thou?" cried one of the figures, evidently an officer. "Dost thou know the penalty the laws inflict on those who come into the palace grounds without a pass?"

"This is my pass," cried the Count, plunging his sword into the speaker's breast, who fell without a groan.

"Seize him—down with the traitor Urbino!" cried Father Paulo, who recognised the voice of Adrian.

Closer and closer his assailants pressed round him, the priest inciting them by rewards and promises.

"Two hundred florins to the man who takes him, alive or dead. Down with the heretic!"

Goaded to desperation, Adrian fought fiercely; three of his enemies lay dead upon the ground,—still, on they came—their number seemed legion. The noise and clashing of arms brought out the guard of the palace, and, overwhelmed by numbers, the brave young Count fell covered with blood. A fierce shout of triumph burst from his enemies. Seizing the fallen noble, by Father Paulo's orders, they bore him off to the Monastery of the Order of Jesus, and threw him into a dungeon.

The clamour and tumult aroused the inmates of the palace. Quarrels were of frequent occurrence in the streets of Ferrara, but through the energetic administration of Duke Nicholas within the precincts of the palace, such disturbances were rare.

"What means this unseemly brawl within our palace gates?" demanded the Prince, sternly. "My Lord Castelano, inquire what this means."

"It is the Count Urbino, who has been seized within the gardens, by Father Paulo, at the head of some of the Pope's guards, noble Duke," said Castelano.

"The pestilent heretic! 'Tis he, then, who disturbs the quiet of my subjects, even in my own house. We will look to this matter in the morning." So saying, with an imperious gesture of his hand, Nicholas re-entered his private apartments.

"So he wishes to wed my daughter; and she favours him. Her coldness to the Marquis troubles me; nor does it escape the Spaniard's quick eye. She can scarce endure his presence; but, by Saint Mary! she shall wed him ere another sun goes down—I swear it. A curse on woman!—you can never please them," muttered the Duke, angrily.

"My Lord Duke, the reverend Father Paulo claims an audience with your highness," said a page.

"Bid him come to-morrow; I do not give audiences now.'"

"Please you, my Lord Duke, I denied you, saying you were in your private chamber; but the holy father was urgent, saying, that the matter concerned your highness's life."

"Admit him, then, Ceaserini."

A Satanic gleam of joy lighted up the dark face of the priest as he entered the private chamber of Prince D'Este. With lowly reverence he stooped to conceàl his triumph.

"*Benedicite*, fair son. I come to set before your highness grave matters concerning that heretic, Count Urbino."

"Ah, what of him?" inquired the Duke, uneasily.

"As an humble servant of the Church, I have found that the Count Adrian is in league with that sorcerer, Colonna, to carry off the most noble princess, your daughter, by the aid of spells and evil charms; and that he secretly practices against your sacred life by forming a waxen image in the likeness of your highness, sticking the cursed effigy full of sharp-pointed pins, thereby intending to cause your highness much pain and suffering.."

"Thou liest, priest!—Adrian Urbino is a noble youth, and would scorn so base a thing," cried Nicholas, contemptuously.

"Nay, my Lord Duke, we found him in the palace gardens practising his unholy spells. There are just men who would not lie who saw the cursed heretic at his infernal work."

"Where is he now?" asked the Prince, with a searching glance at the monk.

"In the prison of the convent, may it please your highness," answered Father Paulo, deprecatingly.

"It is well."

"Have I your grace's permission to arrest that wicked sorcerer, Marco Colonna, and his daughter, for practices against your highness's life, besides aiding and abetting the arch-heretic ,Adrian Urbino, in his evil designs?"

"No, priest; thou must not touch a hair of old Colonna's head, nor of his daughter. Marco Colonna is a man of great learning; he was chosen by the Duchess to teach our children, and for her sweet sake he shall not be harmed nor molested. When we have full proof of their guilt, we shall punish. Hearest thou, priest?—touch them not," said the Prince in a low, stern voice. "Old Colonna has had little favour of the Church, and still less countenance shown him at Court. My life is in the hands of God; neither thou nor Marco Colonna can do more than ye are permitted," continued Nicholas, gravely.

Frustrated in his designs against the good old man, the priest returned to the monastery to see how fared it with his victim, not from motives of humanity—for Father Paulo was little troubled with the softer emotions of the heart—but simply to enjoy his triumph, and gloat over the sufferings of his captive.

"How will the proud heretic like the exchange of the damp dungeon for

the brilliant halls of Belvedere. The rack will lower his haughty crest. And so the Duke thinks he can save his pet magician, does he? We shall see whether Nicholas D'Este or Innocent VIII. be most powerful. It strikes me Duke Nicholas hath a leaning towards these heretical doctrines taught by Colonna, and if he has, his dukedom will not save him."

Chapter XII.—Friends and Foes.

Stunned and bleeding, Adrian lay, as one bereft of life, on the slimy floor of his prison. Hours flew by unheeded; the Count never stirred nor gave signs of motion. His grim jailors came twice to the cell, but still he lay prostrate, the lizard and the toad trailed their slow way over his body, and through the raven locks Bianca's hands had caressed and her lips kissed. The faint glimmer of daylight that penetrated the gloom of his dungeon, dividing day from eternal night, had faded when Adrian recovered consciousness. He groped and struck out in the darkness, thinking he still struggled with his foes. From a wound in his temple the blood flowed freely.

"Come on, villains, come on!—but whence this tomb-like quiet? Is this the charnel-house? Bianca must be here," muttered the poor captive. "God of heaven! 'tis the dungeon—I am, indeed, in the charnel-house."

Appalled by this horrible discovery, for a while Adrian gave way to utter despair. When too late he regretted he had not followed Dr. Colonna's advice.

"Thrice blinded fool that I am, I have lost my bride by my infatuation. Oh, Bianca, who shall save thee from worse than death? Had I but listened to thee, sweet sibyl; thou didst truly tell me what my fate would be."

"Adrian, Adrian, where art thou?" cried a sweet voice overhead, from the grating that served as a window.

The young noble started and trembled, instinctively crossing himself. Again the voice was heard—

"Where art thou, Adrian? thou art not dead—speak, it is I, Olympia."

"Olympia Colonna! sweet ministering spirit, how camest thou here?" cried the Count, looking up amazed.

"I will tell thee when thou art free. Come near, that I may give thee balsam for the wounds on thy head," said Olympia, softly.

"Merciful heavens! she knows I am wounded—she must be an angel in human form," muttered the Count, wonderingly, making the best of his way up to the grating where stood Olympia, her own sweet womanly self, who by dint of a little strategy, contrived to slip between the bars a small vial, and a little parcel wrapped in silk.

"Canst thou swallow this powder in a little of the elixir, and wash thy wounds with the rest?"

"Sweet Olympia, I could encompass worlds to do thy behests. Pardon me for not obeying thee ere this," said Urbino, gratefully.

"Never mind the past," said the daughter of Colonna, gently. "This steel saw will assist thee in dislodging a bar from this window. I have had a sure hand at work to learn where thou wert to be found. To-morrow, at the hour of midnight, I will be here without fail. Father Paulo will visit thee soon. Be careful how thou speakest; they mean to put thee to torture for heresy."

"But, sweet lady, tell me how you came here? I would die a thousand deaths rather than thou shouldst suffer harm."

"I came by the lake; my boat awaits me; fear not, I am safe—farewell."

"One question more, sweet saint, What of Bianca—what of her?"

"She will wed the Spaniard," said Olympia, sadly. "Thou must submit; be patient, my brother Adrian, 'tis God's will. Hast thou aught else to ask?"

"Only to ask God and his holy angels, to keep thee in safety," replied Urbino, much agitated.

"Adrian, farewell till midnight to-morrow; be of good cheer, Count Urbino."

The heroic daughter of Colonna had only left Adrian a short time before the prisoner heard the rusty bolts withdrawn from the door of his cell. Two men entered, one bearing a torch, and the other carrying an earthen jar of water and a loaf of black bread, and close behind the jailers came the muffled form of Father Paulo.

The two men eyed Adrian in unfeigned surprise. They evidently expected to find him dead. Father Paulo was the first to break the deep silence.

"Methinks this is a sorry lodgment for the illustrious Count Urbino; but it is the best this poor house affords."

"Make no excuses, father, for the accommodation of thy house; we know the Order of Jesus hath ever been a poor one; ye give as ye have received," said Urbino, ironically.

The order of Jesus was well known to be wealthy, and Adrian felt pleasure in seeing the monk wince under the meaning conveyed in the latter part of his speech.

"Base heretic, this arrogance will avail thee little on the rack—another of my gifts," retorted the Jesuit.

"Thou hast my thanks for all thy gifts, holy father. The Church is ever profuse in her benefits to her children."

"When to-morrow's sun sets, Bianca D'Este will be the bride of thy rival, and thou wilt be expiating thy damnable heresies on the rack," hissed the priest, maddened at Adrian's composure.

Even the terrible announcement did not seem to shake the prisoner's equanimity. Nor did it; the elixir Olympia had given him had stopped the bleeding of his wounds—already he felt strength returning to his weakened frame, and peace to his troubled mind. Father Paulo's dreadful threat gave him no uneasiness; nor could his bitter scorn move him to anger.

Puzzled at Count Urbino's coolness, the wily priest sought to throw his prisoner off his guard by assuming a milder tone, and by this means get him to make some fatal admission that could be turned against him at the mockery of a trial that was to be held upon him for heresy."

"My son, we are all human, and prone to err; if thou wilt renounce thy heresy and confess thy sins, I will use my influence with the Superiors in thy behalf. Thou art the last of the noble house of Urbino, and it grieves me that a gallant youth like thee should perish."

"I will confess my sins to my Father in heaven; my opinions I will keep to myself. I can die but once in this life, and I trust more to the mercy of God than man; his power is limited to the destruction of this earthly body, but over the soul he has no control," returned Adrian, quietly, astonished at the speech he had just made, so different from his usual impetuosity. His auditors were surprised quite as much as himself.

Father Paulo crossed himself devoutly, muttering "Ave Marias," and Paters innumerable.

"Blessed Mother of God! he is given over to all manner of heresy and sin, and speaks by the power and promptings of Beelzebub and Dr. Colonna."

Adrian, after his unwelcome visitor had departed, slept the long deep sleep of exhaustion. When he swoke, the sun was travelling westwards,

the dim rays of which enabled him to see the horrors of his situation. He shuddered at the sight of the green slimy mouldering walls where the toads and lizards crept.

"Would that it were dark, then Olympia would come—sweet, noble girl! said Urbino, pacing up and down impatiently the narrow cell, with difficulty keeping the rats from biting him. In his sleep they had torn and gnawed his hands and face, but a little of the wondrous elixir healed the wounds and took away the pain.

The objects in his prison grew fainter and fainter as the day waned. When darkness came, Count Urbino grew impatient. He climbed to the window, and soon to his infinite joy dislodged two bars, making a passage large enough to permit his egress.

The hours sped on, and the surly jailor came with water and black bread, then left him to his solitude. The rats and mice were at play—he could hear them running up and down his dungeon floor, and the water lave and gurgle on the sides of the monastery. He could even feel the spray as it dashed against the iron bars of his window. Ah, how slowly runs the hours when we are weary or in pain. Poor Adrian thought Olympia had been betrayed or discovered—a thousand fears tortured his soul.

"Surely it is past the midnight hour. Father Paulo will be here soon to drag me to torture. I will try to effect my escape unaided."

So saying he again climbed to the window, when his quick ear caught the sound of oars on the lake, and in a few minutes Olympia stood at the grating.

"Get ready, Adrian Urbino;—haste thee, our time is short."

Wrenching the bars out of their places, with superhuman strength, Adrian with difficulty got through the aperture, and descended into the small boat awaiting him. Only Zamora and Olympia were there. Dr. Colonna waited on the other side.

Chapter XIII.—A Sad Wedding Day.

The Princess Bianca saw from her window the tumult in the palace garden, but not for some hours afterwards did she learn the cause. Her lover came not. The reason was plain; he had been waylaid by Father Paulo and his myrmidons in the garden. Like one who has clutched at a seeming support, when faint and weary with buffeting the rude waves, and found that prop a delusion, melting from their grasp, so felt Bianca—like a strong swimmer, she had buoyed herself up with the hope of deliverance at the eleventh hour. Now the agony of despair came over her soul, whelming her in its vortex. There was no hope for her—her doom was sealed—ere many hours she would be beyond all aid, the bride of a man she abhorred.

Pale as the sheeted dead, the unhappy lady listened to the account of Adrian's capture—how desperately he fought until, overpowered by numbers, at last he fell—and well knew the Princess what had nerved his arm to such desperate valour—to save her from what she dreaded worse than death. Her fancy conjured up a thousand torturing images. Adrian, her Adrian, wounded—lying in a loathsome dungeon—suspended on the terrible rack, writhing in agony—without a ray of hope to cheer the gloom of his prison, or a kind hand to assuage his pain. It was too much for human endurance—overstrained nature gave way, and for a brief hour Bianca was oblivious to suffering. The long death-like swoon alarmed her attendants—the usual restoratives failed. The physician was summoned, and the Prince her father, closely followed by the Marquis de Montserrat, entered, anxious and wondering at this sudden indisposition. De Montserrat was shocked and grieved at Bianca's altered appearance; he really loved the beautiful girl

for herself alone. Her coldness had piqued him to exert more skill and delicacy in winning her love, for the Spaniard had always been successful in gaining the favour of the fair sex, and long success had made the gallant soldier indifferent, shall we say careless. The physicians were baffled; nothing seemed to restore suspended animation.

"Send for Doctor Colonna; he will save her even were she at the gates of death," exclaimed the Prince D'Este, anxiously.

In less time than could have been expected, a messenger returned with the venerable Colonna.

Nicholas himself met his old friend at the door of his daughter's apartments. The old feelings of dislike and distrust vanished from the Prince's heart—nature triumphed over rank.

"Save my child, Colonna; thou hast a daughter," said the Prince, huskily, extending his hand to the scholar.

A silent pressure was the only response; the Doctor could not trust himself to speak.

Approaching the couch on which Bianca lay, her old instructor took the cold chilly hand in his own, chafing it gently. An expression of infinite tenderness came into the old man's face as he gazed upon the pale and anxious features of the sufferer. Slowly Colonna began those long downward passes over the patient. By-and-by signs of returning consciousness began to show themselves—the closed eyes opened. Motioning to the Prince, Colonna bade him desire the chamber to be cleared, even the Marquis de Montserrat was forced reluctantly to retire.

"Leave me alone with the Princess; so many faces around her will disturb and confuse her—she will be weak from this long swoon. Noble Prince, remain and cheer your child when she recovers," said the Doctor, gravely.

Taking from his girdle a small vial containing a pink, sparkling fluid, Colonna poured a few drops into the sufferer's mouth, which had the effect of fully restoring consciousness.

"Bianca, my child, do you know me?" murmured her father, tenderly kissing her trembling lips.

"Yes, father," was her faint answer, keeping her eye intently fixed on the Doctor, who again poured some more of the contents of the vial into a little wine, and gave it to the patient.

"Drink, my child, it will restore thee."

Noiselessly the Marquis entered, before any were aware of his presence, and stood by the couch of the Princess—only Colonna saw him come in.

The patient seemed to wander; a troubled expression came into her eyes —the medicated draught had partially restored the terrible events of the morning to her mind.

"Save him, father; save Adrian!" burst from her tortured heart in spite of herself.

"Hush, Bianca, name him not; he shall have justice," said her father, and a dark shadow rested on his brow as his eyes fell on De Montserrat.

To turn a conversation that was likely to prove injurious to his patient, Doctor Colonna sat beside her, and tried to soothe her.

"Hast thou forgotten thy old teacher, noble lady?" asked the old man, rather sadly.

"My dear father, I have ever remembered thee, and longed to see thee. By what happy chance art thou here?"

"I came at the desire of the Prince, thy father; he feared thou wouldst die in that long faint. But cheer thee, thou shalt be well in an hour or two," he added, in a gayer tone.

"Would to heaven I had never opened my eyes on earth," sighed the Princess.

"Say not so, fair Bianca, else I had been miserable," replied her betrothed, drawing near. "I am ever beholden to this skilful physician for restoring thee to life and to me." Then turning to Colonna, with winning grace, the Spaniard said, "We owe thee much for saving this lady's life, most learned sir. Wilt thou accept this ring as a token of my gratitude; and shouldst thou or any of thy house need a friend, remember De Montserrat, and send this ring for a sign."

"Noble lord, my labour is amply rewarded without fee. I am a poor scholar, and can do but little to merit such thanks or gratitude. Should it happen that the noble Marquis de Montserrat be ever in need of my poor skill, I will be more than repaid in serving him," replied Colonna, gently, but with much dignity.

Nicholas now came forward and gratefully thanked his old friend; he tried by his present kindness to atone for past neglect.

"Thou wilt partake in these revels? Our daughter weds the Marquis de Montserrat, and surely thou wilt stay and grace our board, Colonna?" said the Duke D'Este, kindly.

"I trust your highness will pardon me if I refuse thy hospitality. I must return to my daughter; she also needs my care," returned the scholar, respectfully.

"As thou wilt, Colonna; we cannot quarrel with thee if thou art chary of trusting us—thou hast little cause. But let the past be forgotten, and only remember that Nicholas D'Este is the friend of Marco Colonna."

The sounds of revelry and music were not confined to the palace; the nobles and people vied with each other in celebrating this wretched wedding day with lively demonstrations of joy. There were two amidst that glittering throng that alone were grave—one was the unhappy Princess, and the other Nicholas, Duke of Ferrara. The cordial which Doctor Colonna had administered revived her failing strength wonderfully, but the good physician's most potent alchemy could not take away the weary weight of pain from Bianca's heart. With the calmness of despair, she resigned herself to her fate. The blaze of the diamonds seemed to mock the dimness of her eyes, that ever and anon filled with tears. Ah! little did the admiring multitude know how wretched and weary was the heart that beat beneath the richly-embroidered robe.

In the Church of Saint Mary was assembled many a proud noble from all parts of Italy to grace this august wedding. The stately train of the bridegroom had entered, and the Marquis stood at the altar, slightly apart from his followers. Many a fair Italian beauty would gladly change places with Bianca, and not a few envy her. But hark! the shouts of the people proclaim the approach of the bridal procession. The Princess, attended by her maids, and leaning on her father's arm, entered the church, walking slowly to the altar.

De Montserrat knelt to kiss her hand—Bianca sees him not. Like one in a horrible nightmare, she is unable to cry out for help. While the magnificent and impressive service proceeded, the Cardinal pronounced the nuptial benediction, and poor Bianca, ere she realised her position, was the wife of Conrad de Montserrat.

Again the people shouted, and bells pealed a joyous welcome. Tenderly the Marquis led his bride back to the palace—her distress touched him, and with infinite tact he screened her from the gaze of the crowd.

"Never mind bowing to the rabble, sweet Bianca; thou art too much moved by this day's events. Cheer thee, dearest, I will screen thee from observation."

"Accept my thanks for thy kind consideration, my lord Marquis. Thou sayest truly that this has been a terrible day," replied the poor lady, mak-

ing a desperate effort to command her feelings. In her heart she thanked him for his delicate forethought.

Had Bianca never known Adrian Urbino, she might have learned to love her husband.

Chapter XIV.—An Apparition.

Under the gentle ministrations of Olympia Colonna, Count Urbino soon recovered strength and vigour; nothing, however, could dissipate the deep gloom that overshadowed him. Since Bianca's marriage with De Montserrat, although a thousand wild plans occurred to him, one thought alone possessed his mind—he would see her once more, though he perished in the attempt. The precious lock of hair he had cut with his own hand from that dear head was still in his possession; by what miracle it had escaped the lynx-eyed familiars when they stripped him in the dungeon he could not explain. Day by day the wish to see Bianca grew stronger, until it mastered his better judgment. Preferring his request to Olympia, that she would tell him how he might find Bianca alone; for rumour said she was to accompany her husband to Venice,—"Tell me if I may see her again, Olympia. My ministering spirit, what should I do without thee?"

"She is the wife of another, Count Adrian; why shouldst thou seek to distress her?—is not the poor lady sorrowful enough? The Princess thinks thou art dead—better let her think so; it may reconcile her somewhat to her fate," said Olympia, gently, wishing to prevent Adrian attempting so mad a project.

The timid remonstrances of the noble girl were unavailing; the rash youth could not and would not listen to the voice of reason.

"She is my wife before high heaven, and I will snatch her from the arms of this Spaniard, or die. Oh, Olympia! only look at her—I have given thee the means, the danger will be mine."

What could the beautiful sibyl do but comply, especially when her heart sanctioned and approved every word the Count uttered?

"Give me the tress, Adrian—I cannot refuse; only my father will be displeased when he knows what I have done."

"Why should he know, dear Olympia?"

"Because I tell him everything," was the simple reply.

Seating herself in a low high-backed chair, Olympia took the long, silky curl from its covering. Motioning her companion to keep quiet, she fixed her eyes steadily upon the pale tremulous beams of the evening star. Slowly the expression of the girl's face changed, the colour faded away out of the soft cheek—only the lips retained their natural hue, and but for the gentle breathing of the sleeper one might think the sculptor had surpassed himself in this fair statue that waited for the Promethean fire to warm it into divine life.

"Surely she is one of God's fair saints," muttered Urbino, awe-struck.

Hush!—she speaks!

The raven tress that lay in Olympia's hand, and through which her fingers now strayed, seemed to be evoking unpleasant thoughts, judging from the expression of pain that passed over the clairvoyant's face.

"What seest thou, Olympia?" whispered Adrian, kneeling beside her chair.

"She is on her knees praying, and the tears are streaming from her eyes; the Princess is in an agony of sorrow."

"Canst thou tell the cause of her sadness?"

"It is of the Count Adrian; he is ever present in her heart. She pines for him, and will not be comforted."

"In what part of the palace does the Princess live?—does she still occupy her old chambers?"

"No; since her marriage the east wing of the palace has been fitted up for her and the Marquis.

"Can I see her?—is there any chance of speaking to her alone?"

"She will walk in the garden presently. Ah! she will sit and weep in the bower by the fountain."

"When shall she be there?"

"In half-an-hour."

Fair priestess, one question more. If I go to the palace garden, shall my visit bring her more sorrow?"

"Thy presence will open the wound afresh; yet she will rejoice to behold thee."

"Shall she ever be happy again?"

"Once more in her dreams."

"In dreams only?" asked Adrian, sadly.

"In dreams alone. In dreams the holy angels visit the troubled souls of the weary and sorrowful, and pour the balm of rest upon them. It is written He giveth his beloved sleep," murmured Olympia, faintly.

Wrapping a large mantle round the sleeper, Adrian summoned Zamora, and departed on his dangerous mission.

There was a buoyant feeling of liberty in Adrian's bosom—he had never crossed the threshhold of the Colonna's house since Olympia brought him in disguise from the monastic dungeon. The well-known road was speedily traversed. With a loud beating heart Adrian crept over the walls of that well-known garden. Quickly and cautiously he made his way to the familiar summer bower, where Bianca and he had conned their childish tasks together, and in later days had conned the story of their hearts, never weary of rehearsing the olden tale of mutual love.

The clear moonbeams shone through the limpid spray of the fountain as it fell into the marble basin, where the silver fish darted and gleamed. Adrian saw not the beautiful fountain, nor the soft southern moon, the white figure leaning so dejectedly over the gleaming spray alone attracted his gaze and absorbed his thoughts.

A bound brought him to her side, ere she could look round upon the intruder. His strong arms clasped her in a close embrace—burning tears fell on her up-turned face. Neither could speak—mingled grief and joy thrilled their hearts—each felt they clasped their only treasure on earth. Ah! who shall describe the anguish of such moments; when heart meets heart with the knowledge that separation and even death await their unclasping arms.

"My beloved! my Adrian! thou art not dead—thou livest still. It is no dream—no spirit," muttered the lady, more to herself than to her companion.

"I am indeed, Adrian—thy Adrian! Oh, my beloved!—my angel bride! —why could I not save thee?" cried Urbino, in great anguish. "Thou art my wife, Bianca, before God, and they have dared to give thee to another. Fly with me now, love; I will carry thee beyond their reach ere the dawn."

"Tempt me not, Adrian; I may not—dare not. If thou indeed lovest me, help me to keep from evil. Let the knowledge that I can never love him, that I shall never learn to love him, that I love thee better than life—than happiness—aye, more than my own soul, content thee. Leave me to my fate—death will come soon. They will not separate us in eternity; we shall live and love one another then. Oh, my beloved! what hast thou not suffered for me already? Save thyself, dearest, for my sake. Remember, if thou art again discovered certain death awaits thee: thy Bianca will soon

be at rest," said the Princess, in a solemn voice, looking up in Adrian's face with streaming eyes.

Grief had wasted that sweet young face sadly since Urbino last saw it—the light of the moon shone fully upon her, revealing the change. Dark circles lay beneath those gentle eyes that had ever smiled on him, and the delicate bloom had vanished from the thin, wasted cheek. A pang of agony wrung Adrian's heart. The haggard, worn look of misery haunted him to his dying day.

"My martyred love, would I could die for thee. Come with me; leave all behind.

"Dearest, I cannot leave honour and truth, even for thee. Adrian, why wilt thou torture me?" she moaned.

"How can I see thee suffer and not try to aid thee? Forgive me, Bianca, I cannot see how thou shouldst keep faith or honour with those who broke it so shamefully with thee," said her lover, brokenly.

The fair, soft arms encircled his neck, and her lips sought his, to silence him with trembling kisses.

"Tell me how thou didst escape from Father Paulo's care," asked Bianca, breaking a long pause.

"Olympia Colonna was my deliverer, and through her I was enabled to find thee here, my beloved?"

With breathless interest, the Princess listened to the story of Adrian's capture and escape. Her gratitude to Olympia for the noble part she acted to Adrian was fervent.

"I hope I shall live long enough to reward her, dear, noble Olympia."

The long painful and happy meeting came to an end. With many a lingering look Adrian and Bianca parted; he to cherish and brood over plans of revenge, and the Princess to dream by her unsuspecting husband's side of Adrian—to fancy for a brief hour she was free and happy again.

"My beloved!" she murmured, in her sleep.

De Montserrat listened; he could have worshipped her for those sweet words. "She loves me after all," he thought, as he stopped to kiss her brow. "Dear Bianca, sleep on, and love me."

Her breath fanned his dark cheek, and her white arms clasped him. Again she murmured—"My Adrian! my beloved! stay with me."

Ah, De Montserrat! thy dream of love is over.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

You tell us, woodlark, angels' love
Bends o'er our sphere like hov'ring dove;
And almost hint that space and time
Are as ephemeral as rhyme.
If frank esteem refrains to scout you,
We plainly own we rather doubt you.

You doubt; you ask, can such things be?
Ask about electricity.
Experience proves the magic wire—
Experience proves the angel fire.

How do we view, at instant glance,
The great orb piercing as a lance
Millions of leagues from this your stay?
How fleetly, fiercely shoots that ray!
How swift man's retrospect of thought
To ancient deeds in glory wrought,
Like mountains, standing in their prime,
Which have stood ages mocking time.
So fancy can anticipate
Futurity, and calmly wait.
Idealise that there must be
A measureless eternity.
Reflecting—weld reflection stronger—
Pond'ring how time shall be no longer.
A wire already cancels space;
Yes, time must go by force or grace.
Of kindred themes in obscure sense,
Men have some slight experience.
If more in heaven and earth we see
Than tells you your philosophy,
One further precept to instil:
Man owns a free, tho' faltering, will;
And while he doubts or scouts volition,
Free-will in angels marks their mission.
Boundless as sure in range they rove,
Now here, now there, below, above,
To hallow hope, earth woes to leaven,
All space one ladder hung on heaven.

And still you ask, can such things be?
Thus doubted fish low in the sea,
When flying-fish, with notions bold,
And with wild wills, as we are told,
Who bravely sought a higher sphere,
And brought back stories strange to hear,
Said that in realms where they had been
They had seen beasts without a fin!
The turbots flatly that denied;
A cod his shoulders shrugged and sighed.
But they were wrong, and so are ye
Who measure possibility.
Where be the metre I would ask
To hazard the mad, bootless task?
There is no plummet, hit or miss,
Which fathoms this dark, deep abyss.
Will you now senselessly advance,
In your behalf, your ignorance,
Th' extenuating circumstance.
I freely say that the abuse
Of ignorance has no excuse.
To know is to investigate,
To banish prejudice and hate.
My words are true, if they be hard,
And but a simple bird the bard.
Heed, then, my counsels, hold them fast;
Grasp them that they may root and last:

Clasp them, as clings photography;
Muse o'er them, you will wiser be.
My kindly habits, all confess,
Are a true source of happiness:
Where I have gained them, now, you know,
For thither you have seen me go.
Learn hence the mediative force
Of spirits' work, and whence the source;
Learn hence their pure and kindly aim,
To lull the blasts of passion's flame;
To steer you through adversity,
As guides the compass through the sea;
As points the helm that seeks the shore
Of the blest port, Excelsior.
As battle clouds expend their force
Upon the living, not the corse;
And, as the tow'ring mists disperse,
Yield the stark host to funeral hearse,
So will the clouds of angels crowd
The war of life, and sheen the shroud.

W. R. T.

A SPIRIT-VOICE.

BY RUDOLPH.

THERE's a voice on the air now hymning
The music of long ago;
It comes to my saddened spirit
In accents sad and low;
It sounds in the tasselled willows,
That lazily swing to and fro;
In the flower-leaf and humble daisy
That sprinkle the vale below.

It speaks in the sprays of the ocean
That sweep to the sounding shore;
'Tis blent with the running riplet,
With the noise of the cataract's roar;
It comes through the fields of memory,
And wakens the slumb'ring flowers;
Throws o'er the shadows of evening
The light of the morning hours.

'Tis a voice from the choir of the angels,
That warbles its notes above—
That speaks to my listening spirit
In the sweetest strains of love.
Oh! once those musical accents
Filled all my life's domain,
And blessed my soul with raptures
That never may dawn again!

In all my weary windings
Through the paths of this stormy clime,
In the world's din of battle,
In the hush of the even-time,

That voice on the wings of the zephyrs,
Is borne from the realms above,
And fills my spirit-chambers
With dreams of its early love.

MISCELLANEA.

If you would kill a slander, let it alone!

Do what you should do, and you will be what you should be!

The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

He who becomes rich by living like a beggar, is a beggar though he be rich!

Of more worth is one honest man to society, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived.

My observation has convinced me that very few men are capable of high religious happiness, while a very great majority are capable of only a low idea of moral responsibility. One-half of what is deemed religious feeling is social excitement, one-twentieth perhaps is spiritual, and a very good deal is trying to feel as we think we ought to feel. I have seen persons who seemed to be trying to extract all the bitterness from life; others appear to extract all possible sweetness. This capacity for happiness may be cultivated. —*Beecher.*

Thank God for progress! *it is eternal, it is inevitable.* They are growing still, those suffering souls; growing, too, even by the very fire that consumes them, and the pangs that, like suicides, they are implanting within their natures. They are taught even by the very futility of their agonising desires for crime, repeated again and yet again in more and yet more failures. Thus at last is the fire of passion quenched, and amidst the ashes sits the divine spark, waiting for the dear voice of Him who ever preaches to "spirits in prison," and thus, like little children, they are led on and upwards to a beginning of life afresh. Thus commencing in the path of progress, and tasting the dear delight first of the wish and then of the achievement for something better; they speed on, and onwards still; still led by angel hands and guided by angel teaching, until in a spiritual manhood they have strength to stand alone.—*Emma Hardinge.*

Canine Sagacity.—After the battle of Fredericksburg, it fell to my duty to search a given district for any dead or wounded soldiers there might be left, and to bring relief. Near an old brick dwelling I discovered a soldier in gray, who seemed to be dead. Lying by his side was a noble dog, with his head flat upon his master's neck. As I approached, the dog raised his eyes to me good naturedly, and began wagging his tail; but he did not change his position. The

fact that the animal did not growl, did not move, but, more than all, the intelligent, joyful expression of his face, convinced me that the man was only wounded, which proved to be the case. A bullet had pierced his throat, and, faint from the loss of blood, he had fallen where he lay. His dog had actually stopped the bleeding from the wound by laying his head across it! Whether this was casual or not, I cannot say; but the shaggy coat of the faithful creature was completely matted with his master's blood.—*Merry's Museum.*

Reason will ask, why pray? We answer—Because by the action of universal *laws*, a soul, when yearning and aspiring toward God, opens itself to the influx of new light, strength, and peace. God flows into man when he opens the doors of his inmost being, and invites God to come in there. Man may thus become most full of God—may thus become more God-like in himself and in all his acts. God, like the atmosphere, may be made more or less abundant and healthful in one's dwelling-place by his own attention to windows and doors. This is *Law*. There is another view. Let God be unchangeable—let law reign; and still there may be listening ears, feeling hearts, and helpful hands unseen above and around us, whom prayer reaches. Universal law may permit and require ministering spirits to hear our prayers and be roused by them to work in their behalf. If literally the Great Infinite have no ear, no heart, no hand, if he do not hear, do not feel, do not help directly, yet his ministering spirits are invested with wisdom and powers which enable them to vary the action of universal laws as teachers and helpers of men. The more sincere and earnest one's prayer, and the greater his own purity and Godliness, the more pure and more powerful may be the spirits who hear the prayer and labour for his benefit. But in all cases, both the praying soul and the spirit-helpers must work in obedience to law, or the desired results will not be obtained.—*Allen Putnam.*

APELE FOR ARE; THE SEXTANT.

By A Gasper.

We copy the following humorous American ditty from a Welsh paper. It contains solid matters worthy of serious attention:—

O Sextant of the Meetinouse which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fiers,
And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smels orful—wus than lampile:
And wrings the Bel and toles it, and sweeps paths,
And for these servases gits 100 dols. per annum,
Witch them that thinks deer let em try it:
Gitting up before starlite in all wether is as cold
As Zero, and like as not green wood for kindlins
(I would 'nt be hiered to do it for no some).
But O Sextant there are one kermodity
Wuth more than gold wich don't cost nothing:

Wuth more than anything except the Sole of Man!
I mean pewer Are, Sextant, I mean pewer Are!
O it is plenty out o' dores, so plenty it doant no
What on airth to dew with itself, but flize about,
Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hats:
In short its jest as free as Are out of dores:
But Sextant! in church its scarce as piety:
Scarce as bankbill when ajunts beg for mishuns,
Wich sum say is purty often, taint nothing to me,
What I give aint nothing to nobody: but sextant!
You shet 500 men, women, and children,
Spechily the latter, up in a tite place,
Sum has bad breths, none of em aint too sweet,
Sum is fevery, sum is scroflus, sum has bad teath,
And some haint none, and sum aint over clean:
But every one of em brethes in and out and out and in,
Say 50 times a minnet, or 1 million and a half breths an hour
Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate?
I ask you: say 15 minnets, and then what's to be did?
Why then they must brethe it all over again,
And then agin and so on til each has took it down
At least 10 times and let it out again, and what's more,
The same individible doant hev the privilege
Of brethin his own are and no one's else.
Each one must take wotever comes to him.
O Sextant! doant you know our lungs is belusses
To blo the fire of life and keep it from
Goin out: and how can belluses blo without wind?
And aint wind are? I put it to your conshens,
Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto an Injun Doctor,
Or little pils unto an omepath.
Are is for us to brethe.
What signifize who preeches if I can't brethe?
What's Poal? What's Pollus to sinners who are ded?
Ded for want of brethe? Why Sextant when we dye
Its only coz we cant brethe no more—that's all
And now, so Sextant, let me beg of you
To let a leetle are into our church:
(Pewer are is serting proper for the pews)
And dew it week days and on Sundays tew—
It ain't much trouble—only make a hoal,
And then the are will come in of itself,
(It loves to come in where it can git warm.)
And o how it will rouze the people up
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps
And yorns and fijits as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tels
Of.

We have been favoured with a transcript copy of an essay on "The Immortality of the Soul, as Proven by the Demonstrations of Nature," read by the author, Mr. E. Jachtmann, before the "Lyceum for Self-Culture," San Francisco, California.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES

AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ELISHA.*

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

(*Continued.*)

IN chapter vi. we have an instance of that apparent command over the laws of nature, which, however, doubtless, consists in the suspension of one by the induction of another and higher. We allude to the axe which Elisha caused to swim. As a phenomenon this must come under the category of effects, due to motive power created without contact. Thaumaturgists of all ages have professed to wield a power of this kind, and in our own day, the schieks of Mount Lebanon and the spirit-rapping mediums of America are said to afford similar manifestations of super-mechanical force. These mysterious results appear to be due to the radiation of an influence which, in so far as its sphere extends, dominates over and subdues the otherwise potent law of gravitation. When exerted, more especially within or upon the corporeal organisation of the possessor, it produces that

* The reader of this series of papers would do well to bear in mind that they were written many years ago and before the author's practical acquaintance with the phenomena of Spiritualism. The explanations afforded to the phenomena discussed are wholly mesmeric, and though they do excellent duty, and do not clash with the fuller knowledge derived from an acquaintance with the results of mediumship, yet the intelligent reader will at once discover that a closer analogy to the prophetic works may be found in the annals of Spiritualism than in those of Mesmerism. Mr. Jackson notes that the greatest works are accomplished by faith alone and without conscious volition on the part of the prophet .In the latter respect, such is particularly the case in that instance where the man was restored

"lightness" to which allusion has been already made. When concentrated upon things, it lifts them from their site and puts them in motion without manipulation or direct contact from other bodies. Arago, the eminent French savant, gives a narrative of an "electric girl," who, from being affected by disease, developed this power, which, however, in her case, was exerted involuntarily, and in a rather violent and irregular manner. Among devout and holy men like Elisha, it seems to have been generally brought into activity by faith and prayer, and exerted for some specific purpose, generally of a beneficent or conversionary character.

In the next paragraph of the same chapter, we have an instance of thought-reading, where Elisha informs the King of Israel of the intentions of the King of Syria in reference to the place of his proposed encampment. And of his assured possession of this gift the servants of this potentate seem to have entertained no doubt, for they confidently informed their royal master that the very words which he spoke in his bedchamber were thus reported by the prophet to the King of Israel. This likewise is a gift not confined to the Jewish seers but possessed and exercised by clairvoyants in all ages and countries. It is a power which mesmeric lucides frequently exhibit, and of whose spontaneous manifestation in comparatively recent periods many well-authenticated instances are recorded.

In the next paragraph (2 Kings, vi. 13—18), we have an

---

to life by being placed in the prophet's grave. Here, there was no room for the exercise of faith either on the part of the prophet or the person operated on, as both were dead. What, then, was the active agent in restoring the defunct man? Mr. Jackson traces some beneficent power in the decomposing dust of the prophet's body. If, on the other hand, we grant that Elisha was a great medium, and that, because of certain temperamental peculiarities, we can readily understand that the grave in which the body had been placed, from the presence of these temperamental elements, would be a powerful mediumistic sphere, and thus enable attendant spirits, or the spirit of the prophet himself, to approach the apparently dead man and operate on him to his restoration.

As a fundamental principle it should be kept in view, that it is not *matter* but *spirit* operating by volition which produces such phenomena, these subtle forms of matter being only conditions whereby spirit or volition can approach certain states of being. This is the whole theory of mediumship, spirit communion, inspiration, and prophetic action. The performance of a very decided mesmeric act on a spot of a platform will ever afterwards enable the operator to achieve success more easily there than on other places adjacent, the patient even not being able to pass over the apparently enchanted spot. This consideration throws some light on the obscure question of temples, shrines, and graves, as affording means for the performance of so-called miracles. If we grant the active agency of spirits in the affairs of men, we can see that their power will be more forcibly exercised in those places where conditions exist favourable to their purpose.—Ed. *H. N.*

instance of seervision communicated to a second person at the prayer of the prophet. Something resembling this has been frequently observed in connection with second-sight, the vision of the primal seer being rendered perceptible by another party, on whom, at the moment, he places his hand. This arises from the *rapport* thus established, in virtue of which community of vision subsists between the two parties thus intimately related. The three degrees of sympathetic interaction arising from magnetic or mesmeric interspheration may be thus stated—community of sensation, thought, and vision, dependent respectively on corporeal, mental, and spiritual relationship. All three have been produced as scientific or experimental facts by modern mesmerists when operating on highly susceptible subjects.

In verses 19—23, there is an example of that peculiar power said to be possessed by many of the eminent magicians of antiquity, in virtue of which they were able to so derange the sensational functions of those whom they wished to elude or mislead, as to render them incapable of recognising either persons or places. This can be accomplished at present on a few especially sensitive biological subjects, but we have altogether lost the art of thus fallaciously and simultaneously impressing whole armies and vast multitudes without selection or preparation. The fact, however, is so frequently alluded to and narrated with such exactitude and evident good faith in olden chronicles, as well as in most works on necromancy, that we have no right to doubt of its occasional achievement. The American spirit-rapping mediums appear to possess a measure of this extraordinary thaumaturgic faculty, sufficient to enable them to affect the perceptions of all the persons assembled at one time in a large room. They, however, like the seers of old, accomplish this wondrous feat, not by scientific knowledge or the conscious use of means, but by the vastly more potent agency of faith working in full confidence or assistance from the spiritual sphere.

In the remainder of chapter vi., and throughout chapter vii., we have a most decided manifestation of clairvoyant intuition, descending down even into minute details, and the fortune, or rather misfortune, of an individual person. We have, however, so frequently dwelt on and explained similar instances of lucidity when narrated in previous parts of the sacred volume, that there is no necessity of here repeating our exposition of this marvellous, though experimentally reproducible, phenomenon.

In 2 Kings viii., we have two additional examples of Elisha's lucidity. He foretold the approaching famine of seven years to the Shunammite, and he informed Hazael by implication of his future reign, and directly of its destructive character to the

Israelites. In connection with both of these incidents we have an indication of the great respect in which Elisha was held by the kings of Israel and Syria. The former restored her land to the Shunammite for his sake, and the latter, when he heard of his arrival in Damascus, sent Hazael to inquire respecting his chances of recovery. The forty camels' load of "every good thing in Damascus" would also indicate that material wealth was not wanting had the man of God been desirous of it, of which, however, we have no indication. From the fact that the King of Israel spoke freely to Gehazi respecting the wonders wrought by his master, it would almost seem that the punishment of this erring servant must have been less severe than the literally interpreted sentence of the prophet would seem to imply. An unclean leper would scarcely have continued as the regular attendant on a Jewish seer, such a person being disqualified, according to the Mosaic law, either for serving the holy man himself, or for that familiar and confidential intercourse with those who came to consult him, which seems to have constituted an important part of the duty of a prophet's servant, who, in accordance with the unimposing and undemonstrative simplicity of those early days, acted as valet, grand chamberlain, and lord-in-waiting. Probably repentance had followed on his punishment, and Elisha, merciful though wrathful, had thereupon forgiven his peccant servitor.

In 2 Kings, chap. ix., we have another notable instance of the extent to which seerdom in the olden times could be used as a political engine for influencing the course of events. Elisha, in obedience, doubtless, to the divine command given on Mount Horeb to Elijah, sent a young man, of the sons of the prophets, to anoint Jehu king over Israel; and it would seem that, notwithstanding Joram being still alive, the other military commanders who were with this ambitious captain, immediately acquiesced in this prophetic appointment of the son of Nimshi. In all probability the lucidity of Elisha had enabled him to detect some intended treason among the Israelitish generals assembled at Ramoth-gilead. And to fix their choice and determine which of them should be king in place of Jehoram, he sent his messenger to anoint Jehu, whom he knew to be the chosen of God, an act of consecration, having, it would seem, sufficient authority to ensure the obedience even of these unruly spirits. Contemplated from our more highly developed and systematic civilisation, the times of the Israelitish kings seem to abound in unusual and improbable events. But this is an error arising from the misconceptions originating in our especial point of view. Such events as those to which we have been just alluding were then perfectly natural, resulting necessarily from the

constitution of society and the tone of thought and manners then existing, with which, indeed, they thoroughly harmonised. Something similar seems to have prevailed extensively throughout the ancient world, as we find occasional allusions to the choice of a successor to the throne by means of a clairvoyant in Irish and other Celtic records of great antiquity. In reading Jewish history, it should be remembered, that although the Israelites were in some points a peculiar people, yet in many of their customs they approached very nearly to their heathen neighbours, partaking largely of those now striking characteristics which were then common to the whole East.

In chapter x. we have additional examples of what would with us be considered the cruelty and bad faith, but what, among native Asian courts, would still be esteemed the praiseworthy astuteness, far-seeing policy, and energetic decision, characteristic of a great Eastern prince. We allude to the slaughter of Ahab's and Ahaziah's children, and to the destruction of the worshippers of Baal. The former act was doubtless necessary to ensure the stability of his throne, and the last was, in a certain sense, the payment of a debt due to the prophets and adherents of the Mosaic system, through whose instrumentality more especially, Jehu seems to have obtained the royal dignity. In the first he was probably guided by the ordinary counsels then prevalent in Eastern courts, as rules necessary to be observed by daring and successful usurpers. But to the last he was no doubt instigated by those zealous and devoted men, who, reared under the teachings of Elijah and following in the path of Elisha, felt that no terms were to be kept with those whose hostility extended not only to the prophets of Israel, but to the institutions of Moses and the supremacy of Jehovah. The objectionable and unjustifiable portion of the deed was not the slaying of these sons of Belial, but the fact that it was accomplished by a lie, and that, too, from a royal mouth, a piece of regal duplicity, which if sanctioned, as it probably was, by priest and seer, may suffice to show that Jesuitism is not a product of yesterday, and that the papal maxim as to not keeping faith with heretics, is derived from a most respectable antiquity. These acts of Jehu, however, suffice to show us why he was selected for the royal office. This rude though able soldier had all that daring ambition and unrelenting cruelty which so well qualified him to be an unflinching executant of God's appointed judgments on the house of Ahab and on the renegades of Baal. Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies, and rude and troubled times rear and evoke those coarse and brutal, yet vigorous and determined natures, that seem alone duly qualified for the task of governance in such periods. Mere closet-scholars, the "men of

thought," are scarcely competent judges of the conduct of "men of action" like Jehu and his advisers. Not by dry formularies and unadapted principles can the dreadful events of a theological and political crisis be met and conquered. Not by intellectual mechanism, though of the most thoroughly accomplished order, but by ebullient passion that disdains method, and fiery zeal that scorns obstacles, are nations, in the hour of their deepest trial, generally led through the valley of the shadow into the promised land beyond.

We are coming now to the closing scene in the career of the illustrious prophet who has been so long the subject of our remarks. Full of years and of honour, the aged seer was about to be gathered to his fathers, leaving behind him a renown second only to that of his illustrious master. To the last he was still zealous for the success and prosperity of Israel, and hence his dying request to Joash was, that the king would give him a sign by which he might prophesy as to the forthcoming victories of the Israelites over their enemies. This was done by the monarch's striking a bundle or quiver of arrows on the ground, the number of times this apparently simple act was repeated indicating that of his triumphs over the Syrians. It would seem that the venerable patriot was sorely disappointed at the royal lukewarmness in acceding to his desire in this matter. The king smote the ground but *three*, whereas he should have smitten five or six times. Most commentators, and probably all ordinary readers in perusing this passage, are induced to conclude that the royal blows operated in some mysterious way as a *producing cause* of subsequent victory, whereas they were simply *signs* of the vigour or weakness of the *will* whence they proceeded, and consequently indications of the energy or inertness with which the war of deliverance would be prosecuted by the Israelitish prince. Elisha probably received a clairvoyant intimation to test the character of Joash in this way, and would almost seem, from a literal interpretation of his words, to have shared in the vulgar misapprehension as to signs having the force of causes. The constitutional irritability of the old man, however, aroused, even in this last scene, by his vexation at the shortcoming of the monarch, most likely urged him into a vehemence of rebuke, under which he spoke, after the use and wont of the multitude, without regard to that strict severity of meaning which might have rendered his words a safe guide for the philosophic or accurately scientific exposition of the passage.

This demand for the performance of some apparently trifling actions, as data on which to found prophetic communications, is by no means so unreasonable as might be at first supposed. Our words and deeds are emanations from our interior being, and as

effects whereof we are the more immediate causes, largely suffice to admeasure our capacity in relation to the accomplishment of whatever may hereafter devolve upon us. Thus, in the case under consideration, a more enthusiastic and determined man than Joash, when told by the prophet to smite the ground with his arrows, would doubtless have effected this with a persistence far transcending that of the comparative indifferent and listless son of Jehoahaz. David, or even Jehu, if placed in similar circumstances, would probably have gone on smiting rapidly till requested to stop, and this would have indicated the fiery energy arising from their ardent temperament as compared with the sluggish incapacity of Joash, and so would have premonished their destiny to achieve thoroughly a course of victory on which they had once entered. In short, the manner in which Joash carried out Elisha's injunction as to the arrows, showed that he was a man of half measures, and therefore not qualified for the onerous, though glorious task of carrying out a people's liberation from their oppressors to completeness, and the prophet judged him accordingly. We have dwelt on this case at more length than its individual importance deserved, as its exposition may enable the reader to understand other instances of this testing of character prior to the utterance of lucid predictions based on the indications of ability and disposition so afforded. That seers always, or even generally, arrived at their judgment of character, and through it of destiny, by this process consciously, we are, however, by no means prepared to assert. We rather incline to the contrary opinion. Their cures were works of faith, not knowledge; and their conclusions were correspondingly the result of direct intuition, not of laboured excogitation and logical deduction.

In the 20th and 21st verses of the same chapter, we have an instance of what may be called the power of relics. A dead man let down into the grave of Elisha revives, and is drawn up alive. In attempting to explain this most extraordinary fact, we must premise that it does not stand alone in history. The sacred legends of all ages and faiths abound in similar narrations, and unless, therefore, we are prepared to deny the validity and honesty of collective human testimony, it must be admitted that cures and wonders far transcending anything for which mechanical or ordinary physiological science can account, have been effected at the tombs of defunct sanctity. The miracles transacted at shrines and sepulchres constitute a province of inquiry, to whose candid investigation modern materialists are, from their deeply-seated prejudices, thoroughly incompetent. Whether even the dead body of an archecstatic like Elisha, so thoroughly pervaded, as it probably was, by that almost supervital force which eventually carried his greater master to the skies, whether

we say, even the mortal wrappage of so sublime a spirit, might not for a lengthened period after death retain some portion of that essentially healing and vitalising virtue with which it was so powerfully charged during life, we are by no means prepared to assert. In many well-authenticated cases, a powerful though grateful odour ("the full odour of sanctity") as of musk, myrrh, sandal wood, and other substances and spices, generally used under ancient rituals for burning incense, has attached to the corpse of a religious lucide, supplying the place of that fœtid emanation which exhales from the putrefying rottenness of common humanity while undergoing that process of chemical decomposition which supervenes on dissolution. Now, such a change in the elemental condition of the body as this modification in its relationship to our olfactory sensations would imply, may, for aught we know, be accompanied by a corresponding and proportionate alteration in its properties as a physiological agent. The common carcase is offensive and deleterious, nature warning us of its noxious qualities by its unpleasant radiation. Now, if conversely the really sanctified body be agreeable, may not its emanations prove also invigorating, purifying, and generally promotive of health and life? These are questions, however, which the men of a wiser future may discuss with more advantage than ourselves. Now, the inveterate prejudices of a grovelling age, capable only of a gross belief in the potency of steam-engines and money-bags, almost forbids even allusion to these higher facts of our complex nature, the full exposition of which is, no doubt, wisely reserved by an omniscient providence for a generation more worthy of the celestial light of such transcendent knowledge than the present.

A mere rationalist would, of course, get over the difficulty by asserting that the man was not dead, but only in a fainting state from loss of blood, and that the chilliness of the tomb, combined with the manipulations of those engaged in effecting his hasty interment, brought him back to a state of consciousness. This, however, is only an avoidance and not an explanation of this and similar difficulties which meet us at every step in the early history of all enthusiastic sects and all zealous and primeval peoples. The question is, have the relics of extatic sanctity a really inherent and essential efficacy, or only that apparent force which they derive from being objects of especial reverence? Are the cures wrought on pilgrims at the tombs of saints due to the faith of the devotee or to the power of defunct holiness? We would say, in the great majority of instances, to the former, the latter constituting only that infinitesimal quantity of fact on which popular credulity is ever ready to rear a goodly superstructure of superstition.

With Elisha may be said to close the list of those mighty prophets, known to us rather by their deeds than words. Earnest, ardent, zealous, fearless, and self-denying men, they were pre-eminently and especially God-appointed messengers to a wayward and backsliding people. Doing much, no doubt, by exhortation, they accomplished still more by the achievement of these mighty works which, making a direct appeal to the senses, were especially fitted to act on the imagination and feelings of a comparatively rude, but highly devotional race. From many indications it would appear that the Jews must have retrograded considerably in civilisation amidst those commotions and wars which followed on the disruption of the kingdom under Rehoboham. The ten tribes of Israel as they were termed, in contradistinction to Judah, became involved in all the follies and apostacy of Apian and Baalitic idolatry. The calves of the former and the high places of the latter sufficed for them in place of the temple and its Mosaic ritual. While their political condition was little other than one of chronic convulsion, an interminable oscillation, from the horrors of civil war and dynastic conflict, to the still greater terrors of frequent invasion by the mighty potentates of Syria or their troublesome neighbours of Edom and Moab. Amidst the prolonged confusion of such a state of things, the worship of Jehovah would have been forgotten, and faith in his power extinguished, but for the occasional appearance and urgent appeals of the Elijahs and Elishas of that troubled time. The men and the age were suited to each other; if the latter were rude the former were energetic, so that while events tended chaoswards, faithful seers were never wanting to point the more devout of the nation heavenwards.

Palestine was then the theatre of a fearful struggle between the powers of light and darkness, none the less terrible or momentous from the smallness of the arena on which it was maintained. The cardinal doctrine of unity and spirituality in the Godhead was then doing disadvantageous battle with the errors and misconceptions of a thoroughly debased polytheism, supported by power from without and corruption from within. Into this conflict, on which it may be said without exaggeration the destiny of a world depended, the seers of Israel threw themselves with all the fearless daring of inspiration, reproving renegade kings, slaying hostile priests, and overturning rival altars with a courage and persistence beyond praise, although mingled at times with a cruelty, and even ferocity, not quite in accordance with our more refined ideas as to the deportment becoming "a prophet of the Lord." Little care, however, had these poor but faithful servants for the maintenance of their own dignity, so that they could but forward the cause of their master. To pull

down Baal and exalt Jehovah was the one grand object to which their entire being was wholly and without reserve devoted. For this they imperilled their lives, to this they sacrificed every idea of ease or comfort, and to this they consecrated every thought and emotion of their high-wrought and powerfully-excited minds. Nor has the offering been in vain. The light we now enjoy has been derived from those embers, which, in the darkest hour, were fanned into flame by the breath of their prayers. The altar at which we worship has been moistened by their blood. Connecting links between Moses and Christ, while maintaining Judaism, they acted as the precursors of the Cross, and not till the world has summoned up its obligations to the latter can the full value and importance of these, its faithful heralds, be rightly estimated.

BUDDHISM.*

No. I.

PERHAPS "man's inhumanity to man, when he can do so in safety," to use the words of Dr Livingstone, is never more fully developed than by the acts of priesthoods of ancient religions in after ages; when the *higher* forces of spiritual primitive powers having forsaken them, and the sympathy of their followers being on the wane, they still strive to maintain the latter in subjection; and as self exaltation has ever proved a potent enemy to spiritual *progress*, can we be surprised if priesthoods addicted to it should become more and more unrefreshed by new well-springs of spiritual knowledge of *a higher order*, which are, nevertheless, ever ready to flow into hearts made meet for their reception by humility and an absence of self-seeking, for it was in such hearts that high spiritual first fruits have ever fallen. Moreover, if the perversion in the order of nature in the lives of the priests becomes systematic, here is another potent obstacle to the manifestation of the higher interior life. If we seek we find; and the Buddhist priests certainly do seek and also find. But there are circumstances under which we only find what we seek, and this seems to be especially the case with the Buddhist priests, who are all practical spiritists.

The Buddhist priests, or lamas as they are called, are at the present time by far the most notable instance remaining in the world of the temporary but demoralising success of spiritual

---

* Souvenirs D'un Voyage dans La Tartarie, La Thibet et La Chine, par M. Huc, Pretre Missionaire, pendant les Anneés, 1844-45-46; published by Adrien Leclere et Co., Paris, 1850. Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce, in Pigtail and Petticoats, by T. T. Cooper; published by L. Murray, 1870.

pride, with the necessary loss above alluded to which accompanies it. So completely have they succeeded hitherto in keeping their system of religion in their own hands, and trading upon it, that M. Huc tells us, "Among the Tartars, a secular who talks about religion excites nothing but laughter and contempt. A secular is expected to occupy himself only with the affairs of the world, he has nothing to do with religion, it is an affair exclusively of the lamas." Again, "a secular would commit a sacrilege if he should put his profane and impious hands on a book of prayers." That the above assertions are not without foundation may appear in the sequence.

Among the various examples of inhumanity put in practice by the lamas, there is not one perhaps so hideous, because so unnatural, as the forced celibacy with which these lamas oppress themselves. But by this self-oppression, it must be remembered they disorganise the people from whom they spring and of whom they are a part, and when the number of celibates in proportion to the population is carried to an inordinate excess, as is the case with the Buddhists, we must expect to find inharmonious results on every side, producing a divergence from order which can be scarcely other than stupendous. There are said to exist from three to four hundred million Buddhists in the world—about a third of the world's population—and if the number of lamas and incipient lamas bear any proportion in other parts of Asia, as respects the whole population, to that which it holds in Thibet, Tartary, and China, one-tenth of the population of the whole world, one-fifth of the males of the whole world must be Buddhist priests, or priests in embryo, and all these are forbidden to marry.

M. Huc says: "Lamas are in great numbers in Tartary; we think we can assert without error that they constitute one-third of the population. In almost every family, with the exception of the eldest, all the other male children are lamas. The Tartars embrace this condition by force and not by inclination. They are lamas or seculars from their birth, according to the will of their parents, who shave their heads or let their hair grow."

The seculars are called "black men," because in contradistinction to the priests they wear their black hair long, and as there are but very few women comparatively condemned to celibacy, polygamy is of course the natural law, and under the circumstances probably a beneficial one. M. Huc, throughout his two volumes, never leads us to suppose that any nuns exist either in Tartary or Thibet, while Mr. Cooper mentions having found some at a lamasery at Bathaug, in Eastern Thibet, but they were acting as servants to the lamas and sharing the drudgery

with the acolytes. Mr. Cooper, however, says that there are some who reside with their families.

As the Buddhist spiritualism is barbarous, so are the habits of the people. In Tartary, M. Huc says the black men, or seculars, spend their lives on horseback or in idleness, leaving their work to the women. Indeed there seems but little difference in their habits from those of the aboriginal Americans of times past; the only work to which they will condescend consisting in hunting, or riding after the cattle which may have strayed.

As regards the mere fact of celibacy of the lamas, we can hardly expect any animadversions from M. Huc, himself a celibate priest. He thinks "That in proportion as the lamas increase in age, they become habituated to the state, and in the end a certain religious exaltation succeeds in attaching them strongly to that state." To this we may reply, that such results can be only partial, that we can hardly, in this question, argue from the particular to the general; and what may occur in many cases during the long and crucial period between early forced celibacy and the ripened advent of religious fervour, would scarcely be an agreeable subject to analyse.

In confirmation of M. Huc, as to the number of lamas in proportion to the rest of the population in Tartary, I will here quote Mr. Cooper's more recent travels in Thibet. He says: "At the present time, out of the population of the three kingdoms of Thibet, more than one-third are lamas. It may be imagined, therefore, what power the priesthood has over the people. In almost every family, one or more of the sons are lamas from compulsion. In a family of say four sons, the chief lama of the district will generally insist upon two becoming lamas. At the age of between twelve and fourteen the boys are taken to the lamasery, where they are educated, and when grown up admitted into the priesthood. If the parents object to give up their sons to the priesthood, the threat of anathema from the lips of the chief lama, or the grand lama of Lhassa, is sufficient to overcome all opposition. Thus the ranks of the priesthood are constantly recruited, and their power strengthened. The population, owing to this, is gradually lessening, and the lay people are the mere slaves of the lamas, who live in luxurious idleness, for each lamasery possesses enormous estates, as well as the revenues drawn from the lay population in the shape of tithes and produce both of cattle and grain."

The laity are generally kind and hospitable except when incited by the lamas, and the exclusiveness so long maintained by the Japanese had the same origin as that which is still kept up by the lamas of Thibet.

There is one discrepancy between M. Huc and Mr. Cooper, not

as to the proportion of the lamas to the people, but as to the motors who force so vast a proportion of the people into the life of an unmarried priest. M. Huc attributes the motive power to the parents, Mr. Cooper to the priests—which is the more probable I leave the reader to judge.

While the indigenous population of Thibet and Tartary are all apparently Buddhists, that religion has also spread widely among the Chinese proper.

Every lama is from his childhood brought up to practice spiritualism. Lhassa, their chief city, is only another name for *the City of Spirits.* An incipient lama has to learn a new prayer every day; their masters seem to have but little mercy on them. "The prayers," they say, "which we know best are those for which we have received the most stripes. The lamas who do not know how to pray, who do not know how to cure diseases, tell fortunes, or predict the future, are those who have not been beaten by their masters." Every doctor—and they are all lamas —professes to cure by spiritual aid, and these and the fortune-tellers, also lamas, are highly paid. The Buddhists all believe in Re-incarnation. They also believe in the retrogression of the spirits of men into animals. They carry this last strange doctrine to such a pitch that the lamas assert, "To kill an insect is to commit homicide." Hence, a lama will not kill animals for food, but he will not hesitate to eat animals killed by seculars. The objection to killing various insects is so strong that they swarm in every tent, travel with the tents, and are by no means the least of the trials which the traveller has to undergo in these dangerous countries.

The interesting narratives of M. Huc and Mr. Cooper are rendered doubly so from the fact of so very few individuals from Europe having been allowed to enter Thibet at all. As to Lhassa itself, with the exception of M. Huc, and his fellow missionary, M. Gabet, and an Englishman, a Mr. Moorcroft, who passed as an Asiatic, and who lived there twelve years, perhaps no European has entered Lhassa during the present century. Mr. Moorcroft was murdered on his way home; he had taken maps of the surrounding country about Lhassa, and these were found on him at his death. This fact has proved a strong additional motive for keeping Europeans away. Above all, they forbid ingress from India, as they suppose we should desire to take possession of their territory; and egress towards the south is "contrary to law," at least for Europeans. In both the case of M. Huc and Mr. Cooper, they were sent back due east, the former to join the line of missionaries which runs throughout China, and which is kept up by the French, the latter was sent back due east towards the coast. Subsequently, Mr. Cooper attempted, as a pioneer of

Commerce, in 1870, to enter Thibet from India by the Brahmapootra river, but he was again sent back. Messrs. Huc and Gabet would never have entered Lhassa had they not assumed the dress of lamas, learned the languages of China, Tartary and Thibet, called themselves "lamas of the west," and, like the Buddhist lamas, "men of prayers." They, however, denied their difference of doctrine, and asserted that they were "lamas of Jehovah." Indeed, their teaching their difference of belief in Lhassa itself, had much to do with their expulsion, and had they not made a friend of one of the chief ministers of the kingdom, they probably would not have got away at all.

The lamaseries, or lamas' convents, are generally blocks of small houses massed together, with gilded temples in the midst. In the district of Lhassa there are four hundred and fifty thousand lamas. There are sometimes fifteen thousand lamas in one convent. And in one in Tartary, in the country of the Khalkas, at a place called Kouren, there are thirty thousand lamas in one convent and its dependencies.

That which may seem to many a great defect in Buddhism exists in their putting the effect for the cause, at anyrate in common life—Buddha for Buddha's source; and in having no higher idea or aspiration for perfection than that which they have found in Buddha and in whom they hope to be absorbed. "There is a heaven above and an earth beneath and Buddha is master of all," said a lama to M. Huc—Buddha, the Hindoo reformer, who left earth not three thousand years ago! The Buddhists, also, as well as the Chinese, worship the moon: another effect for the cause. There are probably a few philosophers among the lamas who look higher, but Buddha, the man-God, seems at least the eternal idea of the laity, as taught by the priests. Buddha, the king's son, who gave up the inducements of a court, who gave up his wife in order that he might lead a single life of contemplation, is freqently perhaps the lamas' highest ideal; while Buddha, the practical philanthropist, who gave up all his goods to feed the poor, Buddha, the good reformer, who banished caste, who, like another heretic, the good Samaritan, gave up his time to beneficent works and comforting the lowly and sorrowful, appears to hold as far inferior a position in reference to their general life as can be well conceived, according to the showing of Mr. Cooper and M. Huc.

It is, however, much to hold in veneration so great and good a man as history reports Buddha to have been; and it is, perhaps, because the Chinese worship their ancestors who did not hold the high principles of Buddha, and find the grand moral precepts of Confucius too hard for them, that their name has become a by-word for indifference in religion, and for having

made no progress, intellectual or moral, during the last two thousand years. Mr. Cooper mentions a magnificent temple in China, dedicated to Confucius. He found its courts covered with grass; he was told that it was only entered once a year, on the festal-day of their great teacher. Laotse, the great rival of Confucius, has many more ardent adherents.

Nothing perhaps shows more the gradual decadence of the Chinese than the malversation of the higher orders and their general oppression of the people. The cruelty and injustice of many of the mandarins, the depredations of the soldiers, who, without pay from head-quarters, are the scourge, the demoralisation, and the robbers of every town through which they pass, for these and the travelling mandarins, with their suite and cattle, must be fed gratis; further, the misery and evil of their towns, the dilapidation of their roads and bridges, the very wide-spread insincerity and trickery of the trading classes: all point to the breaking up of a race who, in worshipping mere ancestors no better than themselves, can have but a scant ideal of a God of order and truth, and but few aspirations towards the seeking of perfection, or if they have them heed them but rarely.

It will be my object in future papers to give some remarkable facts of Modern Spiritualism in Tartary and Thibet, scarcely to be exceeded by accounts of more ancient date which we have lately read in different Spiritual works; although these, like the others, will not be found to be of a high order, yet their results are startling and often effectual. I also propose to give some further comments on the results of modern Buddhism on the moral and intellectual state, not only of the people but of the lamas themselves. W. R. T.

[The student of comparative theology will not fail to perceive the great value of the facts stated above, in determining the relations that exist between the religion of Thibet and that of Western Europe. The parallel is more striking in the Romish Church than amongst Dissenters. Both systems have their Pope and celibate priesthood, who keep their people in abject slavery and prevent the voice of progress from reaching the ears of their votaries. There is one very noticeable superiority on the part of the priest of Thibet. He has some knowledge of psychological processes, and hence is of some use in society beyond the enforcement of meaningless dogmas. This is perhaps the only good which is to be found in either system—a good which has existed to a considerable extent in the Romish Church, but of which the Protestants are singularly deficient. It is plain that these religious forms have had a common origin

anterior to the Christian era, and may have sprung primarily from the British Islands. In this age, we are witnesses of another wave of psychological progress. Mesmerism and Modern Spiritualism supply all the excellencies or essential characteristics of all the religions with which we are now acquainted, but without their enslaving priesthoods and degrading dogmas. It should be the prayerful care of the modern reformer to keep his science pure and uncontaminated by the prevailing superstitions, and in due course the earth may be inhabited in its more civilised portions by a truly enlightened, free, and happy population. ED. H. N.]

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

WE have lately received from Mr. Reeves of York Road, some very beautiful specimens of his spirit photography. One of the sitters is a gentleman from Manchester, "C. R." We shall be glad to know if he recognises the spirit figure. Another sitter is Miss Lottie Fowler, and the spirit is a very neat and fascinating image of a little girl. Mr. Reeves has some very successful sittings at his place in other departments of Spiritualism.

In addition to the hazy forms which have been obtained at Bristol by Mr. Beattie, Mr. Dixon, of Albany Street, London, has, through the mediumship of Messrs. Herne and Williams, and "M. A.," a gentleman who recently communicated an account of extraordinary phenomena to the *Medium* and *Liverpool Mercury*, obtained results of a similar kind; and the absence of the mediums on the continent has alone prevented these interesting experiments from being carried to a greater length. Reports are frequently received from other quarters of successful attempts at spirit photography, so that this manifestation seems to be on the eve of becoming more general.

There is a large and varied collection of such photographs at the Spiritual Institution, and they are inspected by hundreds of visitors. They constitute a very interesting exhibition, and should be seen by all who take pleasure in acquainting themselves with these phenomena.

Mr. Hudson appears to be more patronised than ever in the matter of spirit photographs, and his success in obtaining identities improves. In fact, Mr. Hudson seemed to be in no way interrupted by the very severe scrutiny through which he has passed, but has been patronised by a steady succession of sitters. The *carte* now before us, bearing the likeness of the venerable and devoted William Howitt and his daughter, also contains the image of one of Mr. Howitt's departed children—a more distinct and

recognisable likeness than those of the sitters in the flesh. Mr. Howitt's testimony is thus given in the *Spiritual Magazine* for October:—

"During my recent short and hurried visit to London, I and my daughter paid a visit to Mr. Hudson's studio, and through the mediumship of Mr. Herne—and, perhaps, of Mr. Hudson himself—obtained two photographs, perfect and unmistakeable, of sons of mine, who passed into the spirit-world years ago. They had promised to thus show themselves, if possible.

"These portraits were obtained under circumstances which did not admit of deception. Neither Mr. Hudson nor Mr. Herne knew who we were. Mr. Herne I never saw before. I shut him up in the recess at the back of the studio, and secured the door on the outside, so that he did not—and could not—appear on the scene. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, who was with us, and myself took the plates at hap-hazard from a dusty heap of such; and Mr. Coleman went into the dark chamber with the photographer, and took every precaution that no tricks were played there. But the greatest security was, that not knowing us, and our visit being without any previous announcement or arrangement, the photographer could by no means know what or whom we might be expecting. Mr. Coleman himself did not know of the existence of one of these children. Still further, there was no existing likeness of one of them.

"On sending these photographs to Mrs. Howitt in Rome, she instantly and with the greatest delight recognised the truth of the portraits. The same was the case with a lady who had known these boys most intimately for years. A celebrated and most reliable lady-medium whom they had spiritually visited many times at once recognised them perfectly, and as resembling a spirit-sister, whom *they told her* had died in infancy long before themselves, and which is a fact.

"I had written a letter to state these particulars publicly, when a friend, who mixes much with the London Spiritualists, assured me that to his knowledge Hudson and Herne had played tricks. On hearing this, as I had no means and no leisure, during my short and fully occupied stay in England, of ascertaining what was really the truth, I kept back my letter, reluctant to sanction fraud should it by any possibility exist; but on all occasions I have stated that, so far as I was concerned, the result of my visit to Mr. Hudson was a perfect success.

"It was my full intention to have made another experiment with him, but found it impossible, much to my regret. I feel it, however, only due to Mr. Hudson and to the cause of spirit-photography to say that my visit to him was thoroughly satis-

factory—that by no merely earthly means could he have presented me with the photographic likenesses which he did; and that I, moreover, feel an inward and strong conviction that he is an honest man. Were he otherwise, he would, in fact, be a very great fool, since my own experience with him is proof positive that he can, and does produce realities.

"I may add that the two portraits in question are the best and more clearly developed of any that I have seen, except that of Annina Carboni, obtained by Chevalier Kirkup in Florence.—Yours faithfully, "WILLIAM HOWITT.

"August 10, Dietenheim, Bruneck, Austrian Tyrol."

We have seen a great number of other successful portraits of spirits which have been recognised in the most satisfactory manner, but the sitters have been in many cases persons in private life, and who have not energy of public spirit to push them to the front with their testimony. Others have been persons in such social positions that they dared not give publicity to the fact that they were interested in Spiritualism or had sat for a spirit photograph. A praiseworthy exception to this too general practice amongst those who could really lend some influence to the movement is communicated in the following letter:—

"21 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W.
"October 20, 1872.

"Dear Mr. Burns,—I asked my friend Mrs. Hughes if she would be willing publicly to add her testimony regarding the genuineness of Mr. Hudson's spirit photographs. I have much pleasure in sending you her answer:—

"'I shall be most happy to lend what small weight my name may have to support that worthy and honest man, Mr. Hudson. One of the spirit photographs I have was taken on a glass I brought myself and had previously marked. I also always went into his dark room on the several occasions I was there and followed the whole process, from the cleaning of the plate—never losing sight of it—till the spirit forms were developed on it. I can, therefore, affirm that there was no imposition in the production of the spirit images on my photograph—it was all honest and above board, and thinking it so, I am ready to declare it to be so to the world. Yours affectionately,

"'13 Grosvenor Square. GEORGINA HUGHES.'

"I need scarcely add that Mrs. Hughes authorises you to publish her testimony in favour of Mr. Hudson if you think it will be useful to the cause of truth and justice. Yours very truly,
"LISETTE MAKDOUGALL GREGORY."

The foregoing testimony, which is only one of several dozens

we could adduce, is confirmed by our own experience, the result of successive sittings. We have not been able as yet to recognise the identity of the forms obtained, but there is no question in our mind as to the genuineness of the manifestation. When we have visited the studio in the company of sensitives, they have always felt the peculiar sensations indicative of spirit presence when the images of spirits were being taken. The spirits thus represented were not relatives, and therefore could not be recognised though answering to the descriptions given by other spirits.

A very interesting development in connection with spirit-photography is the fact that at Kingston-on-Thames Mr. Russell has repeatedly obtained plates exhibiting what photographers would call unmistakeable signs of double exposure, a feature which is also observable in those pictures which actually contain *the well recognised likeness of spirits*, and therefore indisputably genuine.

In Mr. Russell's studio the spirits have the power of materialising themselves, and performing acts in connection with material objects to an almost inconceivable extent, and unfortunately some mischievous gnome associated with the locality, and opposed to the practice of mediumship on that spot, used means to obliterate the most interesting pictures while in an unfinished state. This is to be regretted, as such pictures would have been instructive objects, but we have the testimony of several unimpeachable witnesses to the fact. No doubt success will follow further attempts, as the Kingston Spiritualists are not men to be frustrated by the difficulties attending the work before them. The scientific argument of the spirit "Katey King," as to the signs of double exposure being produced by the refraction of the light through the psychical substance surrounding the medium and necessary for the production of a spirit-photograph, was itself a significant point, and to the philosophical mind argument of much force. (See *Medium*, No. 128, and *Human Nature* for October.)

These signs of progress and authenticity have actuated several influential Spiritualists, connected with the legal and scientific professions to combine themselves for the purpose of demanding proof from those who have publicly affirmed that they were cognisant of circumstances proving Mr. Hudson's guilt as a cheat and imposter through the utterance of spurious spirit-photographs. Up to this time these proofs have not been forthcoming, so that the statement of them remains a public slander, which, whether damaging or not to the interests of the persons attacked, must have been very annoying and painful to their feelings, and ought to be either confirmed or expunged from their history as Spirit-

ualists. We are not in favour of legal processes, and think the severest punishment which can fall on the head of an opprobrious detractor is that sense of meanness and personal degradation which, like a legion of devils, is sure to infest his consciousness sooner or later. But it is a duty to the public either that the threatened proofs should be forthcoming, or that due apology should be made; and we are decidedly in favour of any steps which would lead to such a result. Several sums of money have been offered towards a fund for that purpose, and legal advice has been solicited. All stains on either side must be wiped out some time, and the sooner the better.

We are, and always have been of opinion, that Mr. Hudson's manifestations, like all others, should be exposed to the most searching scrutiny. But the evolution of spiritual phenomena is a scientific, not a judicial process, and should be carried out by patient investigation rather than the hasty judgment of "another Daniel." But who are the men who have arraigned Mr. Hudson? Look back into their halt-limbed and blind-eyed blunders, and it will be found that they were so destitute of practical knowledge of photography that they had to contradict themselves repeatedly before they could satisfy themselves that Hudson was a rogue, and that they were *not* fools! Such are the simple facts, and are we to suppose, after so much pitiable fallibility and self-contradiction, that ignorance and rashness have reached the extreme limit of their tether? Having swallowed much of their own hasty conclusions based upon assumed knowledge which *they did not themselves possess,* these very accurate and learned gentlemen may perhaps have by this time a throat sufficiently wide to take down a few more gulps of bitter confessions. All that can be said is, that the charges against Mr. Hudson are purely inferential, and we are free to admit the inferences are highly worthy of notice, and those who say they have evidence to substantiate them are bound to adduce it or retract their hasty judgments. The "refraction" argument comes in as a powerful antagonist to them, and the palpable results produced at Kingston-on-Thames, as well as the signs of double exposure on plates bearing real spirit likenesses, consigns the "inferences" to the winds completely.

Our position, and that of our contemporary, *The Medium,* has all along been, that if the *cartes* were intrusted to a committee of photographers, they would be condemned. But at the same time it was kept in view that spirit-photography, being a fact beyond the experience of any committee of photographers in Britain, they are utterly incapacitated from giving a judgment upon it. The ordinary physical manifestations, if intrusted to Tyndall, Huxley & Co., would receive exactly the same fate as

spirit-photography has at the hands of the "trade." The decision of the gentlemen of the camera is then an absurd impertinence which, however much supported by "evident indications," can never deny the fact of the photograph of a spirit having been taken, or explain away the possibility of the "evident indications" being produced by agencies of which they know nothing.

It is well to bear in mind that the science of optics, and indeed all questions connected with the agency of light, are in a remarkably crude state, so much so indeed, that the most learned do not know the extent of their ignorance. If we contemplate the possibility of a spiritual influence interfering with the conditions of such a *lucid* principle as we know they can do over the ponderable forms of matter, then we can readily imagine the extreme *darkness* which must possess the common mind when endeavouring to grapple with the question of *light* thus complicated; and remember also that very few photographers are philosophers, the best of them being only skilful manipulators, and that best class forming such a small proportion that one of them is seldom met with. They are something like the washerwoman who knows that if she puts a tub under the spout on a rainy day she will collect water, but as to the philosophy of rain-making she is innocent as her last born in the cradle. But if such an unusual phenomenon as red snow, or a shower of small frogs or fishes were to be talked of (facts which are not unprecedented), how the simple washerwoman would be quite nonplussed. To the credit of the humble *blanchisseuse*, be it remembered, that she is modest and retiring, and does not profess to know everything—a virtue which speculating photographers and their dupes would do themselves infinite credit by imitating.

THE POETRY OF PROGRESS.

An Italian Bard.

The tide of sympathy flows in every soul in one direction or another. Like the magnetic current, the innermost desires of each individual have their poles of attraction. These radiating streams may ebb and flow on various planes, and visit in their endless rounds many of the departments of being—scientific, societary, and celestial. On the geographical plane, ours seeks a congenial channel east and west, its spray scattered amidst the new nationalities with distinctive characteristics, now finding a home in the New World, and its trunk centering in Italy and the beautiful lands of the Orient, sending forth deep radicles

into the rich soil of human experience, which, for thousands of years, has accumulated in the lands beyond the Indus; yes, and we feel as if we had once upon a time grown somewhere else, and that our true home, as a soul seeking its ancestral origin, is amongst the ancient hordes of now nameless Scandinavians and Britons, who gave form to thought, sharp and well defined, ere it vaporized under vertical suns into dreamy mysticism.

From whatever cause it may arise, we have for years cherished in anticipation the grand future of the Aryan race extending eastward, when liberty and progress shall have awakened them to the greatness of their destiny—a future worthy of their past renown. No Semites are we with unthinking devotion to a fanatical theocrat; but rather would we follow those men of thought and culture, whose giant minds had explored the universe ere Judaism was born, or had gathered up some fragments of a philosophy then ancient, and which it had not the brains to comprehend.

Nor do the currents of sympathy which thus flow from our bosom expend themselves in arid sands, or become absorbed by the relentless torrid sky. On the contrary, they meet with congenial springs, and tiny rain-drops, and often combine with such to form singing rivulets and bubbling fountains, to gladden and refresh the lands through which they flow. We record it with pleasure, *Human Nature* has many warm friends in the East—not only in the Italian peninsula, but in that larger region bounded by the famous rivers of Asia. In some countries it is the only spiritual and progressive literature in circulation, and representing as it does the unconfined and universal features of our common humanity, it is, more especially in foreign lands, the ambassador of a universal religion and a cosmopolitan fraternity.

Amongst our numerous correspondents, we can reckon few equal in largeness of heart and clearness of perception to Cavaliére Sebastiano Fenzi of Florence. This gentleman is a warm friend of our contributor, Miss Blackwell, and is an enthusiastic admirer of the principles of human development which she inculcates. Though deeply attached to those teachings, he is not therefore by any means a man of one idea. His scholarship is too ripe, and his culture too perfect for that. He has so far mastered the difficulties of the English language as to write poetry very creditably in the native tongue of Shakespeare. If any of our readers desire to contemplate practically, the ponderous obstacles which stand in the way of accomplishing such a task, let them think for a moment, what labour they would have to bestow, ere they were enabled to write verse, passing well, in the language of Dante or Tasso. It is said that poetry is the most difficult form in which a foreign language can be used, and it takes great

courage to assume the responsibilities of authorship under such circumstances. Mr. Fenzi's volume of poems, in English, now before us, bears ample testimony to the ability with which the author has accomplished his task. But we are more pleased with the progressive sentiment which pervades these productions than the very perfect literary dress in which the author's thoughts are attired. We quote one poem, which is peculiarly adapted to our pages, and indicates in a happy way the sentiments of the author. The respective merits of the naturalism of the dying man, the exhortations of the priest, and the transcendent value of illumination are honestly and philosophically set forth.

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE—DEATH-BED CONFESSION.

(A Dying Man and a Priest.)

I've reached my journey's end.—The dream is past.—
There's twilight yet, but night is closing fast.—
Father, thine aid I seek, because my heart
Craves to be heard by thee ere I depart.

Woe and regret are mine, but no dismay.—
Death is a debt which all who live must pay;
It is a duty we must all perform—
To rot away, a pasture to the worm!—
Have we not known it all our lives? Then why
Deem it so hard? ... and yet, alas! I sigh—
Sigh for affections that my bosom bind—
Sigh for the lovèd ones I leave behind.
Yes, sigh! for Reason's voice though strong in me,
Nature's is stronger still.—It so must be!—

To think I never may behold again
The smile of those I prize, doth fill my brain
With all the harrowing throes of clenched despair. ...
Yon sun and stars—yon planets that fore'er
Move in their destined orbits up above,
Are worlds inert, unknown to life or love;—
And we, endowed with life and love and reason,
Are doomed to weep and smile here for a season,
And next to vanish through that portal grim,
Whereon the Church inscribes: "*Have faith in Him.*"

To anguish and to doubt a helpless prey—
E'en on the verge of this my final day,—
Cannot in justice be the lot that I
May look for from above, if meant to die
Flesh and soul in one swoop—for can it be
That He, Jehovah, who thus raised in me
A sense of what is equitous and right,
And with it quickened Hope, should now requite
My soul oppressed, aggrieved, with endless night?
Can this be just?—and would not luring Hope
Be but a fraud to mask the dwarfish scope

Of sublunary life?—Father, I crave
One quick, terse word, that may revive and save
Me from the sceptic's gloom ere yet the shroud
Be spread over this form—whilom so proud!

My heart's resigned—I can subdue all fear;
But fondness wrings my soul and claims a tear!
Tell me ... that love is an eternal link—
That all shall live again, and none can sink
In the abyss of darkness and of nought,
As godless, hopeless atheists have taught—
Say that in yon bright spheres whither we're borne,
We meet and love again those whom we mourn—
Say that Religion's not a morbid notion,
But Nature's beacon o'er life's darkling Ocean—
That life is not a mockery, but is
A passing ordeal on our way to bliss!—
I prithee tell me all, and more than this,—
But not with words of mysticism, as you
From pulpits lavish on the passive crew;
Give me the voice of Reason—simple—clear—
A beam of truth, such as alone can cheer
The mind depressed, the heart that sinks beneath
The unrelenting grasp of withering death. ...
I tell thee, father, that this weary head
For knowledge thirsts, not faith, ere life is fled.

———

My son, I know thy wants—thy mind hath soared
Beyond the modest sphere which doth afford
The moral food that soothes and sates most men.
Yes, climbed hast thou too high above our ken,
And now thou panting view'st with startled glance
The world outspread in a more broad expanse.
The moth thus lured by glare doth singe its wing,
Falls helpless down and dies a tortured thing.
The universe is boundless. Yonder maze
Of many a myriad stars whose twinkling rays
Have shot for ages through the azure vault
Ere blending with our sight, prompts us to halt
And ponder deeply on our earthly state;—
So small the body, yet the soul how great! ...
It reached those very stars, and did unveil
Their mysteries—their laws—nor did it fail
Over our globe to gain the fullest sway,
Forcing the very levin to convey
Our messages of fire o'er mount and main,
And rend of Time and Space the thraldom chain!—

If such the power our soul possesses here,
Can it, form-like, be doomed to disappear?—
The atom-clay, though but by nature meant
To be our spirit's passive instrument,
For ever must exist—can never perish—
How then can man refuse the faith to cherish
That well his soul (the life-atom) must share
The fate of matter, and live on for e'er?

Still dost thou doubt!—and lurks with thee the fear
That all with life must end upon the bier;
And that the loved companions, torn from thee
By death's iced hand, thou ne'er again shalt see.
The Ruler willed that such should be our dread,—
Such the grim lowering menace over-head.
Yet hope lights up the dismal scene and shows
A brilliant vista to dispel our woes.
It whispers to the heart: "He that hath sent
Your spirits here to pine and to lament,
Think ye has done so from the sheer desire
Of witnessing your throes, your torments dire,
And then, when sated with the wanton game,
Bring death alike upon your soul and frame?
Avaunt with such abortions of the brain,
Roused into shape by impious thoughts insane!—
Yon heavens scan, yon worlds by myriads see
That stately move in endless harmony—
Read sermons in yon galaxy on high,
And fill your breast with rapture and with joy;
For He, the mighty Lord of Earth and Space,
Must needs own *Truth and Love* His Throne of Grace.
And when all toil is past, all sorrows o'er,
Tempered and pure your souls to Him shall soar,
From star to star, and live for evermore."

Nature proclaims this—and her voice is plain
To ev'ry heart—though not to the proud brain.
For 'tis the heart of man that folds the seed,
Which Faith doth quicken to a living Creed.

But Science, stubborn daughter of the brain,
Smites at the edifice with hand profane,—
As all that reason fails to prove a truth,
For her exists not, is a dream forsooth!
And yet the inner voice no man of lore
Can hush, though ere so headstrong, or ignore.—
And if he quaff the bitter cup of grief,
He falters back to Nature for relief;
And firmly clings to Him, the Lord of All,
Who rules the stars, yet marks the sparrow's fall—
In whose existence now he must agree—
Who made us? If we *are*, HE too must *be!*—

I thank thee for thy words; they well display
The shades and glimmers of our mortal way,
Yet no new light I glean—the distant shore
Seems still as bleak and misty as before.
But lo! whilst wax my limbs all cold in death,
And e'en the rattle intercepts my breath,
A strange and glorious light shines in my brain,
Whence a white form emerges and a strain
Sweet on my ear its rhythmic numbers sends,
And with it blissful a sensation blends:

"Fear not!—fear not!—thy sand is run,
But death thou'lt stingless find;

Beyond it shines a brighter sun
Than where thy heart hath pined.

"Those dear to thee, who long ere this
Have winged their souls above,
Shall greet thee to the world of bliss,
Where blooms eternal love.

"And they who linger on and are
Affection's gems to thee,
Shall know that now there dawns a star
The world from doubt to free.

"The star shall be the beacon light
Their course aloft to steer,
And waft them from the throne of might
The word that quenches fear.

"For man hath won, through grief and gloom,
The plane where terrors cease—
And where the threshold of the tomb
Is earnest sure of peace.

"All, all shall know the truth denied
To generations gone;—
Man's lot is now beatified,
Redemption's day begun!"

Such are the notes that soothe my dying ear,
And of existence my last twilight cheer.
Is it a dream?—a madness? No, my heart
Tells me 'tis truth. Oh! father, I depart!!...
But bliss is in my soul—soon shall I see
The lov'd one of my life—where ... where is she?

SEBASTIANO FENZI.

THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY'S REPORT ON SPIRITUALISM.*

IT is not necessary for us to say one word as to the profound influence which the experiments of the Dialectical Society have had on public opinion, in respect to Spiritualism. The reports which from time to time appeared in our own pages and other periodicals, garbled though they were, afforded a redundancy of evidence, derived from the most reliable sources, as to the facts of Spiritualism. These testimonies, weighty though they be, are as nought, compared with the labours of the sub-committees of the Dialectical Society, in their efforts, experimentally, to discover the reality of the phenomena, which work was accom-

* Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, together with the evidence, oral and written, and a selection from the Correspondence. London: Longmans.

plished by ladies and gentlemen, unaided "by any professional medium," and the majority of whom "commenced their investigations in an avowedly sceptical spirit." When such a committee was ready to declare that "the table moved without contact, or possibility of contact with any person present, thirteen times," the movements being in different directions," and also that "the experiment was conducted throughout in the full light of gas above the table," no wonder that the reprobate press denied such incontestable witnesses a hearing, and that honest people began to believe that there was "something in it after all." The summing up of the Committee, as it were, by some magic act, elevated Spiritualism in public estimation up to its own level, and the movement has proceeded with perceptibly less friction ever since. The decision of the Committee was as follows:—

"In presenting their report, your Committee, taking into consideration the high character and great intelligence of many of the witnesses to the more extraordinary facts, the extent to which their testimony is supported by the reports of the sub-Committees, and the absence of any proof of imposture or delusion as regards a large portion of the phenomena; and further, having regard to the exceptional character of the phenomena, the large number of persons in every grade of society and over the whole civilized world, who are more or less influenced by a belief in their supernatural origin, and to the fact that no philosophical explanation of them has yet been arrived at, deem it incumbent upon them to state their conviction that the subject is worthy of more serious attention and careful investigation than it has hitherto received."

Though the opinion above expressed, has, to a great extent, permeated the more intelligent and progressive strata of society, yet the report contains matter of far more importance than the wonders evolved, or the opinions expressed. One of the sub-Committees held 40 sittings, accurate minutes of which are given, constituting a record of experience unparalleled in the literature of the movement, and containing descriptions of manifestations, and the conditions under which they were obtained, many of which will be new to experienced spiritualists. Another sub-Committee give a remarkably intelligent and dispassionate report of the results of their experiments in a classified form. This section of the work is of special interest, as it discovers the important fact that the sitters obtained intelligent intercourse with the power moving the table, and even test messages. A third sub-Committee evolved physical power of a very decided character, but of the nature of which their philosophy could furnish no explanation. These features of deep interest and instruction might be enumerated to a much greater extent, were

it necessary. But we pass on to notice a very prominent characteristic of these memorable investigations, which runs all through the special work of the sub-Committees with noticeable distinctness. We allude to the apparent honesty, impartiality, and earnest intelligence with which every act was approached, and the results recorded. There is no desire to write to the disadvantage of the Spiritualists, who are throughout regarded as fellow investigators, in a matter in which partizanship can find no footing. Neither is there any special pleading on behalf of foregone conclusions, derived from Spiritualist sources. An air of reliability and unbiased certainty appertains to the work in such a marked degree, that no person, of an ingenuous and intelligent mind, can rise from its perusal without being impressed with the truth of what is stated, and his resolution strengthened in the direction of further and independent investigation. The report candidly states: "The oral and written evidence received [from the Spiritualists interrogated] by your Committee, not only testifies to phenomena of the same nature as those witnessed by the sub-Committees, but to others of a more varied and extraordinary character." In addition to the exhaustive details in the body of the work, these are recapitulated in a catalogue of nine different kinds, suggesting to the reader, that when he has mastered the position assumed by the Committee, he is only just on the threshold of the inquiry.

We have stated that this book has produced a very favourable influence on public opinion, which is true, but we venture to affirm that the useful work which the volume before us is destined to accomplish is yet in its infancy. The impression it has produced is more the result of rumour as to the general issues presented than a practical and personal acquaintance on the part of the public with the contents of the book. We do not mean to imply that the work has fallen dead from the press. By no means. The greater part of a large edition has been sold and well read. Indeed, the report has admirably fulfilled the purpose for which the Committee designed it, and yet it is only in its youth—in the morning of its career. Now that the Committee have done their part with it, it is the duty of Spiritualists to take it in hand and do theirs. Hitherto the very high price at which the book has been sold has prevented the friends of the movement from being able to expend their funds economically in its dissemination. To meet this difficulty, the Editorial Committee has placed at our disposal a goodly parcel of copies to be offered as a premium volume to the purchasers of the present number of *Human Nature*. These copies will be sold with this number at 7s. 6d. each, which is half price. The object in doing so is not to get rid of the edition at a sacrifice, or break the price of the book,

which will continue to be sold as hitherto at 15s. The special purpose in view is to induce such a form of action as will bring the book more intimately in contact with the reading public. The plan suggested is that the Committee which worked Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Spiritualism" take the matter up, and by adding to their number, use all efforts to introduce the "Dialectical Report" into every public library in the kingdom. Of course, we have not stock sufficient to supply a copy to one in ten of the purchasers of our magazine, but if an encouraging response is obtained, copies may be produced to any extent. We hope this arrangement will not be lost sight of, but that a genuine effort be made to place the work in as many libraries as possible. In such a position it is capable of exercising a powerful educational influence. It would not only improve the individual reader, but it would stir up those discussions on the subject which have of late been such a prominent feature in Mutual Improvement Societies and other such bodies. These associations are nearly bankrupt for topics on which to ventilate their minds, and Spiritualism is often taken up as a novel and exciting matter for discussion. That such is not the case more frequently proceeds from the dense ignorance which exists in many quarters in respect to it. A copy of the Report, however, in a library is sure to excite inquiry, and lead to discussion and the public ventilation of the question.

Many of our readers are connected with local institutions, and might use their influence to induce the management to purchase a copy or accept one if offered as a gift. Others could afford to purchase copies and donate them to likely libraries. Indeed, it would be well to have a general fund in London from which copies could be sent to such places as might come under the notice of the executive. In other instances a few subscribers might put their sums together, and thus enable themselves to place a volume in a library where it would be a silent and convincing teacher.

To those who have not seen the book we have to say that it is of a size of page larger than *Human Nature*, and occupies 412 pages on good paper, and is well bound, so that it is a good bargain at the money.

THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Close has my thanks for his letter in your last number criticising portions of my paper on Gravitation, &c., and, being unfortunately a very poor mathematical scholar, I feel that,

whatever may be the real merits of my case in reference to the main points at issue, I am engaging in a very unequal contention with him on that account. For that reason I will not attempt to enter upon any general defence of Sir Richard Philips, especially as I believe he defended himself with great ability in his life-time. The extract Mr. Close has given from Philips' "Million of Facts" being framed to suit his purpose, I append a note of his own words as they occupy but little space; mathematical readers may then form their own conclusions.*

My critic says I confuse between the *law* of gravitation and the *nature* or *cause* thereof, and so I think does Newton continually, notwithstanding his denial quoted by me in page 307. Indeed, it is almost impossible, in an argument of this kind, to separate altogether between the facts and the supposed cause, and in general, when Newton's law of gravitation is spoken of, both the facts and his view of the cause are understood. Because the planetary bodies, being dependent for their motions upon a common source and centre, naturally exhibit a certain uniformity of motions in reference to that centre and to each other; Newton, as I have shown, starts three *pure hypotheses* to account for these motions, one of which is that of attraction, to which he attributes gravitation, for although he evidently sees how untenable is the idea, and therefore half repudiates it at one time, yet at other times he identifies himself with the hypothesis, which is undoubtedly now universally attributed to him, and included in the term, "Newton's Law of Gravitation."

My original account of Newton's theory of the tides, as well as other parts, suffered from being curtailed in order to reduce my paper to the limit of time for reading it. I thank Mr. Close for his

---

* Page 411.—"Newton tried to prove his sub-duplicate law by asserting that the moon falls 16 feet in a minute, but Sir Richard Philips contends that the moon falls *equally* from the tangent of her orbit, in *all parts* of it; and that, in every quadrant, she falls from any tangent at an assumed speed, a quantity equal to the radius or distance, and a *proportionate* part in every minute of time. If she fell 16 feet in a minute, a lunation would last 597 years, since her mean motion is about 200,100 feet in a minute, or 40 miles. Dividing, however, the feet in the radius, or distance, by the minutes, during which the moon falls *equally* from every point of her orbit, the mean fall per minute is 127,225 feet:—

Logarithm of radius	5·374,778
Feet in a mile	3·722,604
Feet in the distance, or fall	9·097,382
Minutes in a quarter	3·992,809
127,225 feet per minute	5·104,573

The mistake appears to have arisen from taking on *paper* the crown of an arch where the curvature is rapidly *vanishing*. Even if relevant, the versed sign does not vary with the law of falling bodies, and, therefore, if it *happened* to agree for a minute, it would not agree for a second or for two minutes. And whether a degree of the earth is 1 or 2 miles more or less, per Norwood or Picart, would not make a difference of the 100,000th part!"

clear and concise reading of Newton's theory, and I admit an error in suggesting that the sun would pull against the moon in the case mentioned. What I deny in reference to the tides is, that any force of the nature of *attraction*, exerted by the moon, could possibly act so as to produce upon fluids the results described. The results are manifestly in some way the effect of *motion*. The experiment which I suggest to prove this has not been tried, I believe, in that form, and I fear it is more difficult to manage than Mr. Close supposes. He thinks the flow would be only on one side of the basin, but surely it is obvious enough the rapid rotary motion would, as Sir Richard Philips asserts, cause a corresponding flow on the opposite side.

The diagram on page 309 is one of Sir Richard Philips', and, of course, the sense in which the equator is called *the mean orbit line* is that, in consequence of the inclination of the earth's axis, the points in the plane of the orbit, or to which the sun is vertical, shift regularly along the ecliptic to the extent of 23½ degrees equally on either side of the equator. It has no reference to any variation in the inclination of the axis. I am deeply conscious of my inability to do justice to Sir Richard Philips' theory, and in describing the diagram in question, which is given expressly to demonstrate the principle of a centripetation of objects above the tropics and towards the poles, I fear I have not dwelt sufficiently upon the proportionately increased, because more direct, centripetal effect about the equator of the compression caused by the rapid progress of the earth in its orbit, which, but for the equalisation effected by its rotation, would induce all the loose parts of the earth to trail off behind; the said collapsing force in the polar latitudes being indeed the effect of that tendency. —Yours truly.

THOMAS GRANT.

OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

CHAPTER XV.—WAKING.

COULD Bianca have seen the change that came over the dusky face of her husband as he bent over her—the quick flash and sudden pallor of the olive cheek, and the look of intense hate that glared from those lurid eyes—it would have frozen her soul to sleep forever. His nervous fingers closed round his poniard's jewelled hilt; but sheathed it before the point of the glittering blade was bare. No, he could not shed *her* blood; at least not sleeping, smiling in her dreams.

Great drops of agony gathered on his brow, as he unclasped the relaxing arms from his neck. The Marquis slipped noiselessly from the room: to his tortured heart it seemed as if morn would never break.

"False to me!—false to De Montserrat!—I who worshipped her! O God! my heart will burst. Her coldness was not modesty; she loved another

while she wedded me, and pined for this Adrian when I folded her to my bosom. But patience, I will have revenge; such revenge as shall pale the cheeks of these supple Italians, and terrify their frail dames," muttered the Marquis, fiercely, between his clenched teeth.

In his heart he cursed Bianca's attendants, whose tales only too surely confirmed the seeming guilt of their young mistress. The terrible insinuations and ready lie of some of her women who had incurred her displeasure sickened him, nearly driving him mad. His soul refused to believe what was well known, but in the face of such startling disclosures, could he withhold his credence? Surely all were not liars and traitors? Stern resolve was written on the Spaniard's brow when he sought an audience of the Prince.

"Thrice welcome, fair son, what would you? the Marquis de Montserrat is an early petitioner this morn," said Nicholas cheerfully, extending his hand in friendly greeting. The last words died away on his lips as he beheld the rigid face of his son-in-law.

"What ails thee, De Montserrat? speak out, man," cried the Prince hastily.

"I come for justice, your Highness; my honour is sullied, my name disgraced."

"Thou shalt have ample redress. By whom is this insult offered to you, noble Marquis? were they of my own family they should not escape."

"Prince, be not so rash, the offenders are the Count Urbino and your daughter. She loved the Count, aye, loves him now, and bestows the caress on me she meant for him; she dreams of him in her sleep, and has dishonoured me. Her women tell tales enough to condemn them, did not my own ears convince me."

The fire gleamed in the Prince's eye, and the hot blood purpled his pale cheek; neither sigh nor sound escaped him. He heard the impassioned Spaniard to the end. In cold icy tones Nicholas answered: "You shall have justice, my Lord Marquis; your honour shall be amply satisfied. Leave me, I would be alone."

When De Montserrat withdrew, Nicholas fell on his knees. The strong man's frame bent under the weight of surging passion that seethed in his bosom.

"My sins have found me out. I am punished, great God, by my own child!—she loved Adrian, and I must condemn them to death!—the bitterness of death is mine for life!—they will soon be free. Oh, Bianca! thy father dare not plead for thy young life and fresh beauty. Could no other hand but these be found to strike me, and bring my grey hairs to the dust of humiliation. Just heavens! it is right. I had no mercy on her; why should I look for it!—my God, my God! thou hast given me a bitter cup to drink!" . . . . . .

Knots of anxious faces whisper together in the corridors of the ducal palace; men's cheeks blanch, and women's eyes are wet — the gloom of woe has settled over the palace—in the hearts and in the halls there is grief. The gloom is not confined to the palace; the streets are deserted, the festivities have ceased, the masquers are dispersed. The horrible tale has spread through the city into the valleys and hamlets. There is to be a council held—a solemn secret tribunal is to sit in judgment—on what? A Prince's dishonoured name.

"What of the Princess Bianca; how does she bear the matter?" inquired Piero da Vinci, the improvisatore.

"Oh, she weeps and prays, and prays and weeps, but says nothing. The trial will come on the first day of Lent."

"Poor Princess, she is likely to have Lenten fare enough," said Piero, sighing.

"Count Urbino has again fallen into the hands of the Church, which will not handle him very tenderly, on the score of heresy; besides, this little affair with the most noble Princess makes him a dead man," quoth a young page, looking dolefully at Piero.

"Will the Prince sit with the Signoria, and condemn his own child? they will not ask him surely."

"Aye, Piero, he will, but none know what the Secret Ten will do."

"The Marquis demands justice, and thinks it a thousand years until the noble Signoria sends young Urbino out to execution."

"And what will become of the Princess, Bernardo mio?"

"What becomes of all those poor souls who have wedded one man and loved another?"

"God have pity on her, poor lady; I'd as soon be at the mercy of a mad dog than under the spiritual care of that sour-visaged monk, Fra Paulo; he is father-confessor to her, but she will confess nothing, but drives the old owl off with scorn."

"Pretty good for a woman on the brink of eternity, Bernardo."

"Yes, Piero *mio*, so deep in love is the young Count that when he heard of the foul charge made against the Lady Bianca he willingly gave himself up to stand a public examination, to declare his and the lady's innocence His friends dissuaded him from so mad a project, but the noble Count is sick of life since he has lost the Princess."

"Everybody can tell how fair his trial will be. Since the Frate Gualamo raised such a pother about truth and purity, and a general reformation of the Church and clergy, troublesome inquirers into these matters, who are supposed not to screen them, are put out of the way quickly. Men have thought more on those subjects since the Frate preached in San Marco. Though he is so long dead, the doctrines he taught have taken deep root in more places than Florence. The Church is not considered infallible now as in those days; the Pope's bull does not frighten us quite so much as it once did, though for that matter our Duke had to be very civil to the Holy Father when he was here, but that did not keep Prince Nicholas from patronising such men as Bartolomeo Riccio and Lillo Giraldi and Marco Colonna, who care no more for the Pope's bulls than I do for the mew of a kitten."

"It is rumoured that the Colonna will resume his teaching in the University shortly, Piero."

"No, he hath refused, he will not tolerate the interference of the Pope; besides, he is for the new faith. There is mischief brewing at Rome for him."

"The fair damozella, his daughter, is looked upon with a suspicious eye, since the Princess's maid, Lucia, was put to the torture. The secret council have been keeping their eyes and ears open; they say the beautiful Olympia has a demon."

"Holy Madonna! it must be a good demon; the Lady Olympia is an angel of mercy to the poor and sick." . . . .

The moon again shone over the white marble fountain, and on the pale up-turned face of Bianca in her agony. The morn would bring her face to face with her calumniators, and she was too proud to plead—she could die—she was dishonoured.

Chapter XVI.—The Council Chamber.

How changed was life within the last three days! men seemed metamorphosed into demons—mercy was a delusion, and justice a mockery! There was no truth, no faith, no high-souled principle nor magnanimity on earth—all were false, all were base. So Bianca thought and felt; even

her strong faith in God's supreme wisdom and goodness seemed shaken. Every support on which she had leant had turned into a spear that pierced her heart. Her hopeless love that she had so bravely laid on the altar of duty had been turned against her by her enemies. And Adrian—she durst not think of him. For her he had given himself up as an offering to clear the foul stain from her fair name. Would the fierce fanatical priests believe him, or the stern, turbulent Signoria? and would her father? To the nobles Adrian Urbino had ever been an object of dislike and suspicion; amongst them he had many enemies who would swear away his life.

The loud, slow knell of tolling bells struck on Bianca's ears and on her shrinking heart with a thrill of agony. It is the bells from the church of the Marqueta, calling together the Signoria; for to-day a prince sits in judgment on a princess, and that princess his own child. All Ferrara is on the tip-toe of expectation; the case is a rare one, exciting universal interest and much sympathy.

The stately procession moved solemnly along, with banners and drums, in the direction of the ducal palace. In the grand council chamber, or hall of judgment, sits the Duke D'Este, pale, thin, and motionless, on the throne or dais. Near him stands Conrad de Montserrat, the dishonoured husband, with clouded brow, impatient at the delay of slow-footed justice. Nobles and attendants throng the spacious hall. The Signoria have entered. Through a side door pass several monks, one of them bearing a large crucifix in his hand. All eyes are turned upon the ghostly train—not a sound is heard, not a breath breaks that deep stillness. A darker frown shadows the Spaniard's face, and a firmer compression of the lips of D'Este. Ladened with heavy chains, the clanking of which sent a chill of horror through the hearts of the bravest, walked Adrian, with head erect, and dilated eyes, proud, exulting, triumphant; behind him came the familiars of the prison—those terrible ministers of evil. Close to the foot of the ducal chair came the prisoner—before the stern implacable face of the judge, those haughty eyes maintained their proud defiant look. An expression of fierce regretful scorn pressed over Count Urbino's handsome but wasted face as he returned the Prince's strong glare. How long these two men gazed upon each other—as if under the spell of some terrible fascination—neither knew. An eternity of hate was concentrated in that glance, when a slight motion, a faint rustle broke the spell. Closely guarded and veiled a woman's form advanced slowly and firmly opposite where Adrian stood, sending the hot blood to his face, blinding him with the strong tide of feeling and surging back to his heart, leaving his cheek paler than the marble pillar near which he stood. It was she—Bianca—his beloved—his goddess. Where were they who had dared to sully the purity of that dear name! A thousand unseen spirits seemed to nerve his soul with fresh courage, and lend eloquence to his tongue. One look—and only one—dared he trust himself to give Bianca, and that glance almost unnerved him. Oh, the exquisite agony that one look revived, and revealed the blank, hopeless love of that sweet young face—the downcast eyes, from which the big bright tears were falling slowly and heavily. No colour dyed the pallid cheek, but the broad white brow was streaked with the swollen veins that seemed to rise higher and darker with the suppressed emotions of the beautiful sufferer. It was a sight that touched the hardest heart there—many a veteran's eye became dimmed for the first time, maybe for years. They could not believe a being so fair—so divine in her deep humiliation—could be guilty.

The Prince rose up amidst that oppressive silence and addressed the prisoner in cold icy tones.

"Adrian Urbino—two days ago I thought I possessed a daughter—the

child of my declining years—a child of hope. She was my pride; and I built fond hopes upon her. To-day I am a childless man. Thou hast sullied the brightness of my joy, and brought disgrace upon my name; and for that thou must die. Who would not do as I have done? Thy hot youth broke the ties that bound us; we forbade thee to return to our dominions, but ever a rebel from thy cradle, thou disobeyed; now the last links are snapt of mercy and clemency, but not by me. It was worthy of thee, Adrian Urbino, to stab the father through the daughter. Away! Seek forgiveness of thy crimes—before the sun sets thou shalt know if God can pardon thee—His mercy may absolve thee; but on this earth thou and I together for one day cannot live. Farewell, the Priest awaits thee. And thou, frail thing, shall behold thy paramour die—thou alone, not I, have shed his blood. The Convent of Our Lady of the Pillar shall receive thee into its walls, where by penitence and prayer thou mayest redeem thy soul from its sins. Live; we will not see thee more, but first see *his* head fall gory from the block. Away!"

"Hear me, Prince, the doom you have passed I do not dread, but before I die I would clear the guiltless—I would clear thy daughter's fame. Aye, Prince, do not start; she is innocent and pure as the angels. Believe a dying man. On me rests guilt, if there be any—I only am to blame. I, Prince, have saved your life once, let me save your honour now. Is the word of Urbino not to be believed? Prince, you did not always frown when I pleaded."

"He lies—he swears falsely," cried a deep voice from the centre of the hall. "I have proofs—eye-witnesses of their meeting in the garden."

"Hearest thou, Adrian Urbino?" asked the Marquis de Montserrat, mockingly. This is thy glove; she wore it in her breast—thy guilt is proven clear, did the angels in thunder tones plead in thy behalf."

Unappalled by these terrible words, Adrian lifted up his shackled hands to address the Duke D'Este, when the low cry of anguish near him stopped his utterance.

With every nerve and faculty stung to the utmost tension, Bianca had heard her father pronounce that terrible sentence, charging her alone with the death of Adrian. Her public disgrace, *his* ignominious end—stung her soul to madness. Once—twice—she attempted to speak, but her tongue refused its office—her lips were parched—she felt her frame reel. By one desperate effort she strove for utterance, to hurl the lie back upon her detractors.

With one wild wailing shriek that froze the hearts of those who heard it, and echoed through the vaulted chamber, the unhappy Princess fell at Count Urbino's chained feet, and the tessellated pavement was dyed with a purple stream. By superhuman strength Adrian burst his fetters, and raised the dying Princess.

"Adrian—beloved—we shall meet soon; courage—the bitterness of death is past," murmured the Lady faintly, turning her dim eyes on the Count. Exerting all her fleeting strength, Bianca threw her arms round her lover's neck and expired.

Stupefied with horror at this scene, some attempted to take the unfortunate Princess from Urbino's arms. Astonishment and pity paralysed the hearts of all; only a deep groan from the father of the poor lady broke the horrible peace. He hid his face in his hands; the crimson stream at his feet—*her* blood! he could not bear to see it flow.

"Farewell thou murdered saint, we shall spend eternity together. I hasten to meet thee in Paradise," said Adrian, kissing the lifeless lips. "Priest, do thine office quickly; I long for death."

Chapter XVII.—The Rack.

"Away with him to the rack!" "Torture to the traitor; he bears a charmed life!" "Break him on the wheel; he is in league with sorcerers and the devil!" burst from a sea of angry throats as they crowded and hustled Adrian as he left the hall of judgment. "Torture the traitor before our eyes; he hath killed the Princess; he hath a devil!"

In all ages, and in all circumstances, a mob has ever been the same. Swayed for good or evil by a breath, two days ago the same voices that clamoured so loudly now for Adrian's destruction would have raised a hundred swords in his defence—would have bared their own breasts to the dagger that he might be safe. And whence now this hostile extreme? Father Paulo and his accursed brood had been industriously poisoning the minds of the people against Urbino's faction, saying all sorts of things against him and his friends. The fierce cry of the furious populace, "Away with him to torture!" rung in Adrian's ears, but to his understanding it conveyed no meaning. His soul was filled with one image, and his brain with one idea—Bianca, and that she died for him and through him. He was lost to all external sense of suffering; the agony of despair had benumbed all powers of thought. The pitiless gibe, the spit of contempt, or the blow from the sharp stone that caused the blood to spring from his white temples, were all unheeded. But for the guard of soldiers, Adrian would have been dragged from the priests and drawn to pieces. The harsh, grating voice of Father Paulo sounded in his ears.

"Have courage, my son; the prison doors are strong; the people cannot enter."

His victim answered not a word.

Urged out of his place by the pressure of the crowd, Father Paulo was forced several yards aside. Another cowled figure stepped into the Jesuit's place, close to Adrian, and whispered hastily—

"Adrian, my poor son, Adrian, canst thou listen to me—to your old master? Hast thou forgotten Colonna?"

Like one in a dream, the captive fixed his eyes upon his questioner.

"Speak, dear father. When I am lifeless, only then shall I fail to know you."

"They are leading you to death—to the rack. Swallow this quickly now; it will free you from pain," said the good doctor, putting a small cup of purple fluid into the prisoner's hand. It was a very small cup—such as one could hold in the hollow of his hand.

With wonderful ingenuity, Count Urbino lifted the small vessel to his mouth, as if he wiped the blood from his face that streamed from the wound in his temple, returning the golden cup to the doctor in an instant. So quickly was all this done, that the soldier walking beside the prisoner perceived nothing unusual. A fresh impetus from the crowd without drove the guard and the prisoner several feet forward, so that when Adrian turned to thank his master the hooded monk had disappeared. A terrible force from behind was pressing them onward. Curses, yells, stones, and missiles of all kinds fell on the prisoner's ears and head; he felt them not. A rush was made to break the guard and drag him forth, when the cavalcade reached the gates of the prison, and the poor blood-stained, insulted victim entered its gloomy portals, to finish on the block the end of that terrible drama.

It was well for Count Urbino that a strange apathy crept over his senses since he drank the subtle draught given him by his old friend, as the mockery of a trial commenced whenever he entered. Without further delay, he was led to the torture-chamber, to be examined on some nice

points of Church doctrine. The Pope had sent a letter that very morning to Ferrara, expressing a wish that so "damnable a heretic" might be converted, and that he would, if possible, recant before he suffered the extreme punishment the incensed Mother Church inflicts upon her disobedient sons and daughters.

The horrible engine was fully disclosed to view, but Adrian looked at it calmly, without feeling the slightest thrill; nay, so coolly did he behold the terrible instrument, that he marvelled at his own serenity. What was it that was wrapping his whole being in this waking lethargy? The Inquisiter-General read over the charges brought against him:—

"Adrian Urbino, added to the other grave charges fully proven against you, the Holy Father impeaches you with foul heresy. In your possession have been found many writings by that apostate of Germany, Martin Luther, besides the works of other false teachers, who, by their perverted minds and unhallowed books, seek and do lead the weaker sons of the Church into error and darkness. But the Holy Father is ever merciful towards her repentant children; renounce your heresies, make a full confession of your sins, and the Sovereign Pontiff will grant you absolution from Purgatory, and freely admit you into the Church Triumphant. Should you persist in your wickedness, and refuse to divulge your accomplices in evil, death by the rack awaits you. Count Urbino, will you confess?"

All waited to hear the accused's answer.

Adrian neither looked at his judges nor seemed to address his words to them, but in a clear voice said:—

"I will confess nothing to man. I do not acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and you may tell His Holiness I shall be admitted into the Church Triumphant without his aid. Now, do your worst."

Pale with anger, the Inquisitor motioned to a familiar to seize the prisoner.

Adrian permitted these men to strip him and stretch him on the dreadful machine without a word. The quick wrench of the screws did not seem to disturb the victim much. His executioners were astonished: such stoical endurance was rare. Tighter and tighter the screws were turned: no sound escaped the Count, though his arms were torn from their sockets, and his limbs wrenched from their places. Blood welled from the victim's mouth in dark streams, yet his face was placid as a sleeping child's.

"Question him, Signor Rinaldo. Perhaps he will confess."

"Adrian Urbino, do you still persist in your wicked heresy?"

"I do. I deny the Pope. I am not of the Catholic faith. Its errors I have renounced long ago," was the answer plainly, but slowly, spoken.

"Blessed saints, what an obstinate heretic! Ah, he is dead, and without confessing, accursed man! Take him down, and carry him to the block. The Duke and the people must be satisfied."

Little ceremony had those hardened creatures of the Inquisition. They hastily tore down the mangled victim, and bore him to the place of execution. Several others suspected of treason were to suffer that day, most of them of the noblest families in Ferrara. A groan of horror escaped these unhappy youths when the bleeding body of the unfortunate Count was laid on the scaffold, at the foot of which stood Dr. Colonna, disguised still in his religious dress. He had come to beg the body, he said, for the purpose of interment.

Addressing the executioner in mild tones, the old man said—

"Friend Goro, couldst thou give me the body of yonder youth without severing the head from the trunk?"

"No, Father; the State demands his head," was the curt reply.

"Brother, the State is satisfied with his life; let me have his body," said Colonna, looking the man steadily in the face, muttering, "It is my will."

Unable to gainsay the monk, who spoke so commandingly, Goro pocketed the gold, and gave the monk the boon he sought.

Chapter XVIII.—Raising the Dead.

"My father, the bleeding has stopped at last. How long will he sleep?" said Olympia, bending over the inanimate form of a man stretched on a couch in an obscure chamber of Colonna's house.

"Not long, my child. Sleep thou, Olympia, and see if any of the vital parts of the poor youth are damaged by that infernal rack."

Scarcely had the doctor spoken, when the beautiful head of Olympia dropped on her breast, and she sank back on a cushioned divan, from which she had risen to look at the dead and mangled figure, wrapped up in its shroud. Severing a curl from the head of the corpse, Colonna held it before Olympia.

"Look; what dost thou see? Look into him, and tell me accurately what thou seest. Omit nothing. It is my will."

"I see the lungs have bled considerably, but are stopped; the veins have closed. Pour some more drops—three, not more—into his mouth."

"Good!" said Olympia, as her father obeyed.

"Has the heart's action ceased, my child?" inquired Colonna, gently.

"Yes; only a slight vibration of the heart is perceptible. Give him some powdered opal in the elixir; that will help to restore the heart's action."

"Look again, my Olympia. I have done as you have said."

"Breathe on the head, and fill the lungs; then pass him downwards."

An anxious pause ensued. Olympia had sunk into a deeper sleep, still holding the piece of hair in her drooping hand. Implicitly the sage obeyed the injunctions given him.

"Poor boy, it is well you drank that memphitis. Blessed Creator, thou hast made nothing in vain: to assuage the cruelty with which man torments his fellow-man, thou hast provided this wondrous stone. Give me humility to learn the deep secrets of thy universe, and understanding to heal the sick and humanise us all!" murmured Colonna, earnestly raising his eyes to heaven.

"See, my child, has life returned to the shattered casquet?"

Again the girl pressed the hair to her eyes and brow.

"Yes, my father, the action increases. Continue the magnetic current; guide thy fingers over his heart."

"Shall I give any more elixir."

"No; dress his wounds with thine own balsam. They have firmly closed, and the ointment will render the joints more flexible. Considering the dislocation caused by the torture, it will be better, my father. He must suffer no pain when he awakes; it would kill him. Ah, the heart beats quicker—steadily! He is safe; the blood begins to circulate through the veins!" cried Olympia, joyfully, in her sleep.

"Blessed and bountiful Father, I am unworthy to be thy instrument," said Colonna, solemnly continuing his labour with fresh zeal.

Life did indeed return to the senseless form. The pinched features relaxed their rigidity; the chest began to heave perceptibly; and then the breathings became regular, though faint at first.

The good physician's heart was gladdened by these favourable symptoms.

"Olympia, look once more. His eyelids begin to quiver. Shall he awake?"

"No, my father; leave him in the magnetic sleep. He will gather strength."

"Will his reason be unimpaired by the shock given to his body? Canst thou tell, my daughter?"

"Yes; he shall recover body and mind, but not for many months."

"My daughter, shall we escape detection? Will the authorities ask for his body? Will the Prince be satisfied with the report alone?"

"They will not question. His enemies and friends suppose him dead, and the fishes preying upon his remains."

"One question more, sweet child. How long must our patient remain in the sleep?"

"From three to four days, my father, administering three drops of the elixir twice a day—morning and evening."

"Good! Excellent! O, Science, thou art indeed divine!—thy secrets inexhaustible, unfathomable! Who can by searching find out the Almighty? The rivers of wisdom are deep, and the deepest diver can only feel how little he knows. Would that I, instead of being an obscure Italian physician, had been a neophyte in the same temple of learning as Apollonius of Tyana, that I might have been a humble disciple of that great teacher—to have drank in wisdom from his lips, as the parched earth the refreshing dews of heaven! But, alas! I am only Marco Colonna, the aged scholar, not very rich in worldly goods. The dross of earth I covet not. Thank God, I have a pure, sweet daughter, and yet a noble, high-souled woman, of lofty thought and grand aspirations, blended with the simple faith of a child. O, my glorious Olympia, thou art my strength! Through thee I can read men's souls better than they can themselves, bend their passions to my will, forestalling their designs upon my life. Ay, they seek a pretext to throw me into prison, that the monks might torture the sorcerer;—it will come, but not yet. Meanwhile I am more fortunate than the divine Apollonius. I, the obscure Italian, have a pure, spotless daughter to consecrate to science."

"Yes, my father, thy daughter seeks the advancement of science as earnestly as thyself. At all costs, at all sacrifices, I will, nay, I have, wedded Wisdom as a bridegroom, and I will be a true wife to the husband I have chosen. My father, bless me, and consecrate the union," said Olympia, rising, and approaching her father majestically, her radiant face lit up with an ecstatic smile.

Startled and awed by his daughter's words—for he thought Olympia was still deep in the magnetic sleep—the old man replied, solemnly stretching out his hands in benediction:—

"Blessed be thou, my child, in thy choice; press on, and thou shalt reap a crown of immortality. Mayest thou grow in knowledge and wisdom, and mayest thou carry in thy hands the healing power transmitted to us from the great healers of Esculapius, Ægea, Delphi, Dodona, and Babylon; and as thou art good and beautiful, be thou powerful in healing and teaching thy brothers and sisters of this great human family, for they are very ignorant and very bigoted. The sons and daughters of Italy think science a crime, and wisdom heresy: be thou powerful as a healer—it is my will—thy dowery thou bringest to thy divine spouse."

"Thanks, O, my father. Pray that God would give his angels charge concerning me, lest I, who am so weak, should fall and fail," murmured the beautiful sibyl, meekly bending her head.

"Pray without ceasing, my beloved. Prayer helps faith, and faith is half the victory. We shall pray for and with each other, my daughter."

"Awake! Awake! It is my will," cried Colonna, dispersing the magnetic current from off Olympia's head. "Art thou fatigued, my gentle one?" inquired the old man fondly.

A bright smile and a loving kiss was his best answer.

Chapter XIX.—The Marquis de Montserrat.

The winged hours flew silently and swiftly, bearing on their train the woes and joys of men—that heaving freight of palpitating life, the gods only understand. The tragic end of their fair young Princess threw a gloom over the gay court at Ferrara. A feeling of distrust crept into the hearts of the people—each dreaded his neighbour—confidence and faith were at an end. What had the late executions done to restore peace? Twelve of the noblest families suffered. Their grey-haired sires and gallant sons shed their blood for—what? Their country? The State demanded it, the Church required it; heresy was sapping her foundations and threatening her overthrow. Now that the sacrifices were completed, the people began to be afraid that they had been too hasty, and the anger of the nobles would fall proportionately heavy on those who so clamorously called for this effusion of patrician blood. Nobles do not like to see their children slain, however calmly they may look at the spilling of plebeian puddle. Of course, the unreflecting people never thought they were only the tools in the hands of monks, who had very cleverly made them the mouthpiece of the Church, whereby she could securely shout anathema, anathema! but though the nobility saw through this false pretence they were not willing to break with the Church, because throwing off the yoke of Saint Peter implied a great many disagreeable contingencies Italian grandees shrank from. Therefore, they revenged themselves upon the people in various ways, and as the bent of their different dispositions directed them.

Among other illustrious personages who felt themselves aggrieved by the untoward issue of events, was the most noble Marquis de Montserrat. For the first time in his life fortune had frowned upon him. Conrad felt the goddess was unreasonable; he did not expect such a scurvy trick would be played upon him, just on the eve of success too. Therefore, he felt proportionately indignant with fortune and Ferrara, and resolved to leave a city which used him so shamefully, shaking the dust off his spurred heels in testimony against it.

All seemed to have gone wrong with the Marquis of late; he had lost his bride—that was his own fault, and he had lost his coffers wherein he kept his Spanish doubloons—some daring thief had carried them off, leaving no trace behind him. Why not apply to the Duke D'Este?—the Prince was no niggard; he rewarded his friends liberally, and punished his foes severely.

Ah! but Conrad de Montserrat could not forget that terrible look D'Este gave him in the judgment hall, when Bianca fell on the marble floor like some fair statue overturned at its base. That strong glare froze his soul, and as the purple stream dyed the white pavement, that look grew more intense as if it would carry annihilation to a world. The Spaniard started in his sleep—D'Este's look haunted him in his dreams.

And what of Nicholas? how did he bear these many griefs? Silently and sternly. No smile ever lit up that clouded brow; joy was for ever a stranger to his heart. What he suffered none knew, and few cared. He said nothing, he heard no sigh, and shed no tear. In that proud palace Bianca's name was never heard more; the fish in the fountain were forgotten and left to die. The gentle hands, that ministered to them and the rare tropical birds, were still for ever; God had no more work for her to do on earth. Spiders spun their webs over the rich brocades and eastern silks that adorned her apartments, and the Prince kept the keys. Sometimes when all was still, he, like some guilty thing, would steal into the chamber, and lean on the balcony, where she and Adrian leant in days gone by, gazing

sadly at the moonbeams throwing shadows o'er the orange grove as they had often done before. Ah! a ducal coronet is not so soft a pillow; it hath its thorns too. Montserrat dared not trouble the Duke D'Este any more with his griefs; they never saw each other since that fatal day.

"O cursed chance, if I find the thief I will have him bastinadoed and sent to the galleys," muttered the Marquis, firmly.

"Aye, my Lord, if you had him I warrant his ears would be nailed to the first tree we met," said his valet and confidential secretary.

This man possessed a wonderful influence over the Castilian. An Italian by birth, and by profession a barber, Montserrat had picked him up in his wanderings. Nicolo took advantage of his position to answer his master so pertly—having lathered the Spaniard's dusky countenance with soap, preparatory to shaving off yesterday's crop of bristles. No man looks dignified under the hands of a barber, neither can he speak with authority, when his nose is being used as a lever. Nicolo felt his master was entirely under his control, so, without expecting or waiting for an answer, the barber went on—

"Now, my lord Marquis, your chin is as smooth as a maiden's; a touch of the scissors to your locks,—so, that is perfection. Another Apollo. Pity the fair dames are all in mourning; scarcely a girl will look at a man now, my lord, the death of Count Urbino has frightened them all, *picato!* Ah, but my noble master pines not after bright eyes and sweet lips; no, he pines for his precious coffers with the golden clasps. Saints! that a Spanish noble should lack gold; oh! it is monstrous," sighed the valet disparagingly.

"Peace, fool, what matters that to thee; hast thou any lack?" cried his master angrily, freeing himself from Nicolo's manipulations.

"O, most noble Marquis, I did but grieve for your excellency's loss," replied the barber, with an injured look; then adding, in an absent way—"There is a great sorcerer lives in this city, who has a daughter who can find out the devil's most secret thoughts, that he does not know himself, but of course you nobility would not condescend to look at such a base man's daughter for information."

A sorrowful smile lighted up the Marquis's dark face.

"Where is this most potent sorcerer, Master Nicolo?

"In Ferarra."

"What is his name?"

"Marco Colonna."

"What! Doctor Colonna?"

"Even so, my lord; if it were the devil himself who took your strong box, the damozella Colonna would tell you where to find it."

The Marquis de Montserrat mused for a moment, and then said—

"Bah! I have no wish to raise the devil in company with an old hag."

"There you are wrong, my lord, the old hag is fairer than the holy Madonna in the Nunziata, and as bright as hesperus; her hair is more golden than the sunbeams, and her skin is purer than the mantle of Carraza," cried Nicolo breathless from enumerating so many wonderful perfections.

"And where does the Doctor Colonna keep this divinity of his? She seems to have smitten you deeply."

"In the via Colonna, my lord Marquis; there is only one house, you cannot mistake it," replied the secretary, finishing the Spaniard's thoughts and interpreting his desires. That was part of Nicolo's power and use.

No more was said on the subject, but when it was night, a closely muffled figure left the city and sought the via Colonna, to find out where the casket had gone. Superstition and curiosity here strangely blended in

De Montserrat, in seeking this visit. The high admiration Nicolo had of Olympia's beauty piqued him. She had not appeared at court, therefore he had not seen this wondrous paragon. With all his intense desire to behold her, Conrad shuddered in his ducal shoes to think that he was going to hold direct communication with the devil. Was it not better to lose all his gold twenty times o'er than risk such an encounter?

If the Church finds out that I held such unhallowed meetings, Saint Maria! Nothing but visions of the inquisition and the auto-da-fé filled his soul. His meditations were brought to an abrupt termination by finding himself before the gloomy portals of the via Colonna.

Chapter XX.—Clairvoyance.

"Father, there is an evil shadow approaching our dwelling, I can feel it; hark! it comes nearer, it is at the door," said Olympia, rising in some agitation from her chair by her father's reading desk.

"Calm yourself, my daughter, canst thou see the figure; is it a man or a woman?

"It is a man; Zamora has admitted him; he is in the outer saloon; O my dear father, he presages evil to thee and to me," said Olympia, with tears in her beautiful eyes.

Scarcely had Olympia finished speaking when Zamora entered to say, "the Marquis de Montserrat would desire to speak with the Signor Colonna."

"What can the Spaniard want?" exclaimed the physician in some alarm, his thoughts reverting painfully to a certain scene at the foot of the scaffold two months before. "Be calm, my daughter, he comes in peace." So saying, the doctor descended to meet his unwelcome visitor.

Meanwhile, Olympia, anxious to unravel the matter, threw herself into the magnetic sleep.

The surprise and astonishment of De Montserrat was not greater than his fear. The saloon into which Zamora had shown him was so different from what he had anticipated. The rich carpets from Persia, brocades, and fine paintings adorned this room, besides the display of massive plate on the carved beaufits struck the visitor quite differently from what he had expected. The astonishment was brought to a climax by the entrance of the noble-looking proprietor of all this.

Instinctively the Marquis bowed deeply to the venerable figure before him. At a glance, he felt this was no vulgar charlatan; nay, he even began an apology to the philosopher for this intrusion.

"To what may I ascribe the honour of this visit, my Lord Marquis?" asked Colonna calmly.

"I have lost a coffer containing valuable papers and much gold, and I heard that your fair daughter could unravel the deepest secrets," replied the Spaniard, recovering his self-possession.

A frown of anger settled on the Colonna's face as he haughtily answered the noble.

"My Lord de Montserrat, you have been misinformed; my daughter is not a fortune-teller, nor does she prostitute the knowledge she has acquired to such purposes; her talents are devoted to science, and humanity's great needs. But if you have any trouble, or in need of aid, I will be proud to serve you, my lord."

"Pardon me, learned sir, I am but a stranger, and only heard from report the wonderful gifts of your daughter. Doubtless, the knave lied," said De Montserrat, abashed.

"Let that pass; tell me how I can serve you."

"Not many days ago my coffer was stolen from my possession, but by whom, or where it has gone, I cannot tell."

Taking a crystal goblet from the table, Colonna filled it with water, and put a golden plate on the mouth of the vessel, and let it remain so for a few seconds,

The Marquis watched his host attentively; his superstitious fears were fast re-appearing, muttering many an ave and credo.

"*Madre di Dios*, it does not look very bad after all."

Colonna now removed the plate and placed the goblet upon it. An opaline tint ran through the water as the sorcerer looked upon it and vanished in a moment.

"My lord, the party who took your casquet is in Venice, and has laid your papers before the Doge. You think of going to Venice. When you descend the Stairs of St Mark, a sword shall pierce your heart from the Lions that guard the entrance. You will never get those papers into your possession. The person who so abused your confidence was the same who betrayed the Princess Bianca into a seeming guiltiness in your eyes, and those of her illustrious father."

"*Cresto!* what a man!" cried the Marquis in open mouthed terror, "Signor Norvallo could not betray me, and yet he has gone to Venice."

"I cannot tell the name of your friend, but when he frowns there is the likeness of a horse shoe on his brow. It appears in a red circle," continued Colonna calmly.

"Thou hast described him correctly, Signor," said his visitor, with blanched cheek.

"If I might advise your highness: you would be more safe in the Low Countries than in Venice. Your treasonable correspondence with the De Medici will, as I said before, cost your grace your life."

"*Peccato*, but I cannot go anywhere; the villain has taken my gold, and the usurers will not trust me until I can give them proofs, and that will take time, venerable doctor; even my marquisate does not save me from these accursed Jews."

"Curse not, but bless," said Colonna, mildly.

"You cannot bless a Jew, can you?"

"My lord, the despised race were the chosen of God; let us refrain from reviling those whom He chastens," returned the necromancer in the same mild tone.

"These are new doctrines, reverend Signor," said his guest coldly.

"I think your grace said you were in want of gold to enable you to continue your journey," the physician said after a long pause.

De Montserrat started.

"Yes, *Madre de Dios!* I have not a real left. Can you tell me where I can borrow, Signor Colonna?"

"Yes; I shall accommodate you, my lord."

"You, Signor?"

"Is it remarkable?"

"Pardon me; you are the most remarkable man I ever heard of," cried De Montserrat in real surprise.

"Well never mind me, you shall have gold."

"Will you make it? have you found out the philosopher's stone, most wonderful sorcerer?"

"No, I am only a poor bungler. How can I, an obscure scholar, find out what puzzled Apollonius Tyana, Plato, and Socrates. Even the great Pythagoras could not perfectly comprehend what the philosopher's stone was. He did not find it, although quacks and charlatans often declare they have found the wonderful stone. Believe them not; they lie. In

1340, the secret of making gold was found out by one Nicolas Flamel, and I got it when I studied at Rome, in my youth. Come with me, and I will give thee some I have just made," leading the way to his laboratory. Colonna showed the astonished Spaniard four or five ingots of good gold.

"Thou art a munificent sorcerer."

"These are yours, my lord. Shall I send them into Ferarra for you by my faithful Sebastiano?" said Colonna, unable to conceal a smile at his visitor's astonishment.

"What interest do you wish upon these ingots, most potent alchemist?"

"None; I present this to you in hopes it may aid your journey."

"You overwhelm me; command me how I shall repay your generosity," cried his guest.

"Noble Marquis, I do not require help. Come to me should you need more, but be silent as to the source from whence you obtained this aid. I rely upon your honour."

Astonished, subdued, and terrified, De Montserrat took leave of Colonna, closely followed by Sebastiano, bearing the heavy burden.

"Does it not not fatigue you, my friend, to carry such weights."

"No, your excellency, the doctor has made me strong, the saints be praised.

"Stop here, my friend—nay, just follow me, that will be better."

So saying, the Spaniard led the way to his apartments, and deposited the precious load in an oaken chest strongly clasped with brass.

"My good fellow, here is a florin for thee," said the Marquis, turning to Sebastiano, but he had disappeared,

"*Cresto!* truly, this is a wonderful man and wonderful servant. I wish I had seen the daughter; she must be an angel, if Nicolo can be believed."

Chapter XXI.—The Plague.

The hot winds from the Levant swept over Italy, bearing death in their train, gathering strength and malignity from the noxious vapours and putrescent exhalations from the lagoons and Pontine marshes. Florence and Venice were already smitten, and then Ferrara was doomed. Thousands were daily seized, and hundreds died. Terror and anguish took hold of the people. In the palace and in the peasant's cot the terrible scourge raged. None were exempt, and few survived. The Jesuits solemnly averred that God, in His anger, had sent this awful pestilence upon the people for the sin of heresy; for was it not raging on the other side of the Alps, in heretical Germany, where that awful Son of Perdition was burning the Pope's bull, and scoffing at the indulgences the Holy Father was giving to his children by his servant and faithful minister, Dr. Tetzel? The people believed, and redoubled their prayers and offerings to the Nativity, to the Nunziata, to the bleeding Mother, and to all the saints, and the pestilence increased in fury and could not be stayed. The streets were filled with litters carrying the dead and the dying; houses were turned into hospitals; death reigned in beautiful Ferrara.

Among its first victims was the Duke D'Este. Rendered more susceptible to disease from his deep melancholy, the plague found the broken-hearted man. His first symptoms were headache and violent pains in the limbs, accompanied with great sickness; then the ominous purple spots on the cheeks and chest. It was the plague. His attendants fled, terrified, from his bedside, and left him to die. The hot pain mounted to his brain, and the poor Prince raved and asked for his murdered daughter, besought her to come and cool his blackened tongue and scorching brain. White hands soothed the fevered brow, and held healing draughts to his lips; but

they were not Bianca's. Too late the succour came to Nicholas D'Este. The terrible disease had done its worst. The sick man never knew the ministering angel at his bedside, but raved of his dead wife and child, then closed his eyes for ever.

. . . . . .

In the Convent of Our Lady of the Pillar the epidemic raged with unabated fury. The sedentary life, so deeply tinctured with melancholy superstition, no doubt rendered the poor nuns an easy prey, while many of the sisters died from very fear. Into this plague-stricken house Olympia brought healing and relief. When all fled, she stood firm. Nobly did she perform her self-imposed duties.

"Oh, Madonna, art thou the Mother of Mercy come to us? Santissimus, what great sinners we must be when the plague was sent! Who art thou, Madonna?"

"The Mother of Mercy sent me to you to heal you, Sister Ursula," said Olympia, softly bending over this grey-haired nun who spoke so childishly.

"Oh, Madonna, I went to the Nunziata when the plague came, and prayed to the Mother and Babe to stay the pestilence, and keep it from our convent; but it came for all that, and many of the sisters died. Do you think, Madonna, it was because we were not walking up to what the Frater preached before he suffered?"

"What did he preach?"

"He said—'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' My mother heard him say these words in the Duomo at Florence. She repeated them to me, and I have never forgotten them. Do you think, Madonna, I can enter the kingdom of heaven—I who am so old and sinful? It seems to me, though I have lived in a convent all my life, I have not come so near the kingdom of God as you, Madonna. I shuddered from the plague, and hid myself; but you, beautiful Madonna, are not frightened to touch the dead and the dying. O, Mother of Mercy, through thy crucified Son, pardon me!" groaned the plague-stricken victim.

"Have faith, sister, and believe, if you pray to God, He will sustain you, and enable you to live or die as becomes a Christian. As Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness to heal the poor Israelites, so will Jesus lift you up if you look to Him, and Him alone," replied the beautiful nurse, bathing the livid face of the sufferer with magnetized water, and then making the passes or strokings over the patient's body, as was practised by the Egyptians long before Moses, learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, brought his captive brethren from the house of bondage.

"Blessed Madonna, come to-morrow!" murmured poor sister Ursula, sinking into a deep, healing sleep.

From cell to cell Olympia went, bearing relief and healing to many, and tenderest sympathy to all. The beautiful and devoted girl seemed to bear a charmed life. Many thousands died daily; among the poorer class the mortality was frightful. Nobly did Dr. Colonna and his heroic daughter work in that plague-stricken city. The sick were brought into the churches and colonnades that the good physician might lay his hands upon them. Men with blackened and distorted limbs blessed him ere they expired, and mothers held up their little children to him to heal.

"Save my bimbo, good doctor! The blessed Mother keep you! But for you I should have lost my Giovanni. Here are some fresh grapes for your daughter," cried a brown-cheeked Tuscan peasant woman, holding a chubby, black-eyed boy working in convulsions.

"Give him six drops of this mixture morning, noon, and eventide, good woman. Liza, take thy grapes to the Convent of Musa Angella. The poor sick women will thank thee for thy refreshing offering," said Colonna, kindly placing some quattrinos into the woman's hand.

"Gesu! Three quattrinos! My Giovanni will be able to buy another goat. Thanks, noble Colonna. Blessed saints! he must be the holy Saint John to come and heal us as he does."

The plague, after making fearful havoc among the inhabitants, slowly began to abate. The number of deaths became sensibly on the decrease. The people had now time to lament their lost ones, and the monks returned to Ferrara. The virulence of the epidemic had frightened the ghostly advisers of the people from their posts. The churches had been converted into hospitals, and for many weeks there had been no service in the Church of the Nunziata. Lent for once was really a time of humiliation, prayer, and mourning, but not for sin. Ferrara mourned her best and bravest sons —her noble Prince, so just, so brave. Would she ever behold another who would so liberally endow and protect her interests? Well might Ferrara mourn; evil days were in store for her. The horrors of the pestilence were succeeded by the still greater horrors of the Inquisition. Another prince came to rule in Este's halls. The stern justice of the late Duke did not adorn the character of his nephew; neither did the love of the arts and sciences, or learning of any kind, find favour in the eyes of the new Duke. Pleasures of the worst kinds alone gratified him. While the people cried for bread, Alphonso revelled in boundless profusion, squandering the riches his uncle had gathered together with so much care against the time of need.

Olympia and her father, in these altered days, mingled little in public, but quietly and patiently tended the sick and fed the hungry; and the Jesuits watched and waited in silence.

Chapter XXII.—Evil for Good.

The pestilence left Ferrara, satisfied with its ravages; grim Famine walked abroad, and men's hearts groaned with sore distress. There was no corn or wine to feed the people, yet the granaries of the ducal palace were full to overflowing. The new ruler cared not that his people cried for bread; he was not of the lineal house of Este, but of a collateral branch, wholly under the dominion of the Church—a bigot and a fool—only a puppet in the hands of the ambitious and crafty Jesuits, who used him for their own vile purposes.

The spread of the Reformation and the shameful indifference of the clergy to the people's sufferings drew upon the Jesuits and the Prince well-merited odium. Only one man in Ferrara sympathised with and relieved the starving inhabitants, and that man was Marco Colonna. From his own private resources he sent to Milan, Venice, and the Levant for supplies of wheat, to feed the remnant of wretched beings the plague had left. The monks looked with jealous eyes upon Colonna, marvelling greatly at the riches of the poor scholar, and industriously circulating reports of evil against him and his daughter. A solemn conclave met within the chambers of the palace to investigate the manner in which the heretical sorcerer supplied the wheat and wine to the people. Among the bitterest of his enemies was the Rev. Father Paulo. He had never forgiven Colonna for reproving him in the University, before all the students, for teaching unsound and false doctrines. So effectually had the doctor shown the hollowness of the monk's tenets, Father Paulo was never able to appear at the University afterwards in the capacity of instructor. Now, when an opportunity served, this spiteful priest was the first to raise suspicious and sinister reports about a man who had done so much for his country when help and relief were most required and difficult to obtain.

"Yes, my Lord Duke, this Marco Colonna is a wicked sorcerer, and hath made a compact with the Devil to supply him with boundless wealth in

return for getting his heretical soul. No doubt Dr. Colonna has been prompted by the Arch Enemy to ensnare the unwary and simple; and in proportion to the number of precious souls he leads away, his diabolical master recompenses his servant with increased wealth and greater power. Furthermore, most illustrious Prince, he hath a daughter of unearthly beauty, who practises witchcraft and sorcery. She hath led away many simple-minded nobles and brave gentlemen to everlasting perdition by her unholy spells and incantations," said the Jesuit, submissively.

Before the Prince was able to say a word, a thin, treble voice from the body of the hall cried—

"'Tis true, my Lord Duke; the good father says quite truly. I saw that accursed sorcerer raise a man who died of the plague. He was a malefactor, and had escaped from the galleys. No doubt, the sorcerer knew that, and naturally thought he would prove useful to him."

"Ah, my good friend, Pietro, come forward and tell all thou knowest of this damnable heretic and his unholy acts," cried the father.

Thus adjured, Pietro, a little hunchbacked lawyer, came forward, making many lowly obeisances to the Prince and nobles standing around the throne.

Men in those days believed in sorcery, witchcraft, and magic in all its phases, as devoutly as they believed in God and the saints. The crusade against old women and moonstruck maidens was raging in all the fury that ignorance and bigotry can lend. None were spared who fell under the terrible suspicion. Thousands perished amid the cruellest tortures—by fire, by steel, and by the poisoned bowl. Witches and wizards were held accursed by God and man, and he who brought them to judgment was doing God's service and securing divine favour and protection for such meritorious acts. Then the sublime and mystic lore of Chaldea, Egypt, Greece, and Rome became a scoff; the forbidden black arts of bigoted and ignorant barbarians of the middle ages; the purer and simpler, because natural, modes of healing practised by men like Pythagoras, Apollonius of Tyana, Empedocles, Plato, Socrates, and a host of others; besides, the prophets and priests of Israel, from Moses down to the Apostles and early Fathers. The great and grand faith had gradually become corrupt, and declined until it became a byword and term of contempt in the mouth of the ignorant and fanatical.

But all this time we have been wandering from our subject. What are those early sages to us now? The Prince of Ferrara and his bigoted courtiers care more for the evidence of the cripple Pietro than all the wonders of the Esculapea.

The swarthy cheek of the Italian paled; he believed in witchcraft and the black art.

"My lords and nobles, you have all heard the terrible statement made by this honest citizen concerning the dangerous man, Marco Colonna, and his no less dangerous daughter. We ourselves know somewhat of this vile heretic and his accursed arts. The late Duke D'Este was an especial patron and friend to this magician. No doubt, he was under strong spells and charms, which caused my illustrious uncle to remain blind to this Colonna's unholy practices, seeing he was spell-bound and under the power of the Evil One. But, noble sirs, I thank God I am under no such unhallowed influences. Let the traitor be brought to condign punishment. Ye all know the doom of a heretic and sorcerer. Bring his daughter before us, and let her answer the charges brought against her. Destroy the serpent and his vile brood. Where is this slave whom he by the power of the Devil restored to life?—he shall witness against his benefactor. The State and holy Mother Church demand the bodies of this man and his no less guilty child. Let them be taken alive. Should they be harmed in any way, we will punish the offender with death See to it, priest. Let a body

of guards attend thee in thine errand. Seize all the heretic hath. The gold, silver, and rare gems we will reserve for our foreign bride, whose galleys ere this should have reached our shores; the books and other furniture the Church can take to decorate her altars. I care for none of these things," said the duke in an undertone to Father Paulo, who bowed humbly, and glided away like a spirit of evil to execute his mission of woe.

(To be continued.)

THE MAGIC STAFF.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

DEAR SIR,—Many readers of the "The Magic Staff," or Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis have been much disappointed at not finding a portrait of his wife, Mary F. Davis in that volume. After reading the first part of the last chapter on page 545, where he says, "*of her (Mrs. Davis') appearance I need say nothing, as the artist has pictured that in the fore part of this volume,*" which, if he has, all I say is, that it has never been published as yet. Hoping this may meet the eye and reponse of that truly inspired writer through the medium of your pages, I remain yours, &c.,

22 Arundel Street, Landport, Hants. ROBT. H. FRIAR.

THE PRINCIPLES IN NATURE ON WHICH LIKINGS, ATTACHMENTS, AND LOVE DEPEND.—A lecture on the above subject was delivered before the Dublin Philosophical Society by Mr. Iver MacDonnell of that city. He reviewed the researches of Reichenbach into the Odic force; and by a comparison of the brain, in its phrenological aspect, with a central telegraphic establishment with its various departments, and recognising the mesmeric powers of man, as proved in his own experience, showed that the feelings, interacting between the mesmerically and odically related, accounted for these phenomena of the mind. An amusing illustration of Lady Dashaway's ball was given, where all the ladies were collected to the matrimonial market—the rich, the beautiful, the accomplished, &c.—but only one marriage ensued, and this was between a rising young barrister and a plain, unportioned young lady, who happened to be the governess in the family where, unfortunately, he had been invited. The odic sympathy and mesmeric action awakened by dancing, and particularly by the universal practice of kissing, were fully treated by the speaker. The audience, which was numerous, and chiefly ladies, seemed highly pleased with the views advanced as well as the numerous homely illustrations and delicate handling of the subject, and passed the usual vote of thanks. We are glad to see such subjects treated by such practical men as Mr. MacDonnell, and hope the philosophers of Dublin are enlightened as to the reality and power of those forces, which are no less real because not subject to our senses.

HUMAN NATURE:

A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science.

DECEMBER, 1872.

THE SPIRITUAL PRESENCES

AND PROPHETIC CHARACTERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

ISAIAH.

By J. W. JACKSON, M.A.I.

Author of "Ethnology and Phrenology, as an Aid to the Historian," "Ecstatics of Genius," &c., &c., &c.

IN our former papers we beheld seerdom in action; we have now to contemplate it under what some may conceive the nobler guise of thought. Albeit, so grand were its deeds, so exalted its motives, so heroic its self-denial, and so sublime its entire being and bearing under the former phase of manifestation, that it seems scarcely possible for a higher stage of existence to be attained to by perishing mortality on this nightly shaded and often eclipsed earth. What can transcend the career of an Elijah? Is there anthem or invocation, pæan or prayer, that ever proceeded from human lips which can be said to surpass in its spoken greatness the actual doing and enduring, the positively achieved result, which constituted the life of this prince of the prophets? What invective against idolatry, however eloquently worded, however sound in argument, withering in satire, though its sentences were rolled off as the volleyed thunder and its blows dealt with the brilliancy and force of the lightning's flash, could equal in actual force that sublime scene on Mount Carmel, when the living fire from heaven approved of the lonely prophet's holy and fearless sacrifice, and when he, with the terrible severity of a God-appointed judge, slew the four hundred and fifty misleaders of Israel at Kishon? Or what act of soul-communion with the Infinite, fashioned into the form of an uttered and preserved in the shape of a written prayer, ever approached to that awe-inspiring transaction on Mount Horeb, when the wind, the earthquake, and the fire passed by as the mighty precursors of the still small voice that comforted the saddened seer in his

affliction, and while directing him whom to consecrate as his successor, commissioned him also to anoint a king over Syria and another over Israel? Here was an interaction between man and his Maker, which, whether in itself or its accessories, its manner or its matter, exceeds by all measurable degrees whatever genius has inscribed as a memento of its power, or devotion has left as an evidence of its zeal. And that fiery translation—so joyously anticipated and so triumphantly undergone—what psalm, though it were of David, or what song of triumph, though it were of Miriam, or what descriptive painting of celestial grandeur and glory, though from the pen of an Ezekiel or a St. John, ever equalled that superhuman ascension from a world of suffering and death into the cloudless regions of bliss and immortality?

Let us not, however, undervalue the writers any more than the doers of great things. Thought is a godlike attribute, and while our debt of obligation is inexpressible to those heroic men who fought the good fight by the marvellous deeds of a resistless seerdom, wielding the elemental forces of nature from a plane of action to which philosophy never ascended, and on which science still looks in despair, we would not be sparing of our gratitude to those gifted spirits whose glowing imaginations have framed the pictures, and whose burning words have communicated the glorious annunciations of scriptural prophecy. We speak in rapt admiration of the eloquence of Demosthenes and the sublimity of Æschylus, nor are we faint in our praises of the exalted morality of Socrates or the divine philosophy of Plato; but where in the whole compass of classical literature shall we find aught that can approach in real depth and earnestness of thought, in transcendent grandeur of imagery, in sublimity of conception or eloquence of expression, those truly inspired passages in which the prophet bards of Israel, as the appointed spokesmen of their God, announce his judgments or proclaim his mercies to men. How insignificant is the laboured logic of philosophy when compared with the untutored rhetoric of devotion. As well might we compare the gods of Homer, characterised by their human frailties and earthly attributes, with the awful presence of Jehovah, clothed in omniscience as a garment and robed in omnipotence as a vesture.

Till recently, Hebrew literature might be said to want an exponent, for among all the various schools of European criticism not one seems to have directed its attention to this most interesting department of investigation. The older commentators were so overawed by the sacred character of the Bible that they read its pages as if spellbound, their judgment being overwhelmed and paralysed by the very excess, or rather misdirection, of their

veneration; while later writers on the subject were so occupied with philological, antiquarian, and other provinces of inquiry foreign to the merits of the contributors as authors, that, in their anxiety to correct his text, illustrate his meaning, or explain his allusions, they generally forgot to estimate the capacity or direct attention to the genius of the writer. Now, however, men appear to be emerging from the serfdom of the former and the pedantry of the latter state of things, and while profoundly reverencing the sacred volume as a providentially preserved collection of inspired productions of the most gifted minds of a peculiarly devout and specially vocationed people, they are yet not so blinded by this excess of light as to be rendered incapable of attempting to discriminate between the mental endowments of one sweet singer or one eloquent seer and another. And here we would observe that however the native powers of an author may be sublimated and exalted by ecstasy, yet is there, nevertheless, a certain all-pervading character in his writings by which they receive the recognisable stamp of his individuality, and remain distinguishable as his productions.

This, then, leads us to the great question of inspiration as a producing cause of prophetical, poetical, and other writings, sacred and profane; and in the first place, let us define what we conceive to be the difference between talent and genius. The former results from the operation of mental power, manifested in a natural and normal condition of the faculties; the latter is a product of exalted function, making a more or less near approach to ecstatic illumination. Under the first we obtain thought eventuating in logically deduced conclusions, together with imagination resulting in the formation of conceptions obviously immediately compounded of sensuous impressions, combinations, in short, not creations; while under the latter we develop lucid intuition, with its direct perception and lightning-like apprehension of truth, independently of any intervening process of conscious excogitation, together with an action of the imagination so vivid and intense, so evocative and plastic, as to resemble in its effects the evolution of beauty and order from the crude and conflicting elements of chaos by a creative fiat, rather than the laboured construction befitting mere human effort. This constitutes that first stage of the afflatus, or inrushing of the universal spirit, under which man becomes so far its obedient, and therefore, potent, instrument as to be capable of musical, artistic, or literary composition of a character so exalted that all duly susceptible minds are impressed by it with a feeling of power and originality never experienced except from contact with the works of genius. The second and still higher stage of interior illuminations, under which the subject appears to be not

merely pervaded but filled by light and potency from the central mind, of which he becomes then, not so much a detached instrument, as a living, outgrowing, and participant organ, constitutes the prophetic, in which man is not only a gifted human poet but a heavenly-appointed vates, before the penetrating and all-pervasive cognitions of whose divinely-illumined spirit the barriers of time and space become evanescent, the past and future are resolved into an everlasting now, and the distant is compassed by an ever present here; the mortal is merged in the immortal, the temporal is lost in the eternal, and the human is absorbed in the divine. The man and his Maker are one, and in so far as the unworthy and earthly vessel can become a befitting recipient of this celestial dew, in so far as his stammering tongue and trembling hand can give effective utterance to the glorious visions and profound intuitions that crowd upon his adoring and recipient soul, in so far may we too be privileged to catch these far off and faintly reverberated echoes of omniscient revelation.

Seerdom, like all other vocations, has its degrees, from the vague presentiment of an individual and immediately impending catastrophe up to the prevision of judgments reserved for the ages, and, glorious still, hidden from ungifted eyes by the impenetrable veil of intervening centuries. In this, as in the physical sphere, altitude appears conducive to extent of view, and thus contemplated, the moral exaltation of the Hebrew prophets immeasurably transcends that of all their heathen rivals. An Isaiah chanting his foreboding songs of woe over the suffering, and his preluding anthems of triumph before the victorious Messiah, presents a mental stature beneath which Sibyls and Pythia are dwarfed and Roman soothsayers sink into insignificance. After nearly three millenniums, while receiving the fulfilment of the first part of his wonderful predictions as satisfactory earnest of the truth of the remainder, we have yet to await the realisation of the latter in the same humble and reliant faith as the men of an antecedent epoch. How profoundly recipient of the higher influences of the universal spirit must have been that exalted soul which could be thus made the fitting instrument for such far-stretching annunciations. How beautifully attuned and how delicately constituted that harp, whose strings could thus vibrate in sympathetic unison with the movements of omnipotence, grandly pulsing across the gulf of so dread a period. How true and how pure the mirror which could so clearly reflect those majestic lineaments of "the Coming Man," lost to all others in the shadowy indistinctness of vast and immeasurable distance.

It is in the writings of the Hebrew seers that we obtain the best evidence of the prophetic mission being based upon and, in

a sense, evolved out of the poetic temperament. How sublime the imagery, how beautiful the comparisons, how fervid the eloquence, and how vivid the descriptions of those matchless anthems, in whose "organ tones" this sweet singer of Israel foretells his people of their doom and humanity of its hopes. The surgings as of the Infinite are heard welling up from the profoundest depths in these unequalled compositions. The radiance as of supernal glory and the grandeur as of celestial majesty burst forth in irrepressible manifestation through these angelic chants, whose transcendent language, powerful, appropriate, and eloquent, threatens, nevertheless, to succumb beneath the overwhelming burden of that momentous revelation, which is conveyed in its burning words and rythmic sentences. Fervent in his appeals, terrible in his denunciations, and withering in his invectives, Isaiah wields the mental lightnings of omnipotence, and overawes while he consumes by the exceeding brightness of his prophetic glory. From the murmur of the zephyr to the roar of the tempest, from the dying cadences of the evening breeze to the deafening thunder tones of the tropical tornado, every variation in the scale of sound and sense reverberates from his God-inspired and mystic pages. Well might the angel touch his lips with living fire from the altar, for from none has a message of greater import been pronounced, and by none was language ever wielded with more of the power of the orator or the music of the poet. It would almost seem as if the genius of Israel brightened as its fortunes waned, that the former glowed as the latter faded, the approaching captivity of their bodies sufficing to yet more effectually emancipate the spirit of this wayward though devoted, this erring though faithful people.

Of Palestine's bardic seers Isaiah is beyond question the first. As Elijah transcends all others in the sphere of action, grandly filling up our noblest *beau ideal* of the sacred hero by the magnanimity of his resolves, the dauntless courage of his deeds, the firmness of his endurance, and the sublimity of his end, so does the son of Amos complete our conception of the prophetic author by the grandeur of his theme, the vastitude of his ideas, the commanding vigour of his style, and the momentous importance of his subject. Proclaiming as with the trumpet-voice of an Apocalyptic angel the far off though assuredly predestined termination of the Mosaic dispensation, he chants, in anthems that might have been sung by the morning stars on Creation's natal morn, the equally assured advent of that greater than Moses, the God-commissioned conqueror of death and sin, the heaven sent champion of the oppressed, the victor of evil, the destroyer of Satan; coming first as a lamb, slain in purpose from

the beginning, meek under reproach, passive under suffering, and submissive under indignity, bowing his head unto the death of shame reserved to him as the portal to an everlasting kingdom, yet returning as a lion, and rending his enemies in the fury of his wrath and trampling on his foes in the fierceness of his ire; stern in his demands, unalterable in his decrees, implacable in his vengeance, and resistless in his power, no longer the innocent victim of injustice, but himself the regal judge, before whose dread throne a world is summoned to receive the award of its iniquities and suffer the punishment of its misdeeds. Isaiah has been called the fifth evangelist, but he was more than this, for, while predicting the first, he also foresaw the second Messianic advent, and after mourning over the woes and humiliation of the former in notes of concentrated agony unequalled throughout the entire range of sacred and profane literature for the deep and concentrated intensity of their wail of grief and lamentation, he bounds, as by a superhuman vault, to the full altitude of triumphant rejoicing at a victory, where the battle was for God, and the conquest not that of mortal men over their enemies, but of the influences of Heaven over the forces of Hell. We admire the spirited pæans of classic poets, and are stirred by chivalrous chants of mediæval troubadours, but what is a lyric of Pindar or a song of Roland when compared with the voiced thunder in which this prince of holy penmen proclaims the triumphant arrival of Israel's long expected king, with the rejoicing of his friends, the confusion of his enemies, and the establishment of his empire on the ruins of all antecedent powers, like a new creation worked by a divine fiat from amidst the chaotic elements of a previously dissolved and dismembered world?

Perhaps a few remarks here on the distinction between genius and seerdom may not be wholly misplaced. The former is the result of so much ecstatic exaltation of such a degree of lucidity as may suffice to produce a spontaneous and quasi-automatic activity of the higher faculties of thought or imagination. Under it the orator speaks without effort, the author writes without labour, the artist designs directly, and without a continuously constructive process, from his glowing conceptions, and the musician composes, as the birds chant their anthems, to relieve the fulness of an overflowing spirit. In each is the rapture of inspiration, the delight, unutterable in words, of exercising creative power. On the two former, ideas rush like a torrent and language is supplied as from an exhaustless fountain; they are spoken through, and become great, commanding, sublime, profound, and original, just in proportion to their absorption in the subject and their childlike submission to the dictates of the

spirit. Instruments and agents of a power greater than themselves, their utterances when at this altitude are Pythonic, and their wisdom is oracular. Such, we may venture to pronounce from the internal evidence of his works, was the mental condition of Shakespeare while originating some of the noblest and most rythmic passages of his immortal dramas. Such, though in a minor degree, was the state of John Milton when the organ tones of "Paradise Lost" rolled from the lips of this Christian Homer on the ears of his filial amanuensis. While of the state of the true artist, who is ever the veritable poet, the *creator* and not the mere copier and reproducer, during the composition of his undying incarnations of the beautiful, we have an account in the experiences of Raphael, that prince of ecstatic painters, who, in designing his best paintings, never thought of the rules of art, and wrought in perfect freedom, untrammelled by a single law that might limit the more than eagle flight of his daring yet never erratic genius. Some subject presented itself to his mind, welling up spontaneously, that is *revealed,* from the profounder depths of the unconscious, that storehouse of the grandly possible, whence the meagre actual is ever birthed, and he simply projected his conception on the canvas. A labour of love, his imperishable works are the offshadowments in which a gifted and glorious mind sought to communicate its fairer visions to others. They are effluences from a spirit suffused with the divinity, outpourings from a fountain fed by celestial springs, transfusions through earthly media of influences in which the angels share, and wherewith the sons of God are made glad. Nor is the musician less a heaven-taught child, to whose listening ears the notes of seraphic harpers float in unutterable sweetness in the evening air, and to whom the echoes of archangelic anthems are borne not faintly on the morning breeze; to whom the spirit of harmony softly whispers in the myriad hum of insect life rejoicing in the sunny splendour of summer fields, or loudly thunders in the voices of the tempest as it rushes on the wings of night over the groaning forest, or swoops like a bird of prey on the devoted argosy, lashing the waters into foam by the sweep of its pinions, and driving billows to the shore like frightened doves to their cot at the approach of the falcon.

Well has it been said that all thought is inspiration. From the child's carol to the poet's anthem, and from the peasant's gossip to the prophet's annunciation, we hear but the several notes of that sublime Æolian which, breathed on by the universal spirit, sends forth those floods of varied harmony that constitute humanity's unresting worship of the ever-present Father. Beyond question all utterances are sacred, and all aspirations are divine. Order, however, is Heaven's first law, and in this, as in

all things else, there are diversities of gift and specialities of endowment, and we must not, therefore, confound the God-sent revelations of ecstatic seerdom with the commonplace babble of everyday life or of passing literature. Nay, if we would be just to the subject or wise to ourselves, we shall not fail to distinguish between even the grandest of these epic or tragic compositions, which men have, as by one consent, agreed to call immortal, but which are nevertheless essentially temporal, and, we may say, earthly in their scope and tendency, and those other and more sacred productions, in which the author, spoken through of God, subordinates beauty to power, and uses the noblest of literary accomplishments but as instrumentalities for the more effectual communication of that portentous message to the ages, whereof he is the heavenly-commissioned herald. The mount whence an Isaiah utters his far-stretching prophecies of Messianic suffering and millennial triumph, presents a vantage ground from whence even the lofty thrones of a Homer and Æschylus, a Dante and Shakespeare, are overlooked and commanded. The mystic fountains whence his floods of unapproachable eloquence well forth, are nearer to the heart of the universe, and send forth a tide richer in divine life and more unmistakably redolent of celestial influences. The stronger pulsing and the deeper movement of which you are so vividly conscious while perusing those sacred compositions, is evidence that they have originated nearer to the centre of being, and have lost less of its holy effluence in transmission than the highest and noblest of profane productions. In the latter the stamp of man is everywhere discernible, in the former the impress of a God is frequently discoverable; the one are merely human, and the other are essentially divine communications. By the first, if duly impressionable, we are cultured, but by the second we are re-created. By the one our intellect is enlightened and sublimated, so that our cognitions are increased, our thoughts rendered more profound, and our conceptions more beautiful; the outworks of the soul are possessed, but its citadel is unsubdued. But by the other our passions are controlled, our affections are purified, our principles are exalted, and, as a consequence, our sentiments are ennobled, our aspirations become more elevated, and our emotions, while profounder in their origin, are grander in their character; hence, if duly susceptible, we undergo moral regeneration, and become renewed and reconstituted, as by the magnetic emanation of a superior nature. We have undergone interspheration with a nobler order of being, and have partaken in some measure of the greatness of its endowments and the sanctity of its feelings.

Of all the prophetic writings extant, the Jewish hold, beyond question, the first rank. The product of a high-caste Caucasian

tribe, they bear throughout that impress of true intellectual power which ever characterises the higher mental emanations of this noble stock. Of Semitic descent, the Israelitish seers possessed in fullest measure and in richest quality the devotional proclivity, which has been from time immemorial a distinctive feature of this specially endowed family. Inheriting the pure and exalted faith of their Abrahamic sires in the unity and spirituality of the Deity, their fiery and consuming zeal was never misdirected to the worship of inferior and unworthy objects. Of Oriental lineage, they were, both from education and mental constitution, prone to illustration rather than demonstration, and whether in the aptitude or grandeur of their figures, in the simplicity of their parables, or the beauty of their apologues, show themselves everywhere the complete masters of analogy. Poets of the highest order, their taste is equal to their power, so that in their grandest flights they are a law unto themselves, never pushing the sublime to the verge of the ridiculous, nor using the beautiful till it merges in the grotesque. Living during a period of national misfortune and degradation, they were the heriocally exceptional minds of a decadent epoch, and have, by the fragmentary remnant of their unrivalled works, redeemed the character of a whole people from the otherwise well merited opprobrium of barbarous fanaticism united in apparently incongruous but not unexampled alliance with national corruption. Leaders of their own and teachers of succeeding times, their mighty thoughts constitute the cyclopean blocks on which, as an immutable foundation, the temple of humanity's faith has since rested in security amidst the storms of ages. Their holy aspirations impart grandeur to our litanies, their fervent prayers are embodied in our matin anthems, and their orisons are interwoven with the most sacred breathings of our vesper hymns. They stand alone in the history of extant literature a reverend and worshipful brotherhood, sanctified and set apart from the ordinary vanities of commonplace literature, a holy priesthood, devoted to the teaching not so much the minds as the spirits of men.

BUDDHISM.*

No. II.

MR. Cooper, in his "Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce," tells us, from a source on which he relied, that "magical operations are

* Souvenirs D'un Voyage dans La Tartarie, Le Thibet et La Chine, par M. Huc, Pretre Missionaire, pendant les Anneés, 1844-45-46 ; published by Adrien Leclere et Co., Paris, 1850. Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce, in Pigtail and Petticoats, by T. T. Cooper ; published by J. Murray, 1870.

the essence of present Lamanism." M. Huc says—"Medicine is exclusively exercised by the lamas, or Buddhist priests, in Tartary. Since, according to their religion, it is always a *Tchutgour*, or devil, who torments the sick man by his presence, the first thing to be done in their medical treatment is the expulsion of this devil. The lama physician is also the druggist. They do not use minerals; their remedies are always composed of pulverised herbs formed into pills. When the supply of pills fails, the doctor is not disconcerted; he writes on small pieces of paper the name of the remedy, with certain Thibetian characters; then he rolls the papers between his fingers after having wetted it with saliva. The sick man takes these little balls with as much confidence as if they were veritable pills. Whether you swallow the name of the remedy or the remedy itself, say the Tartars, the results are absolutely similar.

"After the medical treatment employed to facilitate the expulsion of the demon, the lama orders prayers to be offered up in conformity to the quality of the demon who is to be dislodged. If the sick person is poor, the *Tchutgour* is evidently a small one, and in consequence the prayers are short. But if he is rich, if he is the possessor of large flocks, the affair is different. The first thing to be done is, that the sick man should at once perceive that the demon who has caused the disease is a powerful and terrible demon, that he is one of the chiefs of the class; and since it is not decent that a great demon should travel like a little *Tchutgour*, he must have some handsome clothes prepared for him, an elegant hat, a good pair of boots, and, above all, a young and vigorous horse. If all these are not forthcoming, it is quite certain the demon will not depart, so, in that case, remedies and prayers would be thrown away. It may even happen that one horse is not sufficient, for the demon is sometimes so elevated in rank that he is attended by a suite of servants and courtesans; then the number of horses exacted by the lama is unlimited; all depends upon the property of the sick person.

"When all is prepared the ceremony commences. Several lamas are invited from the neighbouring lamaseries, and prayers are continued for eight or even fifteen days, until, in fact, the lamas perceive that the demon has departed, or that it is time for them to depart. If, however, the sick man dies, it is then a certain proof that the prayers have been well recited, and that the demon has really been put to flight: it is quite true that the sick man is dead, but he will be certainly no loser on that account, for assuredly he will transmigrate into a more happy condition than that which he has quitted."

M. Huc visited a Mogul family in order to initiate himself into the language and manners of the people. "One day the

old aunt of the chief or head of the family was taken with intermittent fever. I would certainly call in the doctor lama, said the chief, named *Pokoura,* but if he tells me that there is a *Tchutgour,* what will become of me? The expense will ruin me. The invalid got no better, and after some days the chief decided to call in the doctor lama; his foresight was confirmed. The lama pronounced that a devil did possess the old lady, and that it must be exorcised without a moment's delay. That evening eight lamas arrived, and immediately set to work to fashion, with dried grass, a large manikin which they said was the demon of intermittent fever, and by means of a stake fastened between the legs of the figure they stuck up this manikin in the tent where the invalid inhabited.

"The ceremony commenced at eleven o'clock at night; the lamas arranged themselves in a circle at the end of the tent, furnished with cymbals, marine shells, bells, tambourines, and other instruments of their noisy music. The circle was enlarged in front by the family of the invalid, nine in number; they were all squatting on the ground and crowded together; the old woman knelt in front of the manikin which represented the fever demon. The lama doctor had before him a large copper basin full of millet-seed and little images made of flour. A smoky fire made of dried dung* cast a fantastic and wavering glare over this strange assembly.

"At a signal given the orchestra executed an overture sufficient to frighten the boldest devil. The seculars clapped their hands in cadence with the charivari of instruments and the howlings of the prayers. When this outrageous music was over, the head lama opened his book of exorcisms, which he placed on his knees. As he chanted, he took out of the basin some of the millet-seeds and threw them about, as the rubric directed. The head lama prayed now generally alone, sometimes with tones lugubrious and stifled, sometimes with loud and long bursts. Now he suddenly broke, to all appearance, into violent tones of anger, gesticulating and addressing himself to the manikin of hay. After this terrible exorcism, the chief lama gave a signal by stretching out his arms; all the lamas intoned a noisy refrain with great rapidity, all the musical instruments were put to full play; the family jumped up quickly, rushed out of the tent, and walked around it, beating the tent violently with sticks, at the same time crying out with all the force of their lungs. After having executed this noisy round three times, the file hastily

* Dried dung is the chief fuel of Tartary. We have heard it said that the same kind of fuel has been used in Ireland, which is supposed to have been anciently a Buddhist country. They use dried dung in Tartary because there are so few trees, and it is light to carry.

re-entered the tent, and each returned to his place. Then, while all the company hid their faces in their hands, the chief lama arose to set fire to the manikin. As soon as the flame began to rise, the chief lama cried out with a loud voice, and this cry was repeated by all present. The seculars seized the burning manikin and carried it off far from the tent. Whilst the demon of intermittent fever consumed amidst cries and imprecations, the lamas remained seated on the ground in the tent, intoning their prayers peaceably, gravely, and with solemnity.

"On the return of the family from their grand expedition the chanting ceased, and was replaced by shouts of joy broken by loud bursts of laughter. Soon every one rushed out of the tent, each carrying in his hand a lighted torch; a procession was formed; the seculars walked first, next came the old woman, the invalid, supported right and left by members of the family; behind the invalid marched the eight lamas with all their music in full blast. The old woman was supported to a neighbouring tent, for the lama doctor had decreed that she must not return to her own habitation until the moon had run a monthly course. After this peculiar treatment the invalid was entirely cured; the access of fever did not return."

Here is an incident of the journey of Messrs. Huc and Gabet, on their perilous road from Pekin to Lhassa:—

"The fifteenth day of the new moon we encountered several caravans, following, as we did, the direction from east to west. The road was filled with men, women, and children, mounted on camels or oxen. They told us they were all going to the lamasery of Rache-Tchurin. When they asked us if our object was the same as theirs, they appeared astonished at our negative response. Their surprise roused our curiosity. At a turning of the road we overtook an old lama who appeared to walk with difficulty, as he had a heavy package on his back. 'Brother,' we said, 'thou art old, thy white hairs are more numerous than the black; thou must be fatigued; place thy burden on the back of one of our camels.' After the pilgrim was relieved of his load, when his walk had become more elastic and his countenance brighter, we asked him why all these pilgrims were pacing the desert? We are all going to Rache-Tchurin, he answered, with accents full of devotion. Without doubt some great solemnity calls you to the lamasery? Yes, to-morrow ought to be a grand day; a lama *bokt* will manifest his power; he will kill himself, but will not die. . . . We at once understood the kind of solemnity which had put all these Tartars and Ortous on the move. A lama was about to rip up his stomach, take out his entrails, place them before him, and then return to his normal state. This spectacle, atrocious and disgusting as it is, is nevertheless very common in

the lamaseries of Tartary. The *bokt* who is 'to manifest his power,' as the Mongols express it, prepares himself for this formidable act by many days of prayer and fasting. During this time he must forego all communication with other men and keep in absolute silence. When the day arrives the multitude of pilgrims assemble in the large court of the lamasery, and an altar is raised in front of the doors of the temple. The *bokt* appears. He advances gravely, the people saluting him with loud acclamations. He moves to the altar and there he sits. He draws from his belt a long cutlass which he places on his knees. At his feet a number of lamas arranged in a circle raise loud invocations. As the prayers proceed the *bokt* is perceived to tremble in all his members, and then gradually to fall into phrenetical convulsions. The lamas become more and more excited; their voices are no longer measured; their chants become disorderly, till at length their recitations are changed into howlings. And it is now that the *bokt* suddenly casts off the scarf which envelopes him, detaches his belt, and, seizing the sacred cutlass, cuts up his stomach through all its length. While the blood is flowing from every part, the multitude falling before this horrible spectacle, interrogates the fanatic concerning hidden subjects, future events, on the destiny of certain persons. The *bokt* replies to all these questions by answers which are regarded as oracles by all.

"When the devout curiosity of the numerous pilgrims is satisfied, the lamas recommence the recitation of prayers with calmness and gravity. The *bokt* gathers up, with his right hand, some of the blood, carries it to his mouth, blows on it three times, and then casts it in the air with much clamour. He rapidly passes his hand over the wound and all returns to its primitive state, without leaving a trace of this diabolical operation beyond extreme languor. The *bokt* rolls his scarf again around his body, recites a short prayer with a low voice, and all is over. And now the pilgrims disperse, with the exception of the most devout, who stay to contemplate and adore the blood-stained altar.

"These horrible ceremonies occur with sufficient frequency in the large lamaseries of Tartary and Thibet. We do not the least believe that facts of this kind can be always placed to the account of trickery, for after all we have seen and heard among idolatrous nations we are persuaded that the demon plays a great part in the matter. Beyond this, our belief is fortified in this respect by the opinion of the Buddhists, who are best instructed and most honest, whom we have encountered in the numerous lamaseries we have visited.

"All lamas have not the power to operate these prodigies. Those, for example, who have the horrible capacity of cutting

themselves open are never found among the lamas of higher rank. They are ordinarily simple lamas of bad character, and held in small esteem by their colleagues. The lamas who are sensible generally asseverate their horror of spectacles of this description. In their eyes all these operations are perverse and diabolical. The good lamas, they say, have it not in their power to execute things of this kind, and are careful to guard against seeking to acquire the impious talent.

"Although these demoniac operations are generally decried in the well-regulated lamaseries, nevertheless the superiors do not prohibit them. On the contrary, there are during the year certain days of solemnity reserved for these disgusting spectacles. Interest is doubtless the sole motive which can urge the chief lamas to permit actions which their conscience disproves.

"The above is one of the most notable *sié-fa, i.e.*, 'perverse powers' possessed by the lamas. Others of a like kind are less grandiose and more in vogue. These they practise at home and not on public solemnities. They will heat a piece of iron red hot and lick it with their tongues. They will make incisions in their bodies, and an instant after not the least trace of the wound remains, &c., &c. All these operations should be preceded by prayers.

"We once met a lama who. as every body said, could fill a vase with water by repeating a prayer. We could never get him to do this in our presence. He used to tell us that as we did not hold the same faith as he did, his attempts would be not only fruitless, but, moreover, would expose him to great danger. One day he recited to us the prayer of his *sié-fa* as he called it. The form was not long, but it would be easy to recognise an invocation direct for the assistance of the demon. It was this. 'I know thee; thou knowest me. Come, old friend, do what I ask thee. Bring the water and fill this vase which I hold up. What is it for thy great power just to fill a vase with water? I know that thou puttest a good price upon a vase of water, but what signifies that: do what I ask of thee, and fill this vase that I present. Later we will make up our accounts. On the day fixed thou wilt take all that belongs to thee.' Sometimes these formularies are without effect, then the prayers change to abuse and imprecations against him who was invoked but just before."

The missionaries determined to become spectators of this famous scene as detailed by their fellow-travellers, when a lama should "kill himself and yet not die." They came to this conclusion with the hope that their presence might deter the obnoxious ceremony. M. Huc says—"To encourage us in our design we rejoiced in recalling the history of Simon Magus, who, through the prayer of St. Peter, was stopped in his flight through

the air, and precipitated from on high at the feet of his admirers." Singularly enough, however, a chapter of accidents befel them on the way. First their old lama guide left them for a road leading to an encampment behind a mountain they were passing in order to buy provisions. One of the fathers, M. Gabet, mounted on his camel, followed the pilgrim lama for the same purpose, while M. Huc and their servant were left to pursue the regular route. These latter, however, first lost their way, then the baggage camel, usually so quiet, made a regular stampede, followed by M. Huc's horse and the servant's mule. Then the missionaries lost each other, nor did they meet again until it was too late for the *sié-fa*, for they did not arrive at the lamasery of Rache-Tchurin until the day after the performance.

W. R. T.

[Let us add that however disgusting and improper the purpose for which the above power was exerted, yet it demonstrates the existence of psychological faculties and spiritual relations which, guided by good and intellectual motives, might be of incalculable benefit to mankind. The missionaries have evidently been ignorant of spiritual science, and hence looked on these phenomena as superstitiously as the performers and devotees. The Dervishes of Western Asia exercise similar powers.—Ed. *H. N.*]

NOTE.—In the first article of this series, which appeared last month, some typographical errors occur. The word "Thibet" in note is prefixed by the article *la* instead of *le;* and on page 494, line 6th, after the word "moreover," "not" should have been inserted, which reverses the meaning expressed.

THE SUFFERINGS OF A WIFE POISONER IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

(To the Editor.)

DEAR SIR,—I am entirely of your opinion, that Spiritualism is yet only at the investigation stage. During the process, however, I think it will not be a bad plan, nor contrary to the scientific method, to take stock of the knowledge already acquired, observe one's position, number the adherents, and mark the present level attained, before proceeding to gain a higher one. There is one point upon which Spiritualists are all agreed, and that is the possibility of communication between the incarnated and the disincarnated, or in other words, the living and the dead. The thousands of facts observed leave no doubt of this, and the logical consequence of this certainty is the immortality of our individuality. But what is the law which governs this communication? How are we to arrive at a knowledge of the means necessary to evoke

exactly the spirit desired, and what certain proof can be obtained of his identity? Hitherto it is all a mystery. Is there no way, dear sir, by means of the many re-unions of which your publications are the echo, to put such questions occasionally at all the circles, and endeavour to obtain a rational solution? I think that its importance will strike you, for scepticism will no longer be possible, when a proceeding recognised by science can be discovered by which a channel may be made for any spirit required, and who is able to prove his identity.

In the meanwhile, do you not think with me that it would be interesting to gather from the spirits themselves, information about their super-terrestrial existence? In comparing their different teachings, can not we get some idea of the laws which govern that world which all of us in our turn will have to become acquainted with? Would not a knowledge of these laws, if it could be obtained, serve as a land-mark leading eventually to what I alluded to above—a criterion of super-terrestrial communications, always using our experience and reason in accepting or rejecting the assertions of the spirits. I think it useful and profitable to gather and carefully make a note of what they say, and thus to furnish materials in the search of truth. This is what has induced me to send you a narration made me by a spirit with whom I have been in relation for many years. A few words of explanation are necessary.

Three hundred years ago, a person whose name you must excuse me for not mentioning, was living in a town in the south of Germany; he was a learned, well-informed man, acquainted with all the knowledge of his century. He had married at a ripe age a young woman whom he loved to distraction. In company with rare qualities, however, were to be found great defects. He had a hasty and vindictive temper, and his great love caused him to be blindly jealous. He believed his wife was unfaithful to him, and the idea of vengeance took possession of his soul. He did not kill her in a moment of anger, but being a skilful chemist he gradually poisoned her, watching with satisfaction the punishment of her treachery. This crime accomplished with an extraordinary subtlety remained undiscovered. He lived long afterwards respected by his contemporaries, suffering more from the grief of having been deceived, than from remorse on account of the act he had committed with such vengeful and pitiless perseverance. Wonderful to relate, he did not cease to love the woman he had caused to die a lingering death. He loved her in killing her, he loved her when dead, and this love increased in intensity when he thought of the happiness he had lost.

It was only after an acquaintance of several years that this

spirit decided to relate his life to me. He always believed in the culpability of his wife, and could not hear her name mentioned without suffering the greatest pain. But a little while ago the truth became apparent to him, and he discovered that his wife had been calumniated, and that his crime had been committed against an innocent person. He has found the spirit of his wife pure and shining—she who has never ceased to love him, and who now helps him to become better, and has pardoned him.

Please to observe that more than three hundred years have elapsed between the crime and the pardon, and that neither he nor she have been re-incarnated; nevertheless, progress has taken place, light shines upon this poor tormented soul, and his happiness has commenced.

I was curious to know what sensations so material a soul had experienced upon quitting the earth, and I found a striking analogy between them and those of a spirit whose account of his experiences I published in Mr. Pierart's journal last January. I will now give the spirit's own relation of his journey to the other life. "I felt a terrible agony at the moment of my quitting my envelope, this agony was not only moral, it was also organic. I experienced an indescribable physical fatigue, then my eyes became clouded, and I was all at once transported into the midst of a thick and dark mist. After an interval of I cannot tell you how long, this darkness began gradually to diminish, and I felt myself a little relieved; I was able to distinguish, though confusedly, objects. I tried to move, but all movement was impossible. I felt no support anywhere, neither could I find my body; I felt like a swimmer supported in the water, for I seemed to be thus floating: this state was agonising, for my perception was awake without my being able to comprehend what was happening around me. I remained thus for some time, after which the cloud became less dense and I was able to see myself in the midst of an unknown crowd, composed of spirits who were surrounding me and making game of me. My first desire when I recovered recollection of earthy things, was to see my body again, and what had belonged to me. I felt a singular and powerful attachment for all my surroundings during the latter portion of my earthy career. Then the revival of my memory enabled me to recall all the actions of my life, and this examination filled me with remorse and suffering. Remorse indeed followed close upon the awakening of memory, the first image that appeared before me like a horrible apparition, was that of my poor Wilhelmine. I saw my victim writhing in the agony so long caused by my dire vengeance; her large eyes fixed upon me burned me with the fire of the executioner. This terrible vision lasted a long while; I tried in vain to escape from

it; this was quite impossible, because I carried it with me. Then one day I saw myself suddenly illuminated with a bright light, and I heard a spirit whose face was unknown to me, speaking of God and repentance. I was so overcome with anger, that not only did I blaspheme with my mouth, but I was driven mad through incredulity—I sank again into a dreadful darkness. The cloud that surrounded me became so thick, that I seemed to be enveloped in fetid mud; it seemed as if I had found my body, and that it was consumed by burning coals, and that my sense of smell was restored to me only that I might be tortured by the emanations of a heavy and infected atmosphere. All hope had disappeared. I am unable to say how much time was thus consumed, I only know that I was horrified by the sight and touch of foul reptiles when light again appeared, and this time I recognised my father in the spirit who came to my assistance. Advice now had more effect, I yielded to it, and for the first time repentance found its way to my heart and I prayed.

"Prayer produced a great calm and an almost general mitigation of my suffering. A number of the elect joined me in my prayer, and we remained friends for some time. A ray of light traversed my cloud and bathed me in its mild refulgence; I experienced the satisfaction of an invalid who, after long confinement, is allowed to breathe the fresh air. I began to hope for pardon, and as I perceived that prayer modified the atmosphere, in making it more sweet and pure, I prayed—I prayed to God with fervour. Unfortunately, at the bottom of my heart there was hatred of mankind, and this prevented the complete re-establishment of my happiness; I remained plunged in a deep apathy, only animated by two sentiments—love to God, and attraction towards the infinite. I was, however, indignant at being excluded from the band of elect. Then it was that I saw approach the spirit that had first spoken to me: he explained to me that he had been appointed my guardian during my earthly career. He spoke about the mission that each spirit has to fulfil towards men, in order to redeem evil by good. I returned among the living, I assisted the suffering, fulfilling a duty, but without any love for humanity. This lasted a very long time, after which it was permitted me to enter into relation with you. My guardian angel had been the messenger of peace and partly of pardon. You, my friend, have been the rainbow of love which has united me to humanity. I am still occasionally troubled, but these attacks are short and promptly disappear with prayer.

"My narrative is finished, I have suffered cruelly, but how can I describe to you the beatitude with which my soul is inundated when after prayer I am filled with the hope of pardon. What are three hundred years—a thousand years in comparison with

eternity—an atom: the life of man only fills an imperceptible space in its duration, and to redeem the evil which is committed in a life-time, you see what a length of time and what sufferings are necessary. Let that give you an idea of the purity of God. You must be more than pure to please him. His bounty has no limits; for an expiation very small with respect to the infinite, gives us peace and glory for all eternity."

It is not without reason, dear sir, that I insist upon the importance of this recital. If, on the one hand, it is necessary to pass the revelations that come to us from beyond the tomb through the sieve of our examination, it is certain that the spirits are competent to inform us as to their mode of existence. A study of their impressions and sensations becomes then indispensable, and the similarity of their assertions enables us to conclude as to the law that governs them.

Now it appears to me that two profound teachings may be drawn from what has just been read. The first is the possibility of progressing and becoming better in the super-terrestrial life, without having to undergo the necessity of a re-incarnation. Here is a great criminal guilty of crime committed in cold blood, with a barbarous persistence that makes one tremble. Assuredly this soul is very material at the time of abandoning his envelope. Will it be obliged to take on another terrestrial existence, in order to redeem itself and reach a higher level?—by no means; its punishment is inflicted in the new world that it inhabits, and thus progress is attained without quitting that world. The suffering is great and purification slow, for it has lasted nearly four hundred years, but it follows its course and happiness succeeds to suffering. The problem of purification without re-incarnation is then solved by this history. But I find something in it yet more pertinent, if I may be allowed to say so, and which illustrates one of the phases of this life about which we are endeavouring to discover all the facts. The reader will not fail to have remarked a final phrase in which the spirit attributes his returning love for humanity to his connection with me. It is my custom to treat the spirits according to the moral state that their communications indicate. If there are superior ones whose advice one listens to with religious respect, there are many more who are inferior to us in morality and intelligence. The faults of the one in question had attracted my attention, and during many years I have exhorted him to overcome them, I did so with love, with perseverance, as if I had been speaking to a well beloved brother in the flesh. Shortly afterwards I succeeded in modifying, and calming, and bending this unsubdued character, and my affection for him has been the means of his transformation. If the dead can affect the moral condition of

the living, they in their turn can have some influence over the dead, and the extent of influence depends upon the degree of purification. There is then another link that unites us, a new proof that departed souls continue to live a life identical to ours, that they are connected with our existence, and the materiality of our terrestrial garment is the only obstacle to the perception of that intimacy.

A whole world of questions arose in my mind upon listening to the recital that you have just read. Here are the principal ones with the answers—they are the fitting complement to this narration. *Q.* When you came to yourself, did you see, together with spirits, a material world? *A.* To tell you the truth, everything around me was troubled and obscure, I found myself cast into infinite space where I saw neither earth, nor vegetation, nor water, nothing, in short, material; I was suspended in the atmosphere without having anything to support me. *Q.* When did the vision of the material world begin? *A.* As I have already related, it was horrible. I seemed to be in a great deep, immersed in filth, and my visual perceptions were terrified by frightful reptiles which surrounded me. Afterwards, when prayer had brought a little calm to my mind in the midst of my sufferings, I had more agreeable material visions. The earth was smiling, and the flowers that paved it perfumed the atmosphere. What is more singular still, is, that having been in life very fond of butterflies, I had a beautiful vision of them. The whole of this picture was illuminated by a light a thousand times more pure than the light of your sun. *Q.* When you became aware that the material world you saw was an illusion, did the vision continue. Did this vision become modified or indeed disappear altogether as you became more purified? *A.* I think I have already told you, that we carry within ourselves all the charming or gloomy worlds—I will add, that just as purification is only brought about gradually, it is only by degrees that visions of things that remind us of earth disappear. When a spirit becomes more elevated he rejoices in, I will not say pleasures more pure, but more ideal. We are able, however, to see events transpiring on earth, which we endeavour to make ourselves acquainted with, in order to help those whom we have in charge. *Q.* Does every delusive vision disappear then so that you only behold the reality of the globes existing in space? *A.* All the stars are accessible to us, and there are no longer any secrets in nature for us, but we are not permitted to teach them to the living, for it is by his own intelligence that each must arrive at truth. *Q.* When you were able to have a vision of terrestrial beauties, did you find yourself alone? *A.* No, I was in company with many other spirits, who like me appeared calm and in the enjoyment of

happiness. But we heard the purified spirits who were exhorting us to become better; their melodious voices made us understand how sweet it is to pardon and to love. Ah, dear friend, there are no human words that can express the indulgence, the tenderness, the love, these holy ones bear to sufferers. *Q.* Has Wilhelmine appeared to you since you perceived her on the occasion of your first leaving this world? *A.* No my friend. In my first vision it was not her herself—it was only her image which remorse caused me to see; one might say perhaps, that it was a punishment inflicted on me, but that would not be correct. God the prototype of infinite goodness does not punish. He endeavours by trials to lead us back into the right way, into peace and universal love. When I attained her degree of purity, she came to me with words of pardon—that was the only time that I really met her spirit. *Q.* So you had not seen her until a short while ago, for three hundred years? *A.* You know how grievous to me it was to be separated from her, and you also know how great was my joy when the state of my purification allowed me to approach and associate with her. But being much more advanced in her purification than myself, she is before me, but I hope to get up to her by following all her good advice. I must add, that the love that reigns here cannot be compared with anything of the kind among you, however pure it may be. The love that unites us is universal, it has no choice or preference for any one; it is sweet for us to be re-united to those we loved upon earth, but until we come to feel for all the same power of affection, our purification cannot be complete. *Q.* Does the mission of the guardian angel continue after death, or do other spirits replace that one, and so continue to change in proportion as purification is made? *A.* The soul changes its guides as it progresses—thus it is that spirits fulfil their mission. *Q.* When you think of your past life, do you only see the evil that you have done, or does your entire life rise in your memory with all its details. *A.* When I was able to see it clearly, you know that it was through the intercession of my father—he caused the review to pass before me, or I should rather say, we made the review together of all my actions. He reprimanded me for all that was reprehensible, but not only did he set before my eyes the good and the evil that I had done, but he pointed out all the occasions where I had neglected to do the good I might have done. And all was put to my account; this was the general judgment.

If we were to provoke similar revelations from all such spirits that are willing to give them, we should find that only one deduction could be drawn from their own words.—Accept my fraternal salutation.

L. F. Clavairoz.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of Human Nature.)

In continuation of the matter already published, aiming at an improved state of society, the "Spirits" say Cry loud and spare not, neither day nor night, until you have emancipated yourselves from the tyranny of money, and the iniquities practised through all your trading intercourse, and every relationship of life be established in righteousness and truth, for it is villanously too palpable in many particulars that Our Father's House still remains a den of thieves.

Let us then proclaim anew, in all its force and meaning, the "Revolution" commenced by "Christ," and never rest satisfied until we have established *the True Conditions of the Christian Life.* For, it is clear enough, from the disaffections existing in the religious world, no less than in the social and political, that we are not practically nearer to the life of God in the soul, as true disciples of Christ, than were those who lived two thousand years ago. To continue pandering to the weakness and folly of the times is nothing but a base abnegation of *duty,* no less to ourselves than to posterity, thereby allowing the most unscrupulous and least deserving—for the world is now in the hands of such—to usurp all the normal conditions of life, and employ them against the free exercise of that which we feel and know to be best. This disregard of the most sacred monitions of our nature perpetuates injustice every way, and calls aloud to Heaven for redress. Nothing can excuse or palliate sinning against the light of one's own judgment, or "truth" revealed through any other source; therefore, an attempt will now be made to connect the virtuous and God-fearing men throughout the nations of the earth into a "Holy League, for mutual help and support against the oppressions of all evil and wrong-doing."

Having taken upon ourselves to speak for God and the Truth, let the world see to it, and take heed, for it shall stand as a recording angel; the bonds of iniquity will be broken, and the race of man become more blessed.

As we would not tolerate in our midst the manufacture and sale of an article, whereby the unfortunate are deprived of their senses, and thus not only murder themselves but their fellow-creatures, and thereby commit all sorts of indecencies, neither would we allow insincere or untruthful practice in any other way whatever; for all profession of virtue must for ever stand condemned, so long as it lives in open immorality with bad and vicious practice, and not until we have established the *condition* of virtue *is it possible* for virtue *to exist* in any normal sense.

The anxieties incidental to the present state of things are surely

enough to arouse the most dormant. How *can any one* rest and be satisfied in the midst of such reckless, idle, and pampered extravagance on the one hand, and wretched misery of the people on the other, to say nothing of the real workers who have to create the resources, whereby this system of prisons, poor-houses, asylums, and an unproductive army of good-for-nothings exist? And when any of these anomalous proceedings do struggle through and make themselves heard, what years of painful agitation and herculean labours are imposed upon the honest legislator! Not until we have *redeemed ourselves* from all those damaging features in our present system, *are we worthy* of redemption in any higher sense, nor *can* our cries rise acceptably to the Throne of Mercy and Grace for our shortcomings in any other respect. The best energies of our lives, and the physical resources of the world, are all comparatively lost—frittered away and squandered by our present unholy proceedings, and we must continue to remain the pinched, contracted, unhandsome *personalities that we are,* so long as existing in this warfare of contending interests. The soul of man is one, and all creation incidental thereto. Everything in being has its existence conditionally, and these *conditions, constituting the sum of all difference,* form the groundwork of all knowledge, and "righteous" action can only transpire out of a sacred regard to all these particulars and contingent circumstances. Hence, all *partial* conduct will be for ever discarded, and the whole course of the present system become changed; for, not until we sell all that we have and give to the poor (this is Christ's mode of stating the matter) can we enter into His kingdom; but this we know can be done, and the whole community, enriched and redeemed by a continuance of the process, and this earthly state be made a heavenly one.

Man, viewed in any high sense, is the grand repository of the ever-living and abiding Presence, and we ought, individually and collectively, to represent a more becoming and worthy expression of this beneficent love towards each other. The best of all that has transpired since the race began ought thus to become the normal heritage of every human being, and be the foundation of a progress in the future beyond all that the eye hath seen or the heart of man conceived; for it is our Father's good pleasure to give us His Kingdom if we would but more worthily use it for each other's good.

In thus taking the soundings, as it were, for future navigation I am not unmindful of the "vested interests," as the Bishop kindly put it in behalf of the publicans, and trust that while being no less deferential I may succeed in the good without extenuating any bad means. We hear on all hands the same tale about the anxieties and difficulties of parents in sending forth

their sons into the world, as it is felt that trade is very unsatisfactory and the professions so very crowded; and truly, the contingencies connected with the present state of things are quite sufficient to make any one pause before being committed to its tender mercies. We know the bitter and cruel experiences that too often attend these young artless souls in their struggles for success and their dread of poverty; and know also of their tears, bitter, galling tears, and alas, not unfrequently their deep curses against the day that gave them birth and sent them forth to such unhallowed and wretched scramblings—to say nothing of the unhealthy condition of mind and body arising from this system of crowding in large towns.

Well, we have contemplated arrangements to overcome these sad features, as it is not believed that we are thus irremediably doomed to perpetuate everlastingly this warfare of conflicting interests, but that, by God's help, we may attain to an eminence of executive power and influence for good amongst each other that shall be the means of establishing something more in harmony with the divine integrity of our nature, and for ever dispense with all false play and subterfuge.

Our philosophy is—realise for man a normal status in creation. We are not at all satisfied with any adjudication that makes man a mistake, or that blurts in the face of Nature that humanity is altogether a blunder. Let us have done with this chaff, and no longer confound the knowable with that which cannot be known, or neglect those considerations directly pertaining to that which we are; and, through the formation of a correct system, conserve the good and discard the bad, practically applying all the lessons hitherto learnt for the good of man. The grand object will be to make the best human beings possible, not to offer the man up as a sacrifice to labour, but that his work shall minister to the special end in view: man's highest happiness and the attainment of all truth for further application in promoting that end.

It is proposed to make the matter operative at once, by a carefully arranged system for training and unfolding the young, not only through all the ordinary resources of oral and intellectual instruction, but in practically manipulating the trades and operations whereby people get housed, clothed, and fed, and thus enable them to conquer circumstances, and become the foundation and missionaries of a brotherhood that should extend itself and become the civilised world in some true sense of that term.

It is felt that all this noise being made throughout the land on the question of National Education does not meet the most vital consideration of the case; for supposing that, after another quarter of a century has been spent in these overheated conten-

tions as to what shall and what shall not be taught, we do realise for any child coming into the world a thorough instruction in all the ordinary rudiments of learning, and that of a kind to satisfy the most particular in religion and morality, the true problem involved remains untouched, for not until we have made the practice of virtue and truth the normal condition of our mutual existence, and have thus a society divested of every temptation to any selfish or untruthful ends, are we one bit nearer to the Christian life, all this church and chapel going notwithstanding.

One grand and most sacred institution for human redemption has been sadly neglected, if not abominably abused. However, it will eventually be seen that "woman" is the royal road to elevation and improvement; but this comes later—sufficient for us to lay the foundation, the glorious future will unfold itself fast enough afterwards.

We think from the position already taken by Mr. Burns that he must be admirably qualified for the adoption and application of these views—he is already, in fact, the centre of such a system, and might just as easily embrace the subject throughout. We shall be glad to have his say on the question, also that of others who may feel interested.

R. D.

Manchester.

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIOUS DOGMAS.*

THE most devoted friends of the human race have in all ages given special attention to the question of religious progress. These have found that, while the cramping pressure of religious falsehood and bigotry narrowed down the mental compass of a man or a people, it was impossible to instil new views of any kind, or improve the general condition of the man or the masses. The religious convictions of mankind are too often based upon assumptions—that which is unknown—scarcely ever on knowledge, science. The reformer, in his attacks upon ignorance, always clashes with religion. He either denies the assumptions, or advances facts to supersede them. All science has had to fight its way to recognition and usefulness under the guns of the fortresses of religion.

In their labours for humanity teachers have adopted very different

---

* On the Connection of Christianity with Solar Worship. Translated from the French of M. Dupuis. Together with the report of the Jubilee and Conference, held at Darlington, and other important matters, and demonstrable Facts indicative of a Religion founded on the Principles of Nature. Price 1s.; to the purchasers of this number of *Human Nature*, price 6d., post free, 8½d. This work may be considered excellent value for 6d., seeing that the postage is 2½d. A quantity should be got down in one parcel to save carriage.

tactics in respect to religion. The negative mind not only rejects the convictions entertained by the religionist, but he also overlooks the relations respecting which said convictions are formed. Another class of reformers lets religion as such alone, and engages in positive efforts at imparting to society the simple facts of existence. We think it is possible to pursue yet a third course with advantage, embracing a greater variety of interests, and presenting a choice of avenues to the human mind.

If we take the Christian religion as it is at present recognised amongst us, we find a curious combination of diverse elements. But it must be remembered that the popular religion is at present in a state of rapid transition. The scientific discoveries and humanitarian movements of the present age have entirely obliterated many dogmas, dulled the edge of cutting anathemas, and rendered unintelligible grave rites and usages. Yet a great deal remains, and let us see of what it is composed.

First, There is the moral law and rule of neighbourly feeling, and conscientious rectitude common to man as a being. This is natural religion in practical action, and the basis of all religions. But as man's moral nature recognises societary relations, so does his intellect appreciate truth according to its degree of development, and hence the love of Truth and Right are inborn qualities, and finds expression in the Christian religion in common with that of all enlightened and civilised peoples.

Secondly, There is a recognition of spiritual life and activity interfering, under special circumstances, with the affairs of men. The authority for this idea is derived from the Old and New Testaments, and Jesus and the apostles are its latest and purest manifestation. Thus the Christian is theoretically a spiritualist—or, rather, spiritualistic believer—with a vague dreamy notion of immortality and man's relation to the spirit-world. This part of religion is much modified by the individual consciousness and the theological views associated with it.

Thirdly, The popular religion has a peculiar theology or theory of the Godhead, and the moral government of the universe. This is in part derived from the Bible, but much of it has an origin outside of that book.

Fourthly, There are the particular dogmatic teachings and ceremonials in which the practical administration of religion is clothed. There are the various forms of Church discipline and government —fasts, feasts, and observances. These more external, and, it may be called, conventional and artificial appendages of religion, are indeed its most distinctive features, and that ground on which sectarian bitterness and animosity are founded.

Now the pure and undefiled religionist, as he styles himself, boasts of his resting his convictions and fashioning his moral practices upon the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth and his followers. The primitive religionist deplores the externalism and showy dress of the fashionable religion. The natural religionist

also, who bases his views upon the discovered facts of man's nature, finds instructive corroboration of his own experiences in the sacred records of the past; and here the natural religionist and the unsophisticated Bible religionist join hands, and with one voice ask, Where does the Church get all her incomprehensible theology, unbending dogmas, harsh uncharitable denunciations, superstitious notions, stupid observances, fantastic rites, and meaningless denominational peculiarities? These religionists exclaim, Such things are not to be found in the work of Jesus. They are not recorded in the Gospels, nor enforced in the Epistles, and the wonder is—where did the Church get them? This most important question is argued in a singularly clear and instructive manner in the work which is offered as a premium volume this month. The author, M. Dupuis, was an eminent French encyclopædist and celebrated astronomer. His classical attainments and scientific knowledge specially fitted him for the task thus rendered. He read carefully the old authors, and diving into the abyss of centuries, returned with large fragments of the religious systems which preceded Christianity. Here he found the source from whence these anomalies which are to be found in religion had been derived. The religion of Mithra, the Sun worship—which at one time prevailed in all parts of the world, but in the highest perfection in Persia—gave rise to the symbols which are now revered in the Churches of Great Britain. Our Christmas and Easter, our slain Lamb and crafty serpent, and the whole magazine of forms and phrases which constitute the vesture of religious thought, are simply the relicts of a now degraded paganism, the original meaning of which is not apprehended by modern worshippers.

The possession of such knowledge as this suggests a larger method of working for religious reform and human progress. The friend of man can now not only teach the essentials of a positive religion, but satisfactorily explain the source and meaning of those dead forms and ideas which are the great hindrance to the acceptance of demonstrable religious truth. To such teachers the work of M. Dupuis will be of special value. A version has just been translated into English by Mr. Partridge, who paid for its being printed in extra supplements of the *Medium*. An extra supply was produced, and now these numbers, with a few others, have been collected and bound together, and are being sold as a work which not only elucidates the origin of dogmatic religion, but also teaches the positive evidences of a natural religion, such as the recent discoveries of Spiritualism furnish.

This work should be industriously circulated amongst freethinkers and Bible critics, who delight in the study of comparative mythology, and the reform of religious abuses. It will introduce the subject of Spiritualism to such minds, and help them to the solution of those religious problems which may for years have occupied their attention.

To the Editor of Human Nature.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry a proof was not submitted to me of my letter on "Gravitation" in your last number, as I find several important printer's errors, which I must ask you to correct.

Page 510—4th line of *note*, *for* assumed speed, *read* assumed apex.
6th line of note—*after* fell, *insert* but.
5 lines from bottom of note—*for* sign, *read* sine.
Page 511—1st line, *for* reading, *read* rendering.
16th line, *after* orbit, *omit* , or.
Throughout, Phillips is spelt with one l, instead of two.

Yours truly,

THOMAS GRANT.

OLYMPIA COLONNA: A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

BY MRS. J. W. JACKSON.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

FOR three weeks Marco Colonna and his fair child had not mingled in the busy life of Ferrara—for three weeks they had heard nothing of the petty feuds and factions amongst the nobles, or the hungry cry of the people; not that the good physician was weary of well-doing, but because the new Duke had been compelled to open his grain store, and the inhabitants bought corn to make bread. There was little change in the scholar's appearance since he was first introduced to the reader—the years, as they went by, deepened the lines of thought and care, and tinged his flowing beard and hair with a whiter hue. The eye lost none of its fire, or his form its commanding majesty—there was the same calm repose on the classic face, and the old sweet smile played around the mouth.

The years that shed a halo over the head of the sire had but ripened the rare loveliness of the child. Olympia had expanded into the stately and beautiful woman. If her witching smile was less oftener seen, the loss was amply compensated by the sweet low-toned tenderness of her voice. Truly, Father Paulo had described her beauty as unearthly—it was too pure and bright for this dark, crime-stained world of ours—it was too holy and dazzling for wicked, ungrateful Ferrara.

Unconscious of the machinations against him, Dr. Colonna was in his laboratory busily employed in smelting gold, and trying to form the diamond. He had already made some as large as a pin's head. His aim was to increase their size and purity. So intent was the alchemist in his occupation, he did not observe his daughter's entrance. She seemed like some bright angel who had strayed from Paradise to Pandemonium, so striking was the contrast between the golden hair and white robes of Olympia with the black-curtained laboratory and flaming furnace; while old Colonna, whose face was brought fully out by the ruddy glare, made no bad representative of the Arch Enemy watching the horrors of lost souls in the Inferno.

"My father, are you busy—will you listen to me awhile?" said a musical voice at his side. The old man suspended his labours, and gazed fondly at the radiant visitant.

"Am I ever too busy to listen to thee, my Olympia?"

"No, dear father," said the young girl, stooping to kiss him. "But, too

busy to attend to your own safety. To-day there was a council held in the palace, and the Signory have denounced thee as a heretic and sorcerer—thou who hast healed and fed the people, when those accursed priests fled in terror," cried Olympia passionately, throwing her arms round the old man's neck.

Very gently Colonna repressed her vehemence. "Bless, and curse not, my daughter. Hast thou forgotten the divine precepts, because mere mortal men plot mischief and harbour wrath. It has ever been so since the beginning—the prophet hath been stoned and the Saviour crucified. Shall I escape the usual fate of those who have saved their country? My dear child, my end draws near—my mission is almost accomplished. But for you, my Olympia, I should be glad to be at rest." Colonna drew his beautiful child closer to his bosom.

"But, father, you will not tamely wait until Father Paulo and his myrmidons carry you off?" said Olympia, as soon as her grief would permit her to speak.

"My child would not ask her father to do anything unworthy of a Colonna? I shall do my duty. Surely they will judge justly?"

"What madness possesses thee, my father? Did they judge Adrian justly?—did they judge Father Savanorola justly? If they burned the Frate, what hast thou to expect—a sorcerer and heretic? How tender the Church is to those who dare think for themselves. Oh, father, fly while there is yet time—for my sake; for the sake of my sainted mother, fly; thy life is very precious to me. Should they take thee, who will protect Olympia, the witch?" cried his daughter, in agony kneeling at her father's feet.

"God will protect thee, my beloved daughter, more powerfully than a feeble old man on whose head seventy winters have left their snows."

"Father, listen to me! To-day, in the trance, I heard the crafty priest and bigoted prince denounce thee, and set a price on thy head. The stake awaits thee—torture will rack thy limbs! The base cowards, whom thou hast healed and fed, will pelt thee with stones, and assail thine ears with foul execrations; and I shall die without my noble father. Oh! listen to me. Irene pleads in heaven, and Olympia pleads on earth! Hearken to us, oh! father mio."

Deep agony wrung the scholar's heart. His child had touched a powerful chord, and the sunny memories of other years rushed over his stricken soul in a lava tide. The proud head bowed until the silver and golden locks of youth and age mingled.

"You will fly, my father! thou hast a powerful friend and protector in Abas, the great Shah. Hasten to Persia; he will receive thee with honour," murmured Olympia, straining her lips to his.

"Oh, my Olympia! thou triest me sorely. I will not fly from man. I will do my duty to the last. God gave me life to live, and work to do, and I will finish both in Ferrara; but thou, my beloved, my precious child, shall seek the protection of Abas. The old magician can give thee a befitting escort, and presents worthy of a Sultan's acceptance."

"No, my father! should all the world forsake thee, I will remain by thy side. Olympia Colonna can die as becomes a Christian maiden—she will not shame thee!"

"My noble, glorious Olympia! thou art worthy to be called a Colonna; but I may not sacrifice thy young life for mere selfish affection. Thou shalt take Zamora and Irene as thine attendants, besides thy faithful page, and depart from this unhappy country with all haste, and——"

"Leave you alone in your distress? No, no! I will never do that. Let me die with you, my father, since you will not live for me."

After much entreaty on Olympia's part, and reluctance on her father's, he consented to let her remain with him in Ferrara for a time. Well the inspired girl knew the doom that awaited her beloved parent, as well as the sufferings in store for herself; but she was too noble and devoted to cast a shadow upon the last hours of peace and happiness her father should spend on earth. Olympia, seeing her pleadings were unavailing, carefully concealed the tragic part she would be called upon to play in the approaching drama. Her clairvoyant eyes saw all the horrible detail—the treachery of their judges—the scorn and jeers of the ungrateful populace, who, a few weeks before, almost worshipped them.

"My poor father! God help him, and shield his grey hairs from so dire a fate! They will be here by midnight. I will give him a powerful draught, so the rack may not extort a murmur from his lips. The miscreants shall not gloat over his sufferings. God of the universe! why dost thou permit man to torture and crush his fellow-man? What has my father done, that he should be at the mercy of such earth-worms, blind and cruel?" cried poor Olympia, clasping her hands in despair. It yet wanted three hours of sunset. There was little time to prepare for the impending danger. Minutes were hours to the devoted daughter. Leaving her father, she descended to the room usually occupied by her, and summoned Zamora. "Thou must leave Ferrara after sundown, and seek the hut by the riverside, where lives the hermit Emillo. Deliver this package into his hand without fail, and take this ring for a token from me. Abide there, thou and Irene, until I come. See thou art not followed by any one. God speed and guide thee on thy errand, Zamora," said her mistress, unable to conceal her agitation.

"Are you in danger, dear lady?" asked the domestic, terrified at her mistress' palor and evident distress.

"There is danger, but not immediate. Hasten thou on thy way—question me not—go! it is my will." Unable to withstand the imperious "It is my will!" Zamora obeyed, and was soon on her way to the hermit's cave by the river.

Chapter XXIV.—Arrest of the Sorcerer.

How quickly passed the intervening hours—all too soon for Olympia. She never left her father for an instant—with loving care she anticipated all his wants; and he, unconscious of approaching disaster, conversed calmly and smilingly upon various subjects. The ninth hour struck, breaking upon her ear as the knell of doom. In three hours more her father would be in the hands of his remorseless foes. With superhuman strength she controlled her rebellious feelings, and crushed back the rising tears. Olympia's agitation did not altogether escape her father's loving eye, as she handed him the wine prepared by her own hand.

"My father, drink this cup—it may be the last Olympia will be permitted to give thee!"

"Deemest thou danger is so near? I had hoped for a little longer time, my Olympia. Thou must hasten to the Court of Persia, while there is yet a chance of success and escape."

"Drink the wine, dear father—it will strengthen you," replied his heroic daughter, with paling cheek. She fancied she heard the tramp of armed men.

Heavens! it is no dream. Nearer and nearer the measured trampling came, and stopped before the door. Oh! how wildly her heart beats—it was the only sound in that awful stillness.

A consultation is held outside, and feet are walking round the house.

There is no escape—the house was surrounded. Olympia hastily threw a purple mantle around her. She shivers, although her temples throb and her pulse beats at fever heat. How calm and serene her pale, pure face—no ray of passion was there; the passionate grief vanished, and Olympia looks radiant in her divine repose.

"Shall we open the door, my father?—perhaps they will be more civil."

"No, my child—they are already breaking it open. We will wait them here. Take thou this ring; shouldst thou need it, open this spring, and thou wilt escape dishonour—thou art not afraid to die, my beloved. Forgive thy father for bringing this terrible humiliation on thee, my Olympia. Hark! how the bloodhounds bay for the prey. Forgive them, Great God! they sin through ignorance and evil example," said Colonna, embracing his child, as if to protect her from the rude jests of the soldiery.

The din and uproar was now fearful; heavy blows resounded on the strong oaken door, that for a time resisted the repeated shocks; more sledge hammers were applied by vigorous arms, accompanied with yells and dreadful execrations.

"Unearth the old fox and his daughter; down with the sorcerer; burn the witch! No wonder Ferrara has been visited by the plague—the accursed magician has brought it on us by his evil spells! Seize the witch and her father! they have sold themselves to the devil! burn them, and free the land from God's wrath—for he has cursed wizards and witches with an especial curse!" Hoarsely bellowing curses upon the old man and his daughter, the door fell in with a loud crash, and a dozen men, headed by Father Paulo and an officer, rushed up the broad stairs, and entered the opened door that led to where Colonna and Olympia calmly awaited their approach.

It was a striking tableau that burst upon the astonished soldiers' vision. By the soft light of the astral lamps, the dear old sitting-room was lighted up. On her accustomed chair, Olympia sat beside her father, resting her beautiful head on the old scholar's shoulder; so sad, and yet so powerful, was the expression of her large dark eyes—so winning in the mute, appealing look she cast on her father—a look that had melted the angels, and made them weep. Ah! who could look upon that proud old man, dignified and calm in his lofty sorrow, supporting that fair golden head, unmoved? Even his enemies retreated abashed and confounded. The officer stepped back a pace or two; he was unprepared for so moving a spectacle—the old man and his daughter awaiting so quietly a fate calculated to try the bravest!

"Back men! back all of you! Villains, be civil! peace, ye curs! I will speak to the doctor alone," shouted Bernardo.

"See that the witch does not enthral thee—thou would'st not be the first she has led away! Bring her out that we may burn her!" cried the turbulent rabble.

Shutting by sheer force the strong door of the room upon the crowd, Bernardo entered the chamber, and bowed to Colonna and his daughter. "Thou art Marco Colonna, doctor of physic—art thou not?"

"I am Marco Colonna. What would you with me?" inquired the physician calmly, still supporting Olympia, who turned her swimming eyes upon the intruder, as if to plead in her father's behalf.

"Pardon me, noble sir. I am only a poor, rough soldier. In the discharge of duty, it is my painful task to arrest thee in the Duke's name—thou and thy fair daughter, the lady Olympia Colonna."

"On what charges, my son?"

"Thou and the damozella are accused of sorcery and witchcraft," replied the soldier, ashamed in spite of himself.

A scornful smile wreathed Colonna's lips. Olympia, starting to her feet, with a flashing eye and flushing cheek, indignantly confronted the officer. "Sorcery and witchcraft! The caitiffs did not think so when my father fed them, and risked his life daily and hourly to wrest their children from the grave—better the base slaves had perished."

"My dear child, be tranquil; such anger becomes thee not," said Colonna with much dignity. "We are your prisoners, sir officer; do your duty; lead, and we shall follow. Olympia, dearest child, come to me—we shall not be parted!" A slight tremor was in the old man's voice as he finished speaking.

By this time the soldiers had dispersed through the house on their work of pillage and destruction. The labour of years was destroyed in a single hour—rare old manuscripts, written in the doctor's fine Roman hand, perished; paintings were torn down; gems scattered; Olympia's portrait run through with a rapier; furniture broken, and thrown out of the windows. At length the wretches got into the laboratory, where the remains of the fire still smouldered. The soldiers stamped about and howled like demons, throwing down vials and precious medicines. Oh, it was wild work! the treasures of the poor scholar's whole lifetime were scattered to the winds. Amongst the foremost and most eager was Father Paulo, gathering all he could lay his hands upon in the shape of medicines and gems—marvelling much at the rare collection of Colonna. In his haste to obtain a small vial of elixir, the sleeve of his gown caught upon a bottle of highly combustible liquid, bringing it unto the ground, or rather under the furnace. In an instant there was a blue flash, and a terrific report! The blaze blinded the priest; he reeled, and fell among the green flames! The fire, thus suddenly lighted, spread with fearful rapidity, gaining strength by the addition of other inflammatory bodies. How it roared and raged in the laboratory, suffocating the soldiers with smoke and heat! They could not open the door—the bolts were red hot! Thirty men perished in the room, along with Father Paulo! From room to room the devouring element spread, completing the work of destruction begun by the soldiers!

The dreadful fate of their companions, awed even the most reckless and hardened of the band; they unanimously ascribed it all to the sorcerer, and shook with fear in their mailed shirts, as he and his daughter passed. Only once did Olympia turn to look at the home she so loved, now in flames. Her father never looked behind him; he felt all home on earth was over—his hour was indeed come. There was a resigned look on the old man's pale face, blended with unconquerable determination. Through the broad streets they went, father and daughter, until they reached the ducal palace, at the entrance hall of which they were surrounded with soldiers.

"Sweet saints defend us! You say he caused the devil to set the house on fire?"

"Aye! Not even Father Paulo could stay the fire, and he had a bottle of holy water and piece of the true cross!"

"Santissimo! he must be the very devil himself!" whispered the men to one another, as their comrades recounted the deeds that had been done.

Chapter XXV.—The Inquisition.

The glimmering streaks of early dawn had scarcely penetrated the darkness of night, when the bell pealed with a harsh booming sound from the towers of the Palace of Este, assembling the Signory for judgment in the secret council chamber. The grand Inquisitor-General and his familiars were there, whispering in much terror; besides a lengthy train of Jesuits,

also creatures of the Inquisition. The trial was an important one—an old man and a beautiful maiden were to be tried for practising the black art and other unholy deeds; of conspiring against the State; and of melting an effigy of wax in the likeness of the present Duke, stuck full of needles and pins, before a large fire, muttering unhallowed spells and incantations over the image, causing great suffering in the Duke's body and the withering away of his right arm! Such were the charges brought against Dr. Colonna and his daughter, in the old vaulted, blood-stained chamber, whose sombre walls had echoed the shrieks and groans of its victims for centuries, until each pillar recorded a history of blood, and each carved stone an epitome of the blackest crimes that could disgrace humanity. This ghastly chamber was hung with black, and lighted with tapers and common oil lamps. In a curtained recess stood the rack fully exposed to view, besides other engines of torture—such as thumbscrews, pincers, instruments for compressing the knees, causing exquisite pain to the sufferer. To this horrible den of crime and bigotry Marco Colonna and his daughter were led to get a fair trial. What mockery! Who ever heard of justice or mercy at the Inquisition? The clergy in all ages have been more famous for cruelty and injustice to the hapless victims of their displeasure, than magnanimity or clemency.

Beside the Inquisitor-General sat the Duke of Ferrara, the unworthy successor of Nicholas. His bold and coarse gaze of admiration caused the blood to mantle the pale cheek of Olympia—something in the man's look roused her indignation, and terrified her.

"What a beautiful witch she is! Who would have thought that the old sorcerer possessed aught so dainty? By my soul, what a pretty foot! Castelauo, she is worth securing."

"Thou canst take her and thou wilt; I like none of the devil's hatching," was the whispered reply.

"We shall see how the old man can bear his daughter's torture. That will lower his haughty crest. How kingly he carries his head, the old fiend; he shall have the greenest faggots in Ferrara to light his soul to perdition!" murmured the Prince, scowling darkly.

The bells ceased, and all the members of the secret council had entered; then the Inquisitor-General rose and addressed the prisoners:—

"Marco Colonna, and you Olympia Colonna, have been summoned before this tribunal to answer the grave charges of heresy and witchcraft. What have you to say against those charges? You are permitted to speak—the noble Signory will listen to your defence."

"Noble Alfonso, in the time of your illustrious uncle I taught in your University, and lectured to the students upon various subjects, without fear and under no evil suspicion; it was my good fortune to receive the patronage and confidence of the late Prince; he was my friend and benefactor during his life. There are many present among the Signory who can testify to mine honesty and loyalty. It has ever been my humble endeavour to promote the welfare of the State and maintain its laws. For fifty years I have laboured in Ferrara among you as a physician, and have cured many that were diseased. The arts employed were most simple—arts employed by the ancient Chaldeans and Egyptians; learned also by the great Lawgiver of Israel, when he, as a youth, was a neophyte in the Temples of Isis—he was taught to lay hands on the sick and cure them, and they were made whole. That same Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, that those who were bitten might be healed through faith——"

"Strike the apostate on the mouth!" cried a priest standing near the prisoner.

"Peace, peace! give the old dotard time; he will commit himself. Go on, most learned sorcerer."

"I have but little more to say," replied the doctor, gazing compassionately upon his barbarous judges. "Prophets and inspired men, and the Son of Mary himself, wrought cures, as I do, by the imposition of hands; but, poor benighted souls, you cannot understand the Scriptures; you but walk according to the light you have received. Of all charges against the Church and State, my child and I are guiltless; there are many among you who, if they dared, could corroborate my statement," said Colonna, drawing himself up to his full height, and scornfully regarding the assembly.

Some minutes elapsed ere the astonished Inquisitor could speak. The daring presumption of Colonna in citing Christ as a worker of miracles by magic—for in that sense only did they understand the doctor—appalled and exasperated them to such a degree of anger that they all exclaimed at once, "To the rack with him! away with the vile heretic to torture!"

Two familiars had seized Colonna, and were about to drag him off, when the Duke interposed. "No, spare him, but take his daughter! he will feel that more keenly. Torture the witch before his eyes! Do your duty familiars."

Hitherto, Olympia had been standing mute and motionless as a statue, her head slightly bent, the long golden curls partially concealing her face from the bold, impertinent gaze of the Signory; only the convulsive movement of her fingers betrayed the intense emotion within. As the two wretches sprang forward to execute the terrible behests of Alfonso, Olympia uttered a slight scream, and drew back from their hated touch with disgust. It was an involuntary impulse she could not control. Well Alfonso calculated the effect the sight of his daughter's sufferings would produce upon Colonna. Two hot spots glowed upon his pale cheeks, and the fire flashed in his black eyes. Fiercely he turned upon the familiars, and in a low voice said—"Forbear! touch her not!" So low were the words, none heard them but Olympia, who raised her beautiful face full upon her father, so radiant in its inspired devotion. "Thanks! save thyself! they seek thy life!" she murmured in Arabic.

"What says the witch? Is she casting spells on the ministers of the Church?" cried the Inquisitor-General fiercely, lifting his hand to strike Olympia; but, strange to say, it fell powerless by his side the next instant! "Fiends! demons! seize them! drag them to the rack! put them under the slow fire!" yelled the terrified Inquisitor. Great drops of perspiration stood on his swarthy brow. Again he bellowed forth his commands. None obeyed him; the familiars seemed rooted to the ground unable to move. As might be supposed, great fear fell upon the Signory; many devoutly crossed themselves, and prayed to the Virgin and saints to protect them. Maddened at what he supposed Olympia's magical powers, Alfonso leaped down from his chair of state, and rushed to seize his victim, determined to put her on the rack with his own hands.

Again Colonna said in a loud stern voice, "Forbear! Alfonso D'Este! touch her not; she is too pure to be defiled by thy touch; dost thou require a victim? thou hast the power to choose me—but she is sacred!"

Fiercely these two men glared at each other. Like the familiars, D'Este was unable to move hand or foot; he could only give back a glance of concentrated fury to the stern defiant frown of the scholar.

"By holy Paul! I swear to have thee and thy accursed brood dragged to pieces between wild horses!" cried the Duke hoarsely.

"Thou shalt never have the power, Prince of Este; I will prevent thee! There is a nobler, holier end reserved for my gifted child than that. Nay

more; thou shalt in half an hour from this escort her to a place of safety, a free woman, at liberty to go where she wills!"

"Never, never! old sorcerer!"

"We shall see!" was the calm reply.

"Father, let them do as they will; I am ready to die; perhaps my life will satisfy them!" pleaded Olympia tearfully. "Suffer them, father; not all the torture they can apply shall make me utter a sound! I have drank of memphitis, father!"

"My child, thou should have my heart's blood, drop by drop, to procure thy happiness; but ask not that these blood-stained villains should touch the hem of thy garment: it is my will; be thou silent."

Abject terror seized every man in that secret council chamber. With livid faces and trembling knees the noble Signory implored Alfonso to liberate Olympia, and let her quit the country. For some time the self-willed Prince refused, but at last consented on the condition that the child should see the father's sufferings! The Signory reluctantly accepted the conditions, and Dr. Colonna allowed himself to be stretched on the rack, without once wincing under the operation. It was otherwise with his poor child; each wrench of the frame apart seemed to wring her very soul in agony; human nature revolted at such barbarous cruelty. Unconsciousness cut short Olympia's sufferings; she sank at Alfonso's feet in a deadly swoon, and the young officer who had escorted her and her father to prison lifted the insensible girl and bore her from the scene of such horrors.

"See that she bewitch thee not, Bernardo! keep her under close custody," shouted one of the Inquisitors standing by the rack.

"Poor lady!" murmured the young soldier; "had she been a witch, she would never have fallen into the hands of incarnate devils like these accursed Inquisitors. If I cannot save the father, I will aid his daughter for the sake of those sweet eyes."

Chapter XXVI.—The Hermit by the River.

Zamora and Irene, followed by Olympia's faithful page, hastened by the most unfrequented ways to the river. Something in her mistress' looks alarmed the faithful domestic. She had nursed Olympia from her birth, and, in a humble way, took a sort of motherly charge of her young lady. With an undefinable fear at heart she hurried her companions along in breathless haste. They had only reached the banks of the Po, when Irene beheld the heavens reflecting the lurid glare of fire.

"Look Zamora! see Angelo! is there not a fire somewhere? See thou, good Angelo, in what direction it is," cried Irene.

"Holy Mother! I hope it is not the Colonna; I cannot forget the lady Olympia's anxious face," muttered Zamora, more to herself than her companions.

Climbing a tree, Angelo obtained a pretty fair view.

"Well, what dost thou see boy?"

"Good monna Zamora, the fire is in the outskirts of the city, but I cannot see the exact place; besides, there are the soldiers either going or coming from the place."

"My heart misgives me; some evil hath befallen my master and his daughter," replied Zamora, gravely.

"Return thou to the via Colonna, and watch, good Angelo; let not thy mistress see thee; should all things be quiet, hasten back to the hermit's cave—thou knowest; speed thee on thine errand boy. God and his saints

defend us! these are evil times we live in," said the old woman, crossing herself, as the page departed. "Come, child, let us mend our pace; the lady Olympia said we were to use all possible speed, and we have lost one half-hour already."

The hermit, who lived in the cave by the river, seldom saw the light of the sun as it rode high in the heavens and sparkled on the rushing waters below his lonely dwelling; he spoke to none, nor did any dream a human being lived in that wild and inaccessible place. Only the sweet song-birds and flowers gladdened the solitary; the soothing sound of the river stilled him into sleep on his mossy couch in the long summer time, or sent its white foam in sprayey shower over his silvery hair and haggard cheek in winter. It was a wild, rude dwelling for any poor wayworn heart. In the interi or of the cave flowed a small stream—in tinkling drops it fell, murmuring its own soft music as it hastened to join the river; while the hides of wild animals, of eastern climes, strewed the floor and walls. In one corner lay a rusting coat of mail, with sword and spear, showing the hermit had been a warrior in his youth; an oaken cabinet stood on the other side; a few seats and a brazier of charcoal completed the simple furniture of the cavern. Only one article seemed out of place in that lonely dwelling—a small ivory painting, the portrait of a beautiful and royal-looking lady, hung upon the wall, in striking contrast to all around. The recluse seemed to regard this relic as of some fair saint; for hours he lay and looked at the beautiful but yet sad face, wistfully stretching out his arms so imploringly towards the portrait, as if to invite the shade of the fair girl to come to him and lift from his heart a weight of grief that seemed too heavy for him to bear; but the portrait only smiled its calm eternal smile of pensive sweetness, and left the root of bitterness with the poor solitary. Deeper and deeper grew the gloom in the cave, and the red embers threw strange weird shadows on the walls; now it would fall on the tiger's head, and light up its glassy eyes with seeming life, until your scared imagination fancied it moved to spring; then the light flashed upon the dropping water, causing it to sparkle in the ruddy glow; then it fell on the wasted form of the hermit, disclosing the deep furrows grief had ploughed in the broad, open brow, and pale the fire in that dark eye ere youth had passed. It was a face that told of great sufferings and hopeless despair. No cowled monk was this recluse; he wore the furred gown of the scholar, but neither cross nor beads hung from his girdle.

A low peculiar cry, repeated thrice in succession, made Emillo start uneasily Hastily he drew a glittering stilleto into his sleeve, and cautiously approach ed the entrance of the cave. Again the scream of the owl came nearer, a nd a rustling among the bushes.

"Who can it be? Colonna was here yester even; is there fresh danger threatened? God forbid!" murmured the hermit. "Heavens! it is a woman—two of them; what evil chance hath brought them here?" As the two figures drew nearer, Emillo's fears subsided. "Reverend Emillo, the lady Olympia sends thee this letter and token," whispered a voice well known to the hermit.

"It is thou, Zamora and Irene—whence come ye?" demanded the recluse hastily and with considerable emotion.

"We were sent to abide here, most noble Con——."

"Silence! the breeze will carry that name to Ferrara!" cried the hermit sternly.

Lighting a taper, Emillo broke the seal and scanned the epistle. A crimson flush mantled his withered cheek, and fire flashed in his dimmed eye.

"Knowest thou, Zamora, that the noble Colonna and his devoted daughter

are in the hands of the Inquisition, and undergoing the torture even now?" cried Emillo, wringing his hands.

"Holy saints! my heart foreboded this—my child, my beautiful child," murmured the old woman, rocking herself in great distress.

"Where is Angelo?"

"We sent him back to learn where the fire was; something struck me it was the house of the Colonna."

"Ah! the infernal miscreants. Hast thou courage girl?" continued the hermit, addressing Irene, "to disguise thyself as a page, and seek the ducal palace. Find out the prison where thy master and lady are confined; slip them this steel saw through the bars, and this written paper. Tell them Emillo will aid them to escape; be cautious, be brave, thou hast serpents to deal with," said the hermit gravely.

"I will try, noble Emillo."

"Good! here are the garments of a page such as the D'Este have; haste thee on thy mission—but stay; I will go with thee; thou shalt be my page —I yet can play the soldier," cried the recluse after some reflection.

Chapter XXVII.—Two Alternatives.

When Olympia opened her eyes from that long deep swoon, she found herself lying on a bed with a pleasant motherly face bending over her. In the black eyes of the good monna a world of anxious tenderness expressed itself. "Blessed Virgin! she is not dead at all! Oh, madonna! I thought you would never open your eyes on this world again. Are you better?"

"My father! where is he? this is not the council chamber; where is my father? tell me," cried Olympia wildly, starting to her feet.

"Cristi! don't be frightened; you will see your father; the magnificent Signory will permit that—I heard Bernardo say so," said Guillia, Bernardo's mother, soothingly.

"When can I see him? Oh, God! what waking misery is this? why did I ever open my eyes? My poor old father! they have murdered him!" murmured the unhappy girl, clasping her hands and striving to think calmly and coherently. Oh, madonna! help me to save my father! he is very old; you once had a parent; you can feel for me."

"Yes, I will help you; Bernardo will take care of you. Throw this mantilla over your form, lady; you are very young and beautiful to endure so much grief. God prosper you, madonna; come back with my son, and remain with us as long as you like until your father gets free," said Monna Guillia kindly.

Olympia thanked her with tears; the kindness of perfect strangers touched her sensitive heart, burdened as it was with grief. "God reward reward you and your son; if I am permitted to return, I will show you Olympia Colonna is not ungrateful."

Under the protection of her kind friend Bernardo, Olympia again sought the ducal palace. The bells pealed as harshly as they had done before to her tortured ears; from the churches of San Benedetto and Maria del'Angeli they boomed, their iron tongues saying to her heart—"He will die! he will die!"

The Signory had not extracted a full confession from the obstinate sorcerer, Marco Colonna; he had been twice on the rack, but would confess nothing; in truth, he never groaned or showed the least symptoms of pain, and not a word could the Signory get out of him. Since his removal to his cell Colonna had not spoken to anyone—refusing food or wine. A holy priest had been sent to him, but the magician would not hearken to

ghostly consolation. Turning his face to the wall, with a gesture of impatience, he bid the good Father begone.

Among the councillors who had seen the biological miracles performed by Dr. Colonna in the Inquisition were great division and strife; the Signory were divided into two parties; one held the magician as in direct communication with the powers of darkness, and the other half held him as a saint and godly healer, as Saint Francis and the rest of the canonised host. Fierce grew the debate in the council chamber between the two contending factions. The anti-Colonna party was headed by the unprincipled Alfonso D'Este, who decreed the destruction of the old man in order to secure Olympia. He meant to play the part of a friend to the unfortunate lady by seeming to show mercy to her father when he most intended mischief. To rouse Olympia's gratitude was his aim, so that when her father was out of the way he would be better able to work out his own base ends. Sternly and doggedly the Duke declared Colonna should die, and at the stake. "Burn the vile heretic! he hath forsaken God and the Church! had he a hundred lives he shall lose them all! I have willed it."

"Noble Duke, let the old man have one chance to live; he hath seen seventy years, and cannot trouble the State much more; besides, Marco Colonna, if he hath more than mortal power, has never exercised it for any evil, but, as we all know, hath saved many lives and fed the poor. He hath not sought his own worldly advancement, nor for a place of distinction in the council. Most illustrious Prince, his greatest enemies admit that——"

"Proceed with your eulogium on Saint Colonna!" sneered Alfonso; the Signory are ravished, my Rodolpho.

"Stung by the words of his sovereign, Rodolpho took up the defence of Colonna more warmly.

"I would spare the life of the father on one condition," interposed an old noble of the house of Rimini, coming to the rescue of his intemperate kinsman.

"What! does the Rimini plead for a Colonna and a sorcerer?" cried D'Este with withering scorn.

With disdain equal to his own Rimini said, "Be pleased to hear me, my Lord Duke. There are two felons to be executed at sunset: let a cup of their blood be filled to the brim and given to the lady Olympia to drink, and let that draught buy her father's life. Cause her to drink it in the presence of the sorcerer. If she be a witch, human blood will cause her to swell up as if she had the black death, and if she be a true maiden nothing will befal her." Shouts of approval followed this suggestion.

"Send for the witch and let the trial be made; let the slaves be executed now—an hour or two cannot make much difference to them in eternity!" cried the Duke.

The fearful order was quickly obeyed—a large goblet of blood was brought and laid before Alfonso.

"Bring the old infidel before us; let us see whether his paternal heart will accept life at such a price!" cried D'Este, stirring the horrible contents with his dagger.

Literally carried between two familiars, Dr. Colonna was borne before the Signory. The scholar could not stand without support; in vain he exerted his little remaining strength to support himself on his staff alone—nature failed, and for once his strong will forsook him. Poor old man! his long white beard and silvery locks were matted with blood, his robe was torn, and the velvet cap he usually wore was gone; no covering had the reverend head but its own purity and innocence, and that could not save him from the rough jeers and rougher blows of his cowardly enemies.

"Bring a seat for the old heathen! his master the devil has given him

over!" said the Duke, pointing at his victim. "Marco Colonna, it hath pleased the noble Signory to treat thee with clemency far exceeding thy deserts. The illustrious Count di Rimini, whose wisdom is boundless, hath made a suggestion which we have approved of, and give thee, on the condition that thy daughter drink this cup of blood, thy life and freedom. Hear it then, old man; dost thy heart fail thee at the prospect of making thy child's witchcraft known to the public; for if she be possessed of the devil, she will become black and die at thy feet!"

Sighing deeply, Dr. Colonna said faintly, "My Lord Duke, the life you confer I value not; my work is finished; God hath no more for me to do. Spare my innocent child so terrible an ordeal; you had a sister and a mother—feel for my poor fatherless daughter for their sake!" Two big tears fell slowly down the thin cheeks of the poor heart-broken father. "Spare my child, noble Duke; spare my poor unhappy daughter!" murmured Colonna sadly.

The sufferings of their victim failed to move the iron-hearted men who sat in judgment on him.

. . . . . .

"Noble Olympia! what evil hath befallen thee?" asked a soldier, whose closely-barred helmet concealed his face. Colonna's daughter was on her way to the council chamber, accompanied by Bernardo. The voice caused her to start—well she knew it; and her own ring, she had given Zamora for a token, convinced her she was addressed by Emillo the hermit.

"Dear friend, be cautious; thy life is precious," said Colonna's daughter.

"Fear not, sweet Olympia. Canst thou direct me to thy father's prison? I will help him to escape."

"It is by the moat under the eastern tower."

"Enough; I have cause to remember it! They have let thee free, dear sister; I heard the people talking of it in the palace; they blame the Signory as much as slaves dare. Adieu, madonna; we must not be seen conversing."

So saying, the soldier hermit disappeared in the crowd, and Olympia sought the dread secret council chamber. Only one object did the heroic girl see 'mid the assembled throng—an old man sitting on a bench supporting his chin on his staff. The prayer for mercy was still on his lips when Olympia entered. One bound brought her to his feet.

"My father! my father! I am come to save you! Oh, God! there is blood on your hair and on your robe!" cried she, starting to her feet in horror. "Accursed demons! sated with the blood and spoils of the innocent! how dared you spill the blood of an old man? Could not the blamelessness of his life and his grey hairs save him from the rack? Oh, merciless and inhuman men! how will ye look for mercy at the day of judgment, when ye murder the innocent for amusement, and laugh at their agony?" The fierce burst of passion gave way to indignant grief. Drawing her father to her breast, the vaulted roof echoed back her heart-breaking sobs. Vainly the physician's trembling hands smoothed the golden head, and whispered hopes he shared not.

"Olympia, beloved! fear not; we shall meet soon," whispered the heart-broken parent, thinking of the terrible ordeal about to be offered.

Chapter XXVIII.—The Ordeal.

Olympia was not permitted long to indulge her grief. Alfonso, ever brutal and coarse, gruffly bade her be silent, and listen to what he had to say. Her words had stung his soul. Well he knew there was not a shadow of

truth in the accusations brought against Colonna or herself, nor were there justice in their trial.

"Olympia Colonna, the Signory have offered to grant yonder old heretic's life, on one condition, and to the noble Rimini thou art indebted. The world grows holy when a Rimini begs mercy for a Colonna," sneered D'Este.

During this address Olympia slowly raised her head from her father's shoulder, casting one tearful, grateful look upon Count Rimini, the ancient enemy of her house; but his eyes fell before the pure, bright glance in confusion.

"We approve of the condition, seeing it will save thy father's life, and proclaim thee innocent of the foul charge of witchcraft. Thou seest this goblet?" Olympia bowed; she imagined it contained poison; her father would be saved, and that was better than life. Leaving the old man's embrace, as he whispered "Touch it not," she held out her hand for the goblet, which the Duke handed her, saying, "Take it, and drink the heart's blood of two malefactors! Praise God and the Virgin it is no worse! the bodies were not diseased, we understand."

Great heavens! how her heart throbbed and sank within as she took the disgusting draught in her hands! Turning her eyes on the Duke with scorn, she said "Thanks, my Lord Duke! in this cup I will pledge you! Olympia Colonna shrinks not from the trial that was to save a parent's life! only keep faith with me, My Lord of Rimini, let the strife between our houses be drowned in this bowl," said the brave girl, turning to the old courtier; and ere her father could interpose, she drained the goblet to the bottom! "Your promise, my Lord Duke—my father's life! loosen his fetters! oh, quick, my Lord Duke—have pity!" cried Olympia in agony, kneeling before the savage.

Her father spoke not, but raised his eyes to heaven, while tears streamed down his pallid cheeks. That his beautiful and delicate child should quaff human gore for his life, overwhelmed his feeble strength; he could only pray for her. Surely heaven heard that silent petition!

The imploring eyes and voice of Olympia died away—no response was made to the appeal; a mocking laugh crushed her rising hopes, and bruised her heart afresh. The Grand Inquisitor rose up, ordering her sternly to keep back. "Listen, thou fiend in woman's shape! God and man keep no faith with heretics. Darest thou seek the life of thy apostate sire? No; had he a hundred lives, they were not enough to pay the price of his vile heresy; ere the sunset he shall be in eternal perdition! The stake is ready, and the faggots prepared! On the site of his house, wherein he practised his infernal arts, shall he suffer! And thou, Olympia Colonna, in consideration of thy youth, shalt get thee to the Convent of the Pillar, and expiate thy crimes by scourging and fasting, so that by years of humiliation and prayer thou may'st be saved. The Church grieves over thee, and fain would receive thee into its bosom!"

Were they men or incarnate devils who sanctioned such acts? Wildly she clasped her father closer to her agonised heart; his maimed arms encircled her, and the feeble tongue blessed her, but how faintly the loved voice came on her ear.

"Beloved child, God will raise up friends to thee, for I—am dying; fear not. This feeble body—will—feel no pain. Turn thy face to me—that my fading sight—may—rest—on—thee. Father!—shield—her—when I am—am——"

Colonna's head fell on her neck, and his arms relaxed their embrace. The prayer was answered, but Olympia was at the mercy of her foes, and the pure spirit of Marco Colonna had fled from earth.

"God help me now! Oh, my Father! take your child; leave me not to worse than death!" Wildly she kissed the cold lips and dimmed eye that would never smile or bless her again.

Rudely the familiars pushed her aside, and lifted the body of Colonna, tearing off his robes before her, and substituting black serge ones, covered over with hideous devils painted in yellow. Cutting off his snowy beard, and placing on his head a yellow cap something like a mitre, they seized the old scholar's lifeless remains, and ascended the steps to the hall of the palace.

Meantime, Olympia, who neither wept nor fainted, was borne along with the crowd in the direction of her old home. How the people yelled as they beheld the body thrown into the waggon!

"Burn the sorcerer; impale him—he is not dead! burn the wizard! bring pitch and oil—let the fire be fierce and hot!" so the mob yelled. 'Twas well the good old man heard them not. Denser and denser grew the multitude; the soldiers could scarcely keep them from tearing the body out of the cart, and rending it in pieces. The witch mania was in full force in those days. On, on they went, crushing little children and women in their eagerness to see the burning, and watch the body blacken and char into ashes! Men left their pursuits in the city; the minds of the people craved for such spectacles, and the priests took care they should be satisfied. The black mantilla fell from Olympia's shoulders, and her white robes were soiled and torn; she would have been instantly crushed under foot but for the friendly aid of the soldier in the barred visor, who lifted her upon his steed before him and rode off.

Chapter XXIX.—The Auto da Fe of Dr. Colonna's Bones

In the centre of the still smouldering ruins a large space was cleared, into which the stake was driven, and the faggots piled high around it, plentifully supplied with pitch and other inflammable bodies to make a bright blaze. Everybody laboured under the belief that the sorcerer was not dead—that nothing but fire could kill him; even the priests, and Inquisitors who had seen the noble old man yield up his spirit before them, thought it was only another exhibition of his diabolical skill, and should they deliver up his body to his friends, by some means the magician would come alive again, and give them more trouble than ever, and they become a laughi ngstock among the nations! Amid the ruins of his once happy home the shattered and mutilated remains of the reverend sage were brought to be consumed. With difficulty the soldiers kept the people back; every tree and pillar was ladened with a freight of human beings yelling and hooting—hoarse with cursing. The muffled drums of the guard were heard, then came the waggon with the victim's body—in savage mockery the executioner had propped the corpse into a sitting posture, holding a crucifix in its stiffening grasp; the glazed eyes glared horribly on the crowd, who were appalled into silence by the ghastly sight. The waggon was followed by a train of monks who muttered anathemas on the dead—consigning, by the Pope's authority, the soul of Marco Colonna to eternal perdition, and his body to the flames! When the procession reached the place of execution Colonna was lifted from the cart, and chained to the stake, but from the greenness of the wood the flame would not catch. This incident was of course attributed to the wicked old sorcerer, sitting so stern and grim in the midst. Holy water was brought, and the sacred wafer, besides the Bible and a piece of the true cross. The monks chanted, and cursed by turns the magician, in the name of the Pope and the crucified Son. For a long time these potent

spells were unavailing, the fire refused to burn, and the struggle between the Church and the magician was long and doubtful. There sat Colonna in his painted robes, triumphing over his enemies even in death. Still clutching the crucifix, the physician seemed some terrible enchanter, who could say to the devouring element "Thus far shalt thou come!" The contest between the Pope and the devil at length ended in favour of the successor of St. Peter, as it always is said to have ended in days of old. The fire waxed stronger and stronger, until the executioner and familiars were compelled to stand back from the intense heat; the flames reached Dr. Colonna; his lower extremities were blackened and charred; the hand which held the cross burned first, and then the smoke surrounded him as with a veil, hiding him from sight.

Hours after, when the people dispersed, the executioner collected the ashes of Colonna, and threw them into the Po.

Strict search was made for the magician's daughter; she had disappeared none knew whither; a reward was offered by the Duke to any person who would bring her to him alive, or give such information as would lead to her discovery. How she had escaped was a miracle to every one. Alfonso was enraged and disappointed at losing so fair a prize. "If Olympia Colonna be not a witch, I am ready to renounce my hopes of salvation!" said Alfonso, stamping with rage.

"My Lord Duke, these witches have been known to vanish into thin air, and so elude pursuit! doubtless, this woman hath done something of the sort!" said the Grand Inquisitor solemnly. "They tell me the pestilent heretic kept the fire under for two hours, and had it not been for a piece of the holy tree the monks brought, he would have escaped! Ferrara is well rid of such an evil sorcerer."

"Ah! indeed my Lord Prelate, we live in terrible times."

Chapter XXX.—Flight.

Months flew by; and in the many exciting changes that were taking place in Ferrara, in fact all over Italy, the horrors of the execution of Dr. Colonna began to fade from the public mind. Many other victims had been slaughtered on one pretext or another since. The name of Colonna was seldom mentioned in Ferrara, save in fear and trembling. No trace of Olympia was found; she was never seen or heard of more; every monk and layman believed firmly she was a witch, and cursed her name and memory accordingly.

In the sequestered cave on the banks of the river three human beings lived, fearing discovery and death every hour. Beautiful summer had waned into mellow autumn; still they lived on in the cave. On the couch that had been used by the hermit reclined a young girl worn to a shadow; the oval cheek was wasted and pinched; over the pale, broad brow the blue veins wandered, painfully transparent; her large dark eyes were lighted with unnatural fire; no tears ever dimmed or quenched their burning light; the grief that had dried the fountain of her young life was too deep and tragic—it had blasted her heart, as the lightning scathes the oak in the forest.

"Sweet child! do you feel easier?" asked the recluse, bending over the girl and stroking the golden hair.

"I would be ungrateful and cold if I did not, good Emillo; and yet——"

"And yet—what? my Olympia, what can I do for thee?"

"Nay, brother in suffering, forgive me; I wished I had never opened mine eyes again from that death-faint, when——"

"Hush, hush, my sister; think not on the past! God has been pleased to spare you to me, that I might repay a small part of my deep debt to thee. Thou hast yet something to do in this sad world; the hopes that brightened thy life hath been blighted; but Olympia, mia, there is the consolation that the discharge of good deeds will bring thee; man still needs thy ministering care, and thou who are so great a healer will not withhold thy gifts from him. Dear Olympia, think me not hard and unfeeling in speaking so; could any one act of my life—nay, could my life afford thee an hour's happiness, it is thine," said the hermit in a tremulous voice.

"Forgive me, Emillo; grief hath made me selfish." The young girl raised his hand to her lips.

"Thou knowest, Olympia, thy father was the friend of the great Abas; he lived at the Persian Court many years; let us quit this accursed land, and seek the protection of the Shah. For the sake of thy father, the eastern monarch will protect his daughter; shall it be so, dear Olympia?"

"Yes, we will go; I will enter the temple as a priestess, and spend the remainder of my years in its sacred precincts; as far as my humble knowledge and power serves me, I will devote myself to the furtherance of the science; I promised to my dear father I would, and he approved my choice."

"Noble daughter of a noble sire! I commend thy resolution; we will seek the great Shah—fortunately, I have the signet ring he bestowed upon thy father; that will ensure us his protection," said Emillo. "What sayest thou, Olympia, mia? We must escape to Venice, and take the galleys to Constantinople."

"Arrange it as you like, dear Emillo, so that we leave this wicked Ferrara."

"Hast thou strength sufficient to make a journey by foot as a pilgrim to Venice?"

"Yes."

Three months later saw the fugitives on their way to Constantinople. Disguised as monks, they sought an asylum in the Turkish capital, until an opportunity presented itself for going to Jerusalem, in company with a band of pilgrims who were visiting shrines, anxious to see the Holy Sepulchre before returning to their native lands. The way was long and dangerous, but fortune favoured their enterprise. After much trouble and privations, Olympia and Emillo found themselves at Jerusalem, partaking of the hospitality of the monks of the Armenian Convent. The simple brethren welcomed the wayworn travellers cordially, inviting them to remain with them; and as the journey from Constantinople to Jerusalem taxed Olympia's strength sorely, gratefully she availed herself of the good monks' invitation to rest until her strength was fully established. They compassionated the weakness and languor of the delicate page, who attended so faithfully upon his master.

"Rest here, good youth, as long as thou and thy master can; the journey from this to Ispahan is long and dangerous, though travellers tell me the perils are much diminished since Shah Abas ascended the throne; he hath thrown bridges across all the rivers for the convenience of his people," said the communicative monk, pointing out the various interesting sites to Olympia and Emillo. "This palace, noble stranger, is the house Pilate lived in, and there is the room in which our Blessed Lord was confined before his trial," cried the priest, pointing to a dark room. "Under yonder ruinous arch He stood until the judge exclaimed, 'Behold the man!' Holy Virgin, forgive them."

"There hath ever been martyrs—the good, the upright, and innocent have ever been the victims of man's hate," replied Emillo sadly, his thoughts reverting to the past.

Brother Boniface, little guessing the nature of the stranger's gravity, went on: "Near to this palace stands the gateway to Calvary—now, you can see it." Moving a little farther, their guide pointed to the spot where Christ fainted under the weight of his cross. "'Twas here the Blessed Mother swooned to see her Son brought into the power of his enemies. In the monastery is the handkerchief with which St. Veronica wiped the sweat from off His divine face. Blessed Mother, intercede for us," exclaimed the pious Armenian, crossing himself.

Sick at heart as Olympia was, she felt interested in what the good monk told her. Her religion had not been the religion of the Church, but the religion of philosophy; to her the Man of Nazareth was only the son of Mary and Joseph—the great moral teacher and ruler; that he died for the salvation of a guilty world she did not believe. Olympia considered Christ as a martyr to truth; she admired the simple purity of his life and doctrines, and in her own life tried to follow up the golden rule He laid down; but this Italian girl did not believe in the divinity of the Man of Sorrows. Her father had held the same opinions, and his daughter inherited them.

The Holy Sepulchre was the next place of interest to Olympia and her companion. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has the appearance of a Roman Catholic Church; the interior is divided into two parts, and in the ante-chapel is shown the mouth of what is called the Sepulchre, and the stone whereon the angel sat—this is a block of white marble. On the floor of the entrance hall, the monk showed them the stone of unction, where the body of Christ was washed, and anointed for his burial. This sacred stone is covered by a slab of polished marble; a low rail protects it, and rich lamps are suspended over it. As Olympia and Emillo entered, hundreds of pilgrims were approaching on their knees, and reverentially kissing and touching it, offering up their devotions with fervour, thanking God for permitting them to see the holy place.

With a feeling of pity the Italian girl turned away, constraining herself to pay reverence and adoration where she felt none. Brother Boniface fell prostrate, uttering many Aves; and Olympia felt relieved when they returned to the convent; so many people worshipping mere stones pained her.

Chapter XXXI.—Shah Abas.

In their five months sojourn in the Armenian convent, Olympia and her companion had ample time to explore and see all the objects of interest in and around Jerusalem. The summer was come and over—travellers were anxious to reach their destination before another winter should overtake them in the Syrian desert. The journey lying before them was fraught with much peril and danger, on account of the unsettled state of affairs between Achmet I. and the great Abas, a prince of much power and extraordinary sagacity.

This distinguished hero in a short time compelled the Turcomans and Georgians to obedience; took advantage of the troubled state of the Turkish Sultan's government at home to regain all those provinces of which Persia had been stripped by Ottoman Sultans. Tauris was already in the hands of the victorious Persians, when Achmet, then little more than fifteen years old, appointed Cicala, son of the subjugator of Assyria, to lead his armies through the deserts that had been so fatal to their predecessors.

In one month Cicala sustained three defeats, with difficulty keeping on the field—encouraged by the Ulama that the death of one Persian was of more importance in the sight of Allah than sixty Christians. This declaration coming to the ears of Abas, so enraged him that he put to death with the cruellest torture every member of the Ulama who fell into his hands.

Bagdad and Irak again fell into the hands of the Shah; Cicala was obliged to take safety in flight, leaving all his baggage, camp, and artillery to his enemies, besides losing thirty thousand troops.

With a generosity rarely to be found in eastern monarchs, Abas sued for peace, although he had been in every engagement victorious. The better to overcome the scruples of Achmet, Abas accompanied his overtures of peace with splendid presents, expressing his willingness that a Cadec, sent from Constantinople, should dispense justice, engaging at the same time to pay two hundred bales of silk as a yearly tribute. Peace was at length concluded, and a war that had lasted for a hundred and fifty years brought to an end, having laid waste some of the most beautiful regions and fertile valleys on the earth.

It was about this time that Olympia Colonna arrived at Jerusalem, on her way to Ispahan, to seek a refuge from persecution under the protection of this powerful monarch. From Jerusalem they travelled in caravans to Damascus, experiencing the usual miseries and inconveniencies incidental to such a mode of transportation. Habited again in the dress of an Italian gentlewoman, Olympia was glad to reach Persia—for the terrible events of the last eighteen months of her life had changed the bright joyous girl into a careworn woman, stripping her heart of its love and poetry, and casting a deep and lifelong shadow on her life. The pure and devoted affection that had subsisted between Olympia and her father had filled up every want in her heart; no other object claimed her thoughts; her father and her books were her only joy. The quiet and poetic repose of her childhood had developed the dreamy girl into an inspired and radiant woman. No doubt, Olympia's clairvoyant powers were fostered and encouraged by the life of study and reflection, as well as a natural tendency of her own organisation and temperament. This gift cemented the bonds of affection still more closely between Olympia and her father; enabling, as it did, Colonna to perform many wonderful cures through this lucidity of his daughter. The intolerance of the age in which they lived thought it an evil spirit that had entered into a beautiful woman for the purpose of ensnaring and destroying the human race. The Inquisition had dragged her noble father before its dread tribunal, where he had yielded up his life. The shock which these horrors gave the daughter of the scholar had been almost too much for her; the sunshine was crushed out of her heart when she saw that silvery head droop and die in the dungeon.

No longer dimpling smiles hovered round the sweet mouth of Olympia. The light of love fled from her eyes, and the delicate hue from her cheek; the shadow of great grief clouded that glorious beauty, and weary sadness lay ever on her soul. Olympia was weary of life; her heart was in another sphere, and ever pined for the venerable sire; visions of that pale face, so heartrending in its voiceless agony, haunted her waking and sleeping hours. Tears for the first time dim the pilgrim's eyes since the terrible day she drank the draught she fondly thought would set her parent free. There was none to soothe or sympathise; none to whisper hope of better days—in the desert there are none so dreary as that desolate-hearted daughter; there was nothing for Olympia to love or live for; only her own sorrows and memories were left. Poor Olympia!

The stay at Damascus was brief—neither Emillo nor his companion cared to linger. Fortunately, a caravan was starting for Bagdad two days after their arrival in Damascus; though weary and greatly prostrated in health, Olympia persisted in resuming her journey. Abas had again returned to Ispahan, after concluding an advantageous peace with Achmet, who had returned to Constantinople.

To Olympia this long journey had no interest or pleasure; she spoke to

none, but remained in her litter all the day; and when the camels were unloaded for the night, Emillo with watchful care erected his tent, and with his own hands brought her the frugal evening meal, consisting often of dates, a little bread, and water or milk, as the case might be.

Emillo was the best and kindest of companions; her every want was anticipated, and if possible gratified. Often tears would fill the poor girl's eyes, and her thanks more than repaid Emillo for any little service he did for the quiet and patient, but changed Olympia of other days!

Chapter XXXII.—Ispahan.

Brightly the rays of the setting sun gleamed on the gilded towers and minarets of Cheh el Selom, and the muezzin call to prayer was heard from every house-top, when the caravan from Bagdad approached the city gates, carrying the two pilgrims from Italy. Through the beautiful avenues the sunlight streamed in a green and golden glory. People hurried to and fro in the broad handsome streets, shaded from the heat by the trees the great Abas had planted. Weary travellers slaked their thirst at the public fountains, and blessed God's prophet for giving so good a monarch to Persia. Many strangers, and ambassadors from every kingdom in Europe, resorted to the Court of the great Shah, not only on business, but to behold the splendour and wealth of the Persian capital.

Weary and utterly worn out with the fatigues of so arduous a journey, Olympia and Emillo were not insensible to the sweets of repose, nor of the beauties of the city into which they had come. A week after their arrival the festival of the Scattering of the Roses was to take place. Fragrant odours of freshly culled flowers soothed and refreshed Olympia's spirit; there was something so pure in the musky incense of the roses, they breathed peace and hope into that sad and lonely heart.

Conducted by a faithful camel driver, Emillo and Colonna's daughter put up at one of the many caravanseries that abounded in Ispahan, until they were sufficiently rested to seek an interview with Shah Abas.

"Olympia, mia, let us look round this city ere we part for ever," said Emillo, softly stroking the golden hair that now no longer rolled in shining tresses round that sweet face, but was simply braided off, revealing the classic proportions of her antique head.

"To part, Emillo?"

"Aye, Olympia, to part! we have seen much, and suffered much; the world is nothing to us now. When once under the protection of the king, I will seek a place where, far from mortal eye, I may spend the rest of my short life alone," said her friend, gravely.

"Oh, Emillo! I did not dream of this!" cried Olympia, much moved.

"Dear child! what can Adrian Urbino do for thee? the temple Cheh el Selom will hide thee for ever from my sight; thou shalt be a pure priestess, ministering to the wants of others, and it is well and fitting that thou should be so protected that thy dangerous beauty may not bring sorrow on thee. Olympia, thou art too pure and radiant for this hard world—let them adore thee as some sweet saint. I am glad thou shalt be safe; and may'st thou find consolation in the discharge of those holy avocations thou art so well fitted for. For me, the sands of life are ebbing fast; should I have strength to return to Jerusalem, I will pass the rest of my time on earth in the hermitage that stands on Little Lebanon, praying for thee, and for the time to pass quickly until I am re-united in heaven to my murdered wife!"

Neither spoke for several minutes; at length Olympia said, in a voice she tried to keep steady, "Go! noble, devoted Adrian! we shall pray for

that heavenly re-union that is promised to them that believe; we shall all shortly meet before the great white throne of Allah; he shall dry our tears, and give us joy for our earth sorrows!"

. . . . . .

Many days had not elapsed before the Persian monarch was made acquainted with the arrival of the Italian fugitives. The ring he had given to Marco Colonna years before obtained for his daughter a ready access and gracious reception.

"Wonderful child of a wonderful father! command us to the half of our kingdom!" said Abas, struck with the beauty and misfortunes of Olympia.

Neither wealth nor distinction did the gentle stranger wish; with modest timidity she preferred her request to the king. "Great king! my father often spoke of your majesty in our Italian home; he said you were the protector of the suffering and the stranger; that none who ever sought your aid, sought it in vain. Noble Shah! at my father's wish, I come from Italy to sue for a humble place in the temple as a servant," said Olympia, kneeling at the monarch's feet.

Stepping down from his throne, Abas raised the maiden. "Noble daughter of an illustrious sire! Abas will grant thy request; thou hast come as comes the rain in the dry season; the temple has lost its priestess, and thou, daughter of a far-off land, shall minister in her place; the prophecy has been fulfilled, there should come a priestess from the west that would speak truth and wisdom to the Persians."

. . . . . .

When the snow had descended on Lebanon for the second time, the soft flakes fell upon the rigid face of the hermit, Emillo. On his bosom lay the miniature of the Princess Bianca, frozen to his constant heart; and they who were so cruelly divided on earth, are not divided now.

STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

An inquest has been held upon the body ef Samuel Tinley, miner, who was killed in a pit at James Bridge, Walsall. As deceased was "setting a tree," a quantity of rock fell from the roof of a pit and fractured his skull. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." In the course of the evidence, it was stated that during the night preceding the accident, deceased awoke his wife and told her he felt a ton weight of rock upon his head. She endeavoured to persuade him that it was headache, but he was quite free from that complaint. He said he could not sleep, and requested his wife to place their only child beside him. In the morning he appeared very reluctant to go to work, and on his wife reminding him that he would be late if he did not make haste, he went to the bedside where the child lay, and said, "Let me have my last kiss." But strange though this may appear, it is by no means the most singular incident connected with the melancholy affair. It appears that deceased has a cousin—also a miner—between whom and deceased there had always existed a more than ordinary friendship, and that this cousin, who had been in the night-shift in a neighbouring pit, and was returning home, and just about the moment the accident occurred, he saw the deceased standing before him in

the highway. So struck was he with this strange occurrence, that he hastened towards deceased's house, there to receive the melancholy confirmation of the doubts raised in his mind by the apparition he had seen. In this locality miners have had presentiments of their fate. Not very long ago a miner, who resided at Bloxwich, went to his work, but when about half-way to the pit, which was about a mile and a half or two miles from home, he had a presentiment that he would that morning be killed. He returned home, and requested his wife to assemble the children, and when this was done he read a chapter of the Bible, and then engaged in prayer. He then took farewell of his wife and children, and having done so went to his work, but had not been at work many minutes when he was killed on the spot by a fall of rock. The above facts came out in evidence at the inquest which was held upon the body.—*Liverpool Courier.*

END OF VOL. VI.